

# Burnt by Lawrence Yu

Burnt fingers from the matches I lit trying to ignite the fire back into your soul.

You lost a piece of yourself and I needed to find the piece that someone stole.

However it wasn't just one piece it was many.

He scattered the pieces of your soul so bad I didn't know what to do.

I wanted you so badly to be happy that I would have sacrificed everything to make you find your bliss again.

It was my mistake to think that what I was giving you, was what you needed, because I don't know what you need.

I don't even know what I need.

Breathe in. Breathe out. That's what they keep telling me. She will be okay.

However all I breathe in is chloroform.

I go home again and find you laying there not knowing what to say.

I try to light the matches to help you see again.

I try to light the matches to ignite your passion again.

The fire you had before was to show that you were alive and that's all I wanted you to be, was alive again.

Because the person I saw three years ago compared to now, is nowhere near the person that she was.

She doused herself in sad cold water.

Crying the nights away with nothing in her heart, but loneliness.

And nothing in her mind, but loss.

She never dried herself since the moment when her love was taken away.

Her love for herself.

Her love for people.

Her love for life.

The water she threw on herself was tainted.

Tainted with the poison of doubt and hate

Tainted with love for a man who hurt her.

Tainted with people who shamed her.

Eventually the poison she swam in killed her.

She floated to the top of the water where her body laid.

Society had killed another beautiful soul.

And I was left with burnt fingers.