## Remorse - May 2020

Last Modified on 05/17/2020 5:16 am EDT



Catherine Heath

May 2020

She breathes life into your shrivelled veins.

You won't let her go--

Sad, really.

The world has already ended;

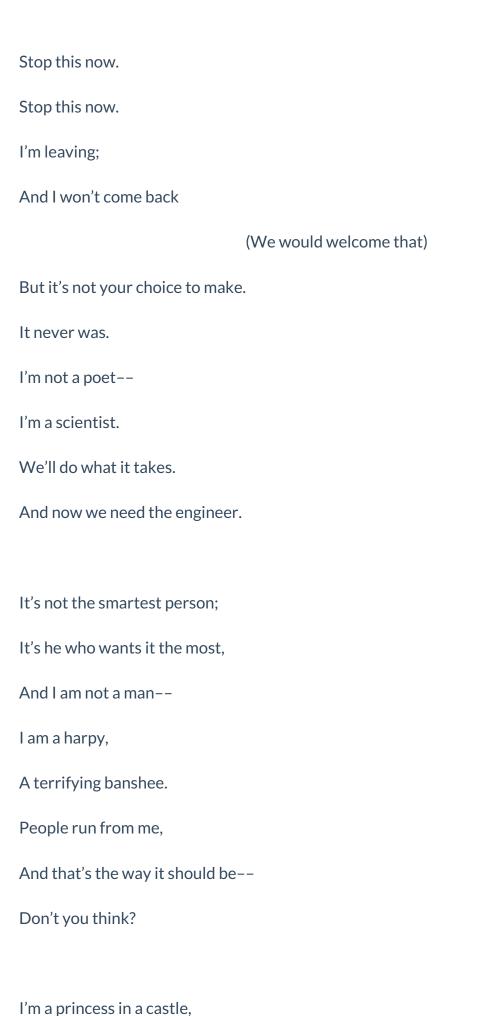
It ended when you left.

Too much of a good thing

Is worse than none.

I found the doctor!
He looks like a criminal,
Smoking, drinking, laughing
Throw our hands towards the sky
No one ever told you why,
And that's okay.
Would I ever lie to you?
We're best friends, through and through.
No one ever got to you,
But me.
And that's the way it should be.
I would have cruised;
I had to learn to surf,
And the birth of our children
Means tomorrow is here.
The only thing that holds us back is fear,
And the wolf in sheep's clothing,
Is our prince in disguise.

The last man has fallen,
And we are in love.
We know when to stop;
We know a good thing
When we see it,
And so we shall sail off into the sunset
Life's pirate crew
I only thought about you.
We were devastating
(You always knew that).
Don't be the smartest person in the room
Be the strongest.
I can wait;
I'll wait for you.
You'll drown in grief!
It's a tsunami,
Washed away by the tide,



Waiting for my sister

(She got lost on the way home). I sent Prince Charming out to get her, But he looks like the stable boy. Enlightenment in Peru; I'm trying to get to you. Don't care what anyone says. And that's all there is to it. Follow your heart; Love always shows the way. Is just a distraction.

Beware of those

Trying to help.

Anything else

I love you,

Follow the monsters--

They always show where the heroes are.

