

RAZBLIUTO

By: Damon Robinson

I've forgiven you.

It wasn't what you wanted to hear,
but like the embers emitting from fire
amongst the smell of petrichor
Symbolism of the now dead flame.

There are a lot of things I miss.
Maybe it's the kiss recieved amidst
The army of snow that grew amongst
The then growing bonfire made of cedar.
Justified in our means.

The mind is equivalent to the soul,
and while I left empty handed,
to be candid, while I wasn't the happiest man in
the world, I was sure the luckiest man alive.

The narcissus you have given me, I still keep.
Because despite the feigning narcissism,
the fantastic optimist in me thought we could
tend a garden of violets. Yet, neither of us could
recognize faithfulness and loyalty.

I understand it's been a while,
and I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner.

But I've forgiven you.