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Scorned

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SCORNED

Megan Lynn

I wove a barbed-wire basket
To carry my ex-lover's heart,
An evil remembrance of what you tore apart
Now all I need is to open his casket.

A crowbar, gloves and rope for good measure,
I travel through the dark, lonely night freeze
To, You Bastard, who threw away my memories
And my last chance of fairytale pleasure.

I pry and pull and push and scream but the
Goddamn lid is nailed shut. I throw down
The crowbar and kick the wood. My white gown
Rips; I sigh, How could you do this to me?

My answer is silence, final and true
For nothing now will ever come out of you.