

Waking Judea "The Towe Of Words"

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He fucking jumps out a window every night for your happiness. He lands on the pieces of glass knowing that it will feel better than the words that come from your throat. The blood running from his shattered face is warmer than the tears he used to shed for you. He prays that they forgot under the covers. When he curls up at night looking at the past spread out onto his bed, thinking, "what if she wasn't there?", would those butterflies stop gnawing on his esophagus? He calls out your name when there are six feet of his life left. Then you finally call back.

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