

# Use Your Words

## Owen

Those books you've read in your youth  
Like holidays at home  
Continue to remind you of who you were  
And who you are  
Some pages bent  
The spines are creased and worn  
All signs of being adored and those words  
And how it meant more to you  
Than who they were written for  
Those blankets in your bed  
So tattered and sad  
They've seen enough sleepless nights  
Both good and bad  
To a short story  
(Use your words)  
Or a few love songs  
Or ain't it about time you've moved on?  
Those books that you've read  
That you'll read again  
(After enough time passes)  
You'll remember some names  
But not how they end  
(After enough time passes)  
And your heart will break all over again  
(After enough time passes)  
And so on and so forth

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