

A Broken Man

Three months back, I could touch you, kissed your face goodbye,
Your pulse weak in my grasp, and I prayed amidst the cries.
Begged God to take your pain, overlooked my cursed despair,
Left in the dust, broken and fucked, with no one, too long, to care.

When death claimed you, it carved out my soul, leaving just a shell,
Living's a fucking nightmare, an unforgiving hell.
Your voice a memory, rocking me through the fucking years,
While I scream silent screams, drowning in unvoiced fears.

Dread crushes my chest, hopelessness grips tight and doesn't let go,
Everyone's moved on, tired of my steadfast woe.
I'll bear this alone, smiling through internal screams,
Because pretending I'm fine is easier it seems.

Damn, I've done this dance before, fooled them with every grin,
Hiding the shattered pieces, in this fight I cannot win.
Again in this empty hell, I'll rise without a plan,
Embracing the insane fight of being a broken man.

Written By Michele Kemp

9/28/2024 ©