

# 4A:030401

## Hot Cross

It's always hardest to discuss what you should  
and you're never guiltier than when your intentions are good  
And we're held together  
but my arms don't stretch so far anymore and thought the situation taunts  
and the sleepless energy of a stranger scrawls random letters you avoid  
the self absorbed frenzy of isolation  
grief and nostalgia makes reality of myths  
and turns apology into indictment  
These words kill  
And it makes sense that we're here  
and it makes a mess to deny how far we're come  
and how much further we've to fall

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