

Mermaid Box

Von Quinquecirrha

Kapitel 2: leftovers

Tonight is thick and still,
Both sour and sweet,
Reminiscent of rotten milk
Sitting on the bottom of your glass.
It's the best for last, and wasted,
Untouched - but violated -
What's the best excuse that I have?
All the reasons come bubbling up,
But none of that really matters,
In the wake of memories
That now slip away from me,
Inbetween all of the things that I used to be,
There's a clear calmness to all of it
And I don't feel the least bit resentful.
Leave me to my peace and leave me be.
Your leftovers will feed the animals.