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Broken & Bitter

Jack Bellino
Nova Southeastern University

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How it all seems now
Will change as we grow older
Such is the fate of every man
With shoulder blades made for holding boulders

They say, “Imagine, Create, Inspire.”
’Tis a motto of cliché
I say leave your words among the world
To truly seize the day

And as I digress
Upon this page
Taking off my chest
Open my ribcage

To reveal a heart
That’s made to sink
Watching blood
Turn into ink

And still, I can only think of her
I somehow always show it
Choosing whether to be bitter
Or keep my duties as a poet

To imagine, create, and inspire
But imagine creating inspiration
And what it could do to a person
Or the change it brings a nation

So as I sit here broken hearted
In what feels somewhat like defeat
This broken heart inspires me
And has made me bittersweet