

To False Promises, and Failed Healing

by Jackson Floyd

When my head wasn't screwed on right,
When the chemical imbalance demanded me dead,
We were close.
We laughed and we cried and we held each other tight,
Bonded together in hardship.
I thought a close friend in you.
You would watch over me and I you.
Through thick and thin, that's what you said.

Now, my head still isn't screwed on right,
But it's on tighter than before.
The chemicals are slightly more balanced,
And I'm still alive,
And you are gone.
The barriers don't exist, you said
We brought you home to help you, not to get rid of you,
But I've come back to an empty room
The fireplace, once always kept lit, dark.
People come and people go,
But if you're better, they don't come back.