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SJBDHS
10/28/21

The cruelest intentions have the kindest facades,
Charming as it presents
It serenades what little you have left
Without the slightest remorse

A silhouette of who you used to be.
Untouched by the peril of reality
Molded only by the purist of hands
What had lingered, was never really there

Unimaginable to most,
The most tangible intangible gift
That was never a gift to begin with.
Oh, how it remains

Unwanted yet desired
You reach
You take,
As it gives,
Neither truly satisfied.

With this feeling unfelt within your soul,
You're thankful as you silently weep.
For the loss of what you never had