What's Missing Is Dead

Small Brown Bike

I'm crawling down the pavement.
Everything streams by.
Everyone screams by.
On the trip back home, I wasn't sure if I was going to make it.
We crush what's coming.
We can't recover.
We leave what's empty and move down the line.
Everything has made me bitter.
I coughed up a smile tonight.
I brought home a fake badge to wear around the house
and show my loved ones how much I try.
I've killed what's missing.
The pavement is peeling.
We've lost what's broken and saved each other.

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