



I never meant
to let the flowers
burn
but she was only beautiful
for a moment



You ask whe we're here
But also why we eat with forks
I put my arms around you
and think of your mother
and mine
and hers
Maybe we're simply here to eat
with forks
As long as we're together that
is enough



done

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things were never simple



it was never simple.



we misremember.



why?