

HE LEFT HER

Finally! She thought
The ache, ~~the pain~~
Can't get any worse.
She gazed into the night
Where tiny stars
~~rained~~ down on the
dull green Maples leaves
Riddling their complex vein structures
With unevenly spaced
Jagged burn holes.
They continue on
To scar
her loveless soul
in random patterns
of hopelessness.
Now she thought -
"What would it
be ~~like~~ like come the morning?"

