**Pt. 1**

I put all the best parts of myself into a

Feast I laid before you.

You sipped from my Nectar and ate the

Finest substance I could conjure.

All given willing,

Hoping you would stay at my table

For the rest of our lives.

But my food and drink turned to

Ash in your mouth,

Tasteless and watery.

Here I am now,

Alone.

My pots and pans empty of what I used to be.

Wondering why everything I had to offer wasn’t good enough.

**Pt. 2**

I think that we both knew

That we had to be all or nothing.

But you couldn’t give your all,

And I couldn’t give you up.

**Pt. 3**

In a neighborhood where you can hear

Birds singing alongside the mismatched tune

Of a child playing the piano.

I sat in silence.

Hoping that the sunshine and fresh air would

Clean out all the dusty parts of myself.

It didn’t.

But it helped.