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Strength

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Strength

Chris Leach

I burned a bridge yesterday
And can still feel the heat today.
An old flame was left far behind
Because he acted so cruel and unkind.

I could not be blamed for leaving him be,
Especially as he did not care for me.
But once I felt something for him,
So this departure was not on whim.

I can still remember the ink black nights,
When we stood outdoors flying kites.
We laughed so heartily at the world around
That did not hear our laughter's sound.

But maybe it was him laughing at me,
And me laughing in stupid naivete.
For I have found over these sad year
It's only his own voice that he hears.

So I set fire to the knotted old wood,
On which our friendship so long stood.
I turned my back upon the scorching flame,
And I know now I will never be the same.