

# Dear Arthur,

She doesn't feel like home anymore  
and *god* does it hurt  
Like my head has been shoved underwater without warning  
and i'm suffocating  
I'm choking on my own lungs, that are threatening to  
crawl up my throat and strangle me  
I've been dunked into to ocean with a ripped life jacket  
and no rescue boat  
I've been left for dead on the shore of an unknown island  
with no reprieve for the bleeding of my heart  
I've been played, like the unlucky opponent of a gambler with  
an ace up their sleeve  
I've been abandoned on the cusp of my quick ending childhood,  
with only half a beating center  
I can feel my other half beating like the phantom of a past  
i didn't know i would mourn  
I can feel myself teetering on the edge of the bridge of innocence,  
with blood seeping through my fingers and half a pulse in my palm  
I can feel myself tripping and running and screaming in a voice,  
no one can hear, because  
it used to be *her*  
She used to be that rescue boat  
She used to be on that shore  
She used to be with me at that gambling table  
She used to be with me on that cusp, on the edge of that teetering bridge But now she's  
across the water, on a different island, with somebody else half beating in her palm, soaking

blood through the cracks in her fingers  
And god, does it fucking hurt