

## To Those Who Turned Me Down

To those who turned me down:  
Everybody makes mistakes

When a window of opportunity presented itself  
You slammed it shut, locked it, drew the curtains closed,  
And now you wait  
Anticipating a refreshing breeze  
To float in and cool your head  
Burning from the hot air within it  
If ignorance is bliss  
Then you're on cloud nine

And high up above that cloud is where I am  
I'm a star  
Bright and radiant  
Full of compassion and burning strong  
With solace knowing that even if your air-head managed to rise up to my level, you'd be no star  
You're just a black hole  
The collapsed remnants of a light I once cherished  
Devoid of my warmth  
Yet trying so hard to swallow my light because it's in your nature  
At your core lives a singularity that is infinitely dense  
Every atom compacted into the smallest of volumes  
While no Big Bang will ever free them  
You will remain dense, small, and the center of nothing  
While I shine on forever

Though you're not sharp  
You're an experience that has honed my wisdom  
And taught me invaluable lessons

I learned that just because I'm broke  
I shouldn't grab some penny I find on the street  
Because even if I manage to wipe away the grime, it's still worthless  
And my pockets would be just as empty as before  
Rather than searching the surface for spare change to fill my wallet  
I could dig through the earth for riches

And mine deep if I want diamonds

I learned that only golden people follow the golden rule  
As even with your glass emotions  
You beat mine as punching bags  
And as careless sweat gathers upon your forehead  
I suffer the strain of your constant bludgeoning  
Because my pain makes you stronger  
A pebble would shatter your fragile heart  
Yet you threw me boulders from a mountain of hate  
And watched me collapse under the weight

I learned that to mend a broken heart, the best remedy isn't time  
The hands of the clock are those of an slow-sewing seamstress  
Leisurely mending the wounds  
Whereas anger is a fast-acting cure  
A fierce craftwork, stitching every little gash  
Before the clock strikes one

Most importantly  
I learned that my hopes were in vain  
And that to wish for someone like you was unreasonable  
Because you were unreasonable  
Blind to the potential we held  
And the future we could have made  
Your crystal ball was clouded  
And you never saw the sunshine hidden within the mist  
I await your realization like mail on Sunday  
Anticipating a message that will never be delivered

Instead of dining on a free, decadent meal  
Appetizing on charm  
Then delving into the main courses of loyalty, affection, and care  
Savoring sweetness  
And finally filling up with the grand dessert of passion  
You chose to walk away hungry

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I should know

You were one of my worst