Lately I’ve been writing, much more, more than before.  
   It seems after I left you, my words within me soared.  
The pain seeped through me then, through skin into my veins.  
   It flowed and spread until it came right into my brain.  
Somehow this pain it cumulated, hardened and condensed.  
   I grip my pen so often now, waiting in suspense.  
The words they flow right out of me—unsuspected grave currents.  
   A blessing and a curse this is, to have these thoughts relent.  
Persist they do, on and on, seething in my mind.  
   A script is all they need to keep up, words can find.  
Ever since I left you, ever since you stabbed me fierce—it  
   seems that words have found a way to stem your ruthless pierce.  
Woeful day, sleepless nights, these words flow on and on.  
   Sometimes I even lose myself to never-ending song.  
Random times these words come in—attack me now, attack!  
   Some say I am lucky—but God please take it back!  
Back to that dark deep black abyss that haunts me even now  
   Stop this show, close these curtains, leave me with a bow.  
Persist, relent, surpass—surpass I cannot do  
   And I blame it sweet, wholeheartedly, completely just on you.  
I left, I won, you found, I lost replace me? Yes you did.  
   Oh but darling please do tell will this poem have a lid?  
Pages on and on will these words keep leaking out.  
   You punctured me, my ship is sunk—I’m flailing all about.  
Persist, relent, surpass—surpass I cannot do.  
I blame it, sweet, wholeheartedly, and completely, just on you.