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Lighters

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Who's

Lighters

Polina Vyhovska

Those rusty plastic lighters
Keep secrets everyday.
They've heard her cries and laughers
He left, but they have stayed.

She's taken them to places
Where once he was with her.
The lighters don't know faces
But they can feel her hurt.

She gets cold very often,
He used to warm her hands.
Now all she's got is rotten
Lighters and their flames.

Can't talk but they keep company
Whenever she's awake.
Those lighters listen carefully
It's always been that way.

She'll find one more cigarette -
The last one in her room.
Her lips need those to forget
The taste of his perfume.

Her friends can't help but question
Why she is so attached
To form of self-expression
How can she love so much

A person or a feeling
That never gives her back
At night, it spins her ceilings,
That's why she stays awake.

He stole her sleep and laughter,
They'll take years of her life.
To us they look like grafters,
But she seems not to mind.