Every Word

Choke

forcing wasn't meant
you'll break the bend that
holds
why the strain
why the stall for no reason
landing on the steep
the flat is where you scorn
buckling steady breathing
weed your thoughts
there's something missingyield to you
why the strain
sour taste with every word
at loss for meaning
now to risk it allmoments of moments
tarnished reasoning when I
feel
worn, full glass of doubts
needs to be washed outconstant breathing
open the gates
to remember this feeling
the rest of your life
is right in front of you

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