

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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