

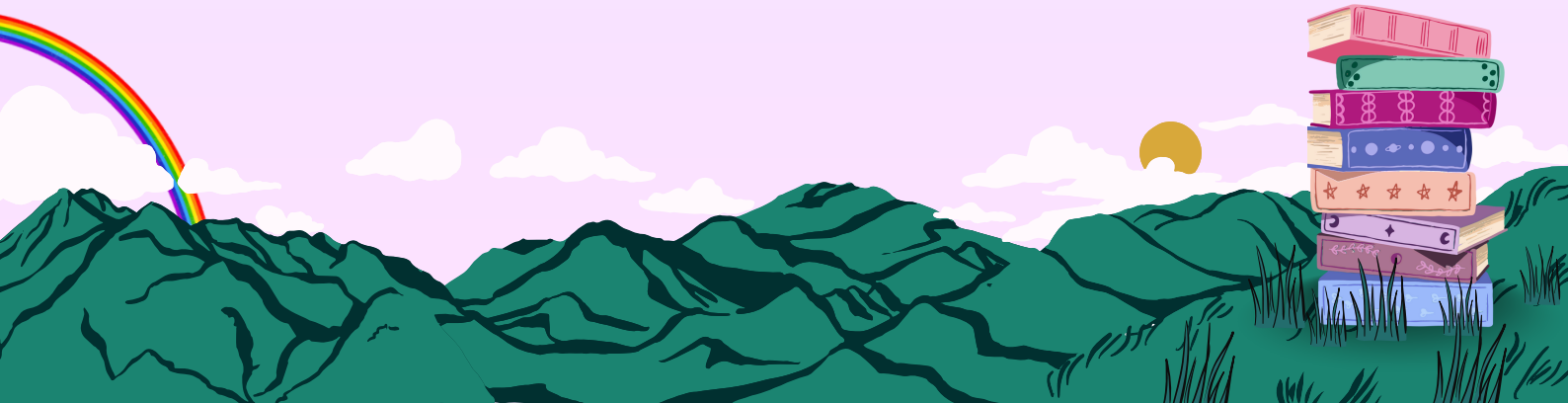
GREY STREAKS

Amelia Smits

Her hair was my favourite thing about her
like a river, it flowed down her waist
into the neverland,
as soft as the moon.
as silky as the sun.
It was a symbol of our love,
growing lusciously but never taken care of
cut off once it got too much to handle.
I was too much to handle.

Meeting her,
my hair stopped growing grey
and jagged,
I had fallen in love
with feeling loved,
and the pain
of not.

Her hair grows freely now,
not restricted and pained anymore,
regrown into a new being
for someone else to take care of
as if it was their own.



And now my sweet tears drip down my chest
soaking my jagged and broken hair
as I cry throughout the night.
I wish I could say sorry
for loving her too much.

she always looked at me with such awe
her hair swaying freely in the wind
my hair an ocean of blue
wrapping our hands together
as we wander away from life itself.

those eyes that I loved so much
don't look at me the same now
it will never be the same now
not ever.

