

Turning Over

Without Grace

I was not set out to hurt you. I was never bent on causing pain. now I want to alleviate, resurrect the day. I'm out of season, out of my league. crossing boundaries, out of my league. over, I can bring it back to life, animosity is far too draining. no time for regret, just bring it back. I am relentless flaw, each move completely wrong. I see no end to this end. and these qualms of conscience scratch at the door of amnesty. I'm bringing myself back up for you. what do we do? let me regenerate severed relations. though the petals have wilted, these roots remain. I have come so far from that person I was, fighting to bury these defects of character. and I'll keep it alive this time. time was to be the wand, I was to be the one. time was to heal the wounds. you know we had so much to build upon. turning over is such a simple task. found it easier to resent you, but the blame belonged to me. I refused to see that then, and now I'd die to make amends.

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