

Warm and Dry

“I’m done.”

That’s where I started

but I think you were writing our ending before I existed

Either way

now it means every November I try to forget your birthday

It should have felt

like an arm cut off

Instead, it was just like cutting nails that were too long

and storing grime

I’m glad I trimmed them before I nicked an eye

and went blind

Confused

that’s what you called me

in that ten paragraph diatribe where you wrote how horrible I had been

To you

Funny, everyone who loves me knows that isn’t true

and in time

I won't need to be reminded

But tell me

does calling me stupid and

blaming my mother

align with the

victim you wish you could play?

Your concern and confusion don't fall on deaf ears

I hear what you're really trying to say

you hate that your cruelty pushed me away

but you would sooner cool hell than take any blame

that's fine

just stay away

Because I'm

Trying

to heal the whole in my heart

that lets the rain in

so I don't chase stormy weather

All my life

Because I

I

I can do better

than survive

I'll say goodbye

Every time

If it keeps me warm and dry