

Ettison Clio "Apologies"

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Time has dealt its loss and now I find history repeats
itself.
I struggle against the binding thoughts of yesterday.
I'm sorry for something that you did not expect in your
plan.
I'm sorry for thinking I could erase the guilt you traced
with your hands.

Unprepared to dig myself a grave so shallow I hear
your voice apologize.

And utterance beneath breath steals me from acid
colors of lights and dreams.
Your scent is trapped on skin, tapped through wires.
This distance is killing you while patience seeps
through me.

I'm lost again.
I'm sorry for giving my heart out so freely.
I'm sorry for

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