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Attention long-winded poets: get to the fucking point

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Attention long-winded poets: get to the fucking point

-Todd Swiss-

From the first flash of light
I saw something that most would
take no notice of
But there was a seemingly perfect
imperfection
That only infatuation could see

And when you said that
You lived your life according to
The French new wave
I could not help but take the chance.

And when you said that you knew that
Heros no longer exist, but you
Still search for them unfailingly
I was convinced.

So I was ever so surprised to
See us crumbling
Like a building after years of
callous wind/rain

And even our times of talking
have become awkward like the aftermath of
A disastrous April Fool's joke.
Who would have thought that I would grow
So sick of you
as if you were
a poet off on some tangent.