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Betrayal

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Betrayal

Melissa Metzger

When you think it's true, it's false
When you're sure it's cold, it's hot
When you know it's good, it's bad
When you feel it's real, it's not

Like a rose whose stem just dies,
As the petals start to wilt,
And its remnants become dry,
As it's overcome with guilt.

Trepidations turn to truths,
Disbelief builds up inside,
Rites of passage steal your youth,
As you search for where to hide.

While all trust dissolves at once,
Devotion slowly fades away,
Now a need to put up efforts,
Feelings aren't games with which to play.

Finally grief, when hatred rises,
How she came to be this way,
Embodying what she despises,
Who would think that she'd betray?