

Never Is Better
By: Nicole F. King

I am tainted
You made me this way.
Angry and spitting,
weepy like a child.
Tell me:
Why is it that you are always too late?
Or if not too late you never try?
Never an explanation for why
you do what you do.
Do you even care?
Are you aware?
Promises on top of promises
never made true.
Words you have said
never seen through.
I have learned to not believe,
to doubt everything you say.
Untrusting.
Confused.
You have made me this way.

No, I have allowed you
to make me this way.
I stare unseeingly,
eyes dry unblinking.
Thinking, no.
Knowing you were never there for me.
You have never been there for anything.
Though now.
I am starting to believe never is better.