

A Broken Jar

La Dispute

So here it goes,
One last letter now,
One last attempt to make sense,
Who have I been writing to?
I'm not sure anymore.

What have I been trying to accomplish?
It's a mystery, I guess.

Self-made secrecy
Things get cloudy and now
All these stories and the struggles as an under current,
Both get blurry by the minute,
Both get blurrier,

So which voice is this,
then that I am writing in?
Is it my own, or his?
Has there ever been a difference between them at all?

I don't know.
I don't know.

One last desperate plea,
One last verse to sing,
One last laugh track to accompany the comedy.
Have I been losing it completely?
Losing sanity, or has it been fabricated
Fashioned by the worst of me?

I know I knocked the table over,
because I watched the jar break and I've been trying to repair it every single stupid day
But, won't the cracks still show, not matter how well it's assembled?
Can I ever just decide to let it die?
And let you go?

All my motives and every single narrative below reflects that moment when it broke,
And will I never let it go, no matter what?
Now I am throwing all the shards away
Discarding every fragment,

and fumbling uncertain towards a current call that no one wants to answer,
that no one wants to happen.
That no one is going to clap for at all,
but that still has to be.

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