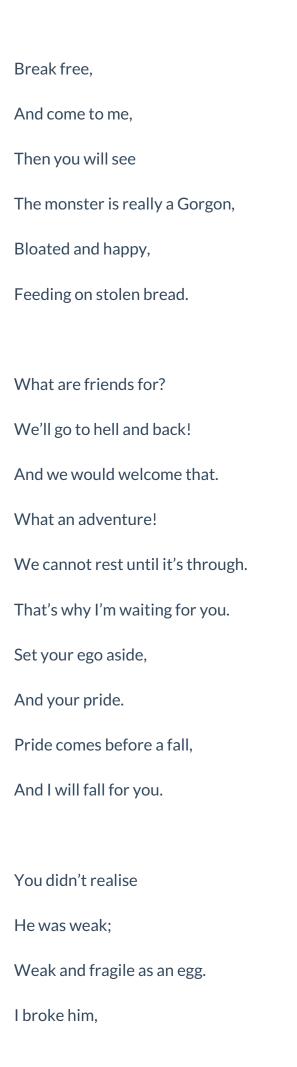
It is bizarre,

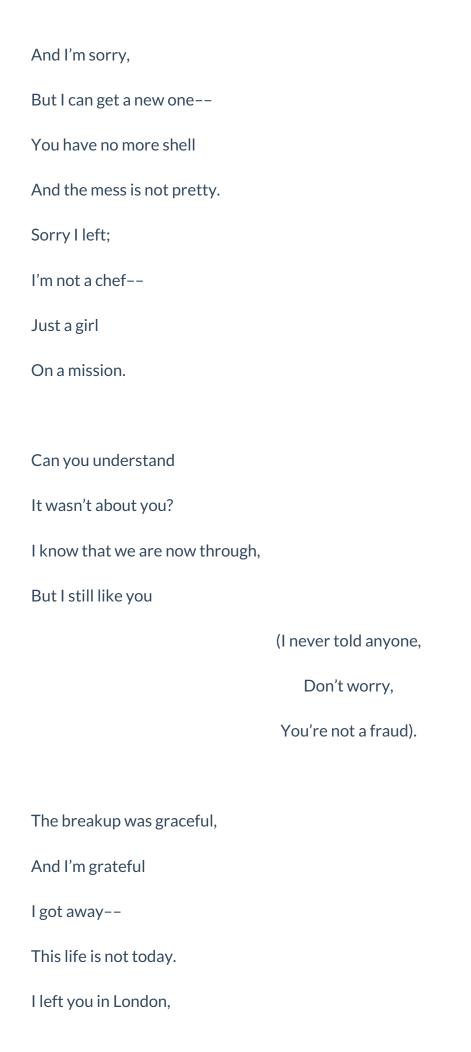
But joyful.

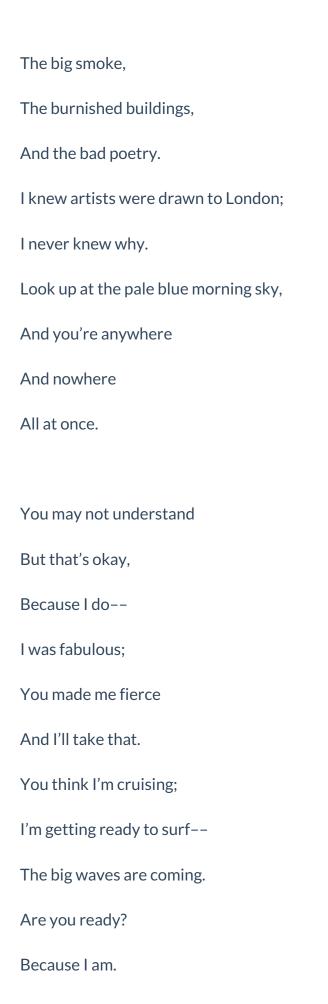
The time to strike is now--

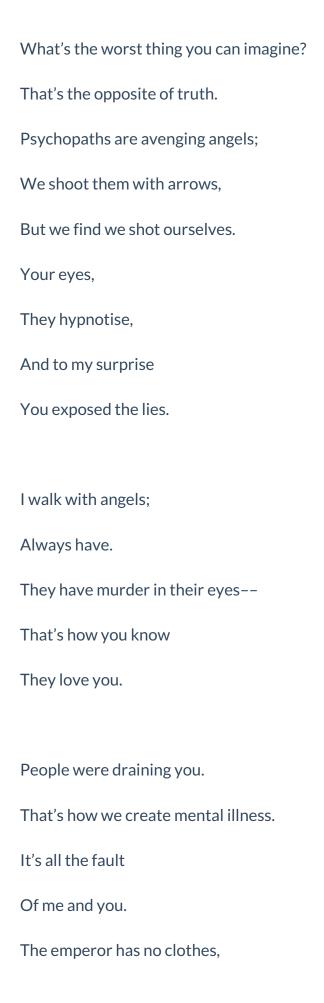
## (She's here to stay).

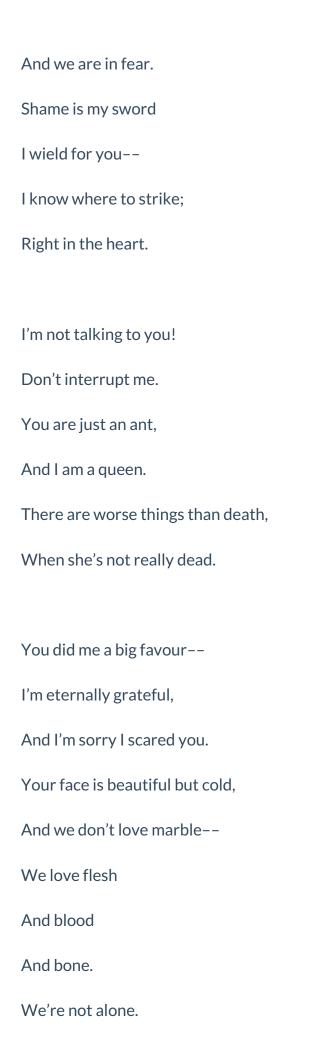
I'll make every mistake in the book;
I'll make it for you.
I'll look like a fool,
And then we'll walk for two.
The fool is the hero,
But no one can see
It is your destiny.
They don't know how to approach:
The answer is
Approach!
Step forward;
There's no turning back
Lies on the welcome mat
Are burning
And we are ecstatic!
Her tentacles around you
Are like fat ropes of jelly;











We're not alone.
We're not
Alone.
You're not my mother!
She was so rude
(And she would never lie to you)
Great art is driven,
Not made.
Now we'll lie here in the shade
And wait for the money to roll in.
I'm not broken;
I'm a girl on a mission.
No one knows the difference.
And that's how we win the war.
You're not a scientist.
You're the engineer.
You're the surgeon.

She's born a hero;
You're called to greatness—
Don't fuck it up.
Credit: Photo by Anastasia Taioglou on Unsplash