

whiffs of guilt swirl
through me,
making my toes curl.

the endless sorry girl
performs perfunctory prostrations
in front of me,
grasping for absolution
to set her free.

her land of confusion is baked in two;
she splits her conscious responses into
spontaneous apologies.

there is no forest, only trees
and a girl on her knees,
begging to be free.

she,
consumed by a haunted tune,
self flagellates in the light of the distorted moon.

no daylight has ever kissed her face,
only slivers of grace
make her shiver in the cold embrace
of her eternal night.

she's chained
in pain,
profusely thanking,
mindlessly refusing to believe
she is anything other than insane.

she is proof my conscience exists,
imparting relentless rules to ensure
we fit in a world we have only ever been alone in.

alone she likes;
no one fights,
no one bothers her,
no one smothers her.

even though she thinks
she wants that for the rest of our life,
the light waits outside.

I'm here to break the spell,
my love and goodness pull her out of her hell.