

2001

Laced

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Recommended Citation

_ , Destini (2001) "Laced," *The Angle*: Vol. 2002: Iss. 1, Article 16.
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss1/16>

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Laced

Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 2, Issue 1, 2001.

DESTINI

LACED

Far from the reaches of my fingers you fall
And I can't help but blame myself
'Cause while I was wasting time watching your every move—

I Didn't See You

Teetering, taking tiny steps towards the edge of eternity
An end so easily achieved,
Easier than facing the facts I suppose

While I was out drinking spirits
You were sprouting wings and becoming one
A void opened in you, beneath you
In an empty wail I echoed

A scream of lost and the loss
Of the lesson
That some must fall to fly

We once ran from our fears
'Cause facing them was feasible
Or believable
Because burns leave scars

Did you know my car still smells like you
And my room
And my pillowcase is still laced with your hair
And I still wear those glasses

That never really Helped Me See.