

Since you left

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I've been just fine.

Half of our plates got broken in the washer
and that yellow mug you liked so much
fell off the side
and smashed into a million peices,

Those curtains that you put up,
fell down.

Your clock fell off the wall
that morning when you were gone,
time stopped when it exploded on the floor.

You armchair had an accident
and burnt itself to the ground
along with all the photographs
of us together.

Your half of the bed
in a fit of depression
jumped out of the window
and died on the concrete below.

But yes, I'm doing fine,
thanks for asking.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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