

Womb Sunrise

By Andy N

In your womb sunrise
your whisper goodbye
was like soot
as the shadows
followed you home
leaving me stood there alone
in the darkness.

The truth was frozen
all the way down
past the half arsed moon
and the rust laced chains
of the two guards
stood near the school gates.

The truth was frozen
across bleached memories
and incomplete maps
humming in the tapping
of the rain
which followed you home,

but in your womb sunrise
I could still see
the seige we had fought
which turned into a war
of missed open nets
and closed down shops.

I'll never forgive you for that.

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