

Ettison Clio

"In Case You're Listening"

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And if I could just throw it all away
I'd still never be able to face you.
This mirror warps reflections.
Stealing glances has left me stumbling with fingertips.

I could never find what faults you noticed,
what made you seek avoidance as a cure.
And now I find this habit leads to empty spaces
drilled between the seams you once built inside of me.
Listless, remembering what used to be.

Vacant, my eyes don't seem to recognize approaches.
You walk right through me.

How could you shrug off sentiments and words,
I guess I'll never understand.

Take what's left of me, take what's left.

I'm beginning to find that I have settled for excuses,
retired explanations.
Cheapened masks meant to appease only reinforce
your instability.
I have no use for delayed apologies.

My eyes don't seem to recognize approaches.
You walk right through me.
How could you shrug off sentiments and words,
I guess I'll never understand.

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