

Breathe Me Back to Life

Lack of oxygen burns my lungs
Removing melodies that have become unsung

Smothered by words that cut deeper than a sharpened knife,
Breathing is a luxury in this life

Words holding power fall dead on my tongue,
Memories of pain slaughter them before they can be strung

Warmth is absent from my corpse of ice,
Leached from the bones by ill-concealed malice

Sunken are my eyes,
Showing the years of tears that had once been silenced cries

Invisible scars mar the waxy surface,
Each one caused by being told inadvertently that I am a burden, worthless

As I fade back to whence I came,
People cry over my broken frame

Why?
Why cry over ended strife?
When all that was given to the departed was lies?

All that I needed,
All that I pleaded,
Was for someone, anyone, to breathe me back to life

But I'm gone