

65th CRUMPLED UP GOODBYE

tired of the living
tired of the hurt
tired of time
that makes it worse
tired of the pain
I can't figure out
tired of the loss
of a thing called trust
tired of the shock
tired of the words
and the hollow lot
of a thing called love
tired of the living
and the broken heart
that put her first
when she put me last
tired of the living
and the broken heart
tired of being told
it was all I deserved
tired of the mind
that broke with the heart
to hear it was never
true from the start
tired of the friends
who turned their backs
tired of being blamed
to justify acts
tired of giving
all that I've got
tired of being taken
of all but my word

tired of the tears
too tired to stop
tired of wishing
that I never woke
tired of the panic
tired of the thought
tired of the tablets
that hold me up
tired of the fighting
tired of the lot
tired of re-writing
suicide notes.

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