

A Whisper Rising

"Anchor End"

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The worst writers are the ones who fuck up happy endings.
The best ones don't bother to type.
I've been writing you a letter in my head for months with no reply.
When did your interest in me die?
Take this sickening shiv I cut all my friends off with.
I lie to those who love me by reciprocating.
I wish I felt sincere inside.
When I needed you to make me needy, how surprising!
You needed nothing of mine.
Take this sinking ship I'll take all my friends down with
Because all my friends are anchor end.
Piss, drunks, and love. These too are found in gutters.
I won't throw up.
I'm smarter now.

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