

Pretending and Not Forgiving -- by Jay Woods

You were a picket fence,
you kept me up and looking well
you supported me when I fell
to the bottom of the rock you held me close like a child's teddy bear
because I was your support
and you supported me
and read my stories
you corrected my spelling like autocorrects teacher
I was vulnerable and you were brash
and every time you spoke her name I felt this pang of something deep inside
that stabbed at my chest like a thousand knives
you were supposed to be a friend and pick me up when I feel down
but you told me I was selfish and you meant more than her
you made me feel like I was a puppet
and you were yanking my strings away
from the people I loved
because you didn't want to be alone
you couldn't be alone
I spent my days wondering if you would apologize
for the things you said
but you took her side without even realizing it
and turned your head on all of us
who thought you were good
you turned out like a spitting viper
poisoning my blood with your pessimism
and you took my dreams and told me they were wrong
you told me that you knew more about what I was than I did
and you told me how you were mean and could become evil
but I didn't believe you until now
I see you walk away from the table because we are all too much to bear
and when I look at pictures of you I cry on my mothers shoulder
because you were the best friend I had ever
had even though you never felt the same way
because you said I didn't love you
the girl you claimed you loved turned you down
and you struck her with your venom
we talk about how kind you used to be
until the vampire turned you to a life of sucking self esteem
we don't understand why you would call the girl you loved unattractive
when she turned you down because of how fast your fangs could detract
and she didn't want to become that like you had

and now I cry as my fingers type these words
because you were my sun although you owned the moon
with your vague letters towards my choices
because you don't know how to say something without biting someone's neck
I wish you the best and hope you do well
and yet I still don't know what I did to you
I just have one question
who will you give that concert ticket to?