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## I'm Sorry for my Silence

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*I'm Sorry for my Silence*  
**Madeline Boettcher**

How do you say that a friendship  
has ended?

What has transpired is lost.  
That times together are better  
as memories.

How morals no longer  
intertwine.

How growth cannot be sustained  
in a dying forest of vines.

How do you hear your heart tell you  
when it's time to go?

To feel the leaves crunch beneath the damp forest floor  
as you chop the desiccated limbs  
of once thriving flowers.

How do you feel your stomach churn  
as you contemplate their absence?

Or understand that your forest will no longer be overcome  
by weeds  
sucking dry the native beauty that once was there.

How do you know when to run?

To glance back at the bubbling nuclear waste  
accumulated from years of toxic patterns.

To ignore the chilling cries of those left behind  
or feel yourself taking on a mutated form.

How do you grasp when silence no longer feels welcoming,  
or taste the residue of unsaid words?

Feel the rage simmering at the surface  
of an otherwise cold exterior.

How do you know when to ignite the bridge?

To watch it spew its fiery flame of passion.

To bask in its emanating heat.

To taste the bitter resentment of the flames,  
or smell the rotting stench of a decomposing friendship.

I'm Sorry for my silence  
    my inability to scream this sad truth.  
But confronting the fear of loss  
    was greater than my ability  
    to keep your heart considered.

But how many times have you  
    desiccated my forest,  
    mutated my morals,  
    set fire to my bridge?

How many times have I  
    replanted the flowers,  
    reestablished my morals,  
    put out your fires?

Boundaries crossed too often to overlook as your own ignorance.  
Consideration not had  
    not had.

So why then do I feel guilty for doing the same?  
My consciousness can no longer be yours too  
    yours too.

So, I will light this match  
and hope that what emerges from the ashes  
will birth a new connection with myself  
    *Myself.*