

Unlabelled

I have already desecrated
My favourite songs
To your visions.

Like the father surrendering
The world at his newborn's feet
Like an old ship forsaken
To the infinite plunging sea
Here's to a sense of self
Bereft of what was me.
Silence silenced
With "what are we?"

Reprising our roles of strangers
Sharing crestfallen half smiles
Waiting for tides of time
To wash our hearts of
Love's leftover grime

I have desecrated
Our favourite songs
To numb your visions
Bandages soaked in pus.