See You In Hell

Small Brown Bike

I'll take Sunday night with a blanket over this old, dark house.
An occasional ruffle, but nothing like you or even this memory of you.
Do you save our pictures like I do?
Home is where you die.
We we're like a lullaby.
You hit like a hammer now.
You used to lean into me.
Now you stand away.
Those wheels just push right by now.
Just a few feet from my life.
If I leaned into their mess.
I'd see you in hell. See you in hell.
You looked straight at me,
then laughed and said so honestly,
"You're so dead now."
As I thought to myself, "Is that really true?"
Because I killed you in my head.
You can too.
There's no second chance.

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