

Means to an Anything

No one even knows. No one even cares.

They only cared when you were almost there.

Never told them you might not make it.

They never considered that you might not make it.

But I did.

And you didn't.



They drop a warm hand on my shoulder for a brief moment, like it's enough to melt down *whatever*. They don't even know. They try to shatter it with an insincere gaze, as if trying to pretend it's all okay. What's the use? They all turn around and carry on anyway.

I didn't mean to let you down. You didn't mean to let me down. Life let you down. You let me down. I let the world down. And the world let us both down again. But no one's really sorry for my loss. Sorry people don't laugh. Sorry people don't smile. I fall flat on my ass as the world spins and friends stand up and jump with joy. Do they really expect me to smile from the bottom? I expect them to cry from the top. But I stand accused for refusing to comply.

Don't drag us down with your sorrows.

Tough it out.

Move on.

Shit happens.

Shall I just lie and suffer for your sake?

I suppose I shouldn't be surprised that if you ever do emerge it will be into a false illusion of life in a world of debt, realized by a gamble. Debt that snaps my spine for you. Just solving one problem by transferring it to you. You aren't free. Just because some inherent wiring bent and snapped apart, you bear a sickening price tag.

Antonyms spawn and directions point to contradict and aim at each individual facet in more vain attempts to crack a tragic reality. Two pills. Three times. Every other morning. Before you sleep. Apply light pressure. Two weeks. Keep at it. Hand over the bills. We are making magic work. Flick a lucky penny in my fountain and cross yourself before bed.

Again, a jammed door, a misaligned window pane, crunching ashes under unstable scaffolding. Merely a coffin for a modern Prometheus; a damaged vessel hastily patched with gaff tape.

I'm not set for hibernation, but I'd much prefer to keep these shut until eternity ends. I don't need people to ask me what I'll to call the bloated pimple glued to my body. Thanks, but my eyes are up here. If they look here, they see, they know. They see. And if they know, they look away.

If you were ever to receive this, it wouldn't matter. It will all be painted in a bittersweet past.

And you will be.