Transitions

The transfer initiated a spark between two unknown but familiar forces.

One smile melted a heart frozen solid from all the pain.

That was until the cold finally seeped through the blanket of warmth known as your skin and settled into hers.

Solemn silence trapped and oppressed;

She smiled as to wonder who would’ve thought beauty could be so sad.

Only to die in the clutches of the beast underneath.

She lay there still until the light said good morning; another night another day stuck in the utter cycle known as her life.

The limerence made her long to trace your spine again;

No matter how she tried to forget you were still her favorite book

She thought she learned to read you;

She transitioned in your life from chapter to chapter,

but your pages were torn, old and used

and she was the one who got cut.