

mort

by Gary Percesepe

how alike, breakup & death

in a dream
J was telling me
that I didn't really love her

I took it calmly
because I was sure it was
not true

love,
when it is gone
is a gentle exile

when she goes
you will think of days
when you had her
and become used to
horrible things

the realization that

*many others still love me
but from now on my death
will kill no one*

