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## The moment I forgot

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The moment I forgot

It wasn't the troubles  
or the swarming ecstasy of pain  
or the running blend of colors  
glistening in the rain

It was the trampled, satin ribbon  
that tied up every lie  
every dusted, starlit fairy light  
every blushing, waving sigh

I was tied to the tree, still blooming today  
autumn never came to end things  
I wait for a reason to unwrap myself  
But I'm too busy counting those rings

Not the ones on my fingers  
but the ones under my table  
that ones that had their own ribbons  
and were only won when I was able

To do the right thing—not the right thing  
the correct thing, that confined me to a tree  
A tree of all things with scripts and rules and words  
That I thought I understood...but this is a new world

One I convince myself I've never seen before  
But I forget that it's true  
I forget that I've forgotten and I stay up in bed  
Trying to catch a glimpse of something blue

So I can at least cry, at least run, at least dance  
across the steps that weren't set beforehand  
So I can at least stay in and drink chocolate and raspberries  
So I can return the calls of nostalgia and wear the clothes

The ones that I love, the personality that I like  
I've never really liked it, but I really want to like it  
But I forgot how to like it and the moment I forgot  
The days spanned longer and the hatred burned hot