

Yellow Second "Swingset"

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it dawned on me that you are not able
to get up off the floor
if up to me i would have brought this up before
but only after can i see clearly
that things have gone amiss
if i had returned it would not have ended up like this
up in the air, falling down empty handed
while unaware of the ground where you landed
"don't follow me and you'll be doing fine,"
just don't give me that line.
in this broken mirror you're sullen
and i you would deject,
but thoughts turn to glass,
and on these things i reflect.
vivid, bright-the colors that follow,
and fill this empty room
your pekid skin,
just a sign of your impending doom.
saw you running after,
what better way to tell you than this?

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