

A Tourniquet of Thorns

One day we loved in laughter.
Now those days are shaded gray.
For every day thereafter,
You slowly walked away.
A tourniquet of thorns
To help me through the days.
A halo made of horns
To leave her in a haze.
Thus hanging by a moment
For a bleeding sun to rise,
I can only write this lament
For the tears beneath your lies.
I still feel the days of laughter
And my hate for those thereafter.

JASON WOLFE