February

Mineral

and the snow
falls down
melts before it even
hits the ground
and i'm standing here
listening to the sound
of your hand washing
back and forth
across my filthy heartand i don't know
if i should say "i'm sorry" or
"thank you" i try to speak
but the tears choke the words
and i think i finally know
what they mean
when they talk about joy.

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