

Misery

Crying in my bed alone at night,
that familiar haunting feeling
floods through my veins.

Eyes shining with tears,
spilling out onto my pillows
like a watercolor painting.

Ears pressed down with my hands,
listening to the complete silence
of my dark, cold bedroom.

Heart beating ever slower,
threatening to stop entirely
at any moment.

Lungs full of heavy black tar,
releasing toxic fumes in my body;
help me, I cannot breathe.

Hands clasped together in prayer,
begging God for a reason why
I'm not good enough for you.

Stomach empty of anything
to give me life and energy;
no hunger, only a void.

Mind paralyzed with self-hatred,
wondering how truly worthless
our friendship was to you.

Sorrow pours from me
like a rainstorm; harsh, murky.
You make me rust.

Coldness, paranoia, and pain:
all of these things I feel
now that I'm without you.

Goodbye.
I wish you all the best.

Can I forget you?

Is this... misery?