

Dead Roses at Your Feet

Becca Earnest

The day you killed me was the day I swore I'd finally move on and forget.

Yet, here you are, crawling back to me.

I was your best?

I was everything you wanted?

I was what you needed?

I think you should've thought of that before

You put the knife in my back.

I'm the one that turns off your lights when you're too depressed to turn them back on.

I'm the one smashing the bottles that you know I hate you drinking from.

You thought psychosis was a nightmare?

Love, you haven't seen me angry yet.

When you finally kill yourself, I'll be the first face you see in hell.

You'll regret killing me.