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Empty, not empathy

She said that your hollow smile contains some secret information I'm not able to decipher
Some sort of truth that I'm supposed to discover that would make me feel empathy

But I feel empty

She said the words you scribble in your secret diary that you leave open for me to stumble upon should tell
me something about the inner world you claim to have in your poems

But your words feel empty

She said you had a brilliant mind, and I eagerly waited for you to unearth your geniality
She said your words told the truth, the scribbled ones, not the spoken
She said there was sorrow and buried secrets to be understood and analyzed

But I feel empty, not empathy

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