

Eiffel Tower Gone To Rest

A stack of Bon-ton boxes at the foot of my bed.

Jewelry that once adorned me now lie abandoned inside each box.

A bottle of perfume wonders why it's been untouched.

All the pictures are hidden.

All the love songs go unsung.

Seemingly insignificant items fading.

Fading away.

Summer plans are now nonexistent.

Future dreams are unrealistic.

The clouds roll in.

I haven't seen the sunset in so long.

At least not the kind I've come to know.

I never knew how hard it is to pretend to be happy

Until I sat in the front row.

I never knew how such a beautiful song could become so cursed.

I never wanted to dress up more than I had to until now.

I never knew I'd have the desire to thank the inventor of

Waterproof mascara.

I never knew what was coming my way

Until it was too late.