

ID'd

ID'd by the sound
of the promise
Breaking—

By my lover
Like my mother,
Who left when I wasn't looking.
Neither of them returned.
And I never fully came back.

By the train conductor, who took
My poems to give to the world
Then kept them for himself.
He went back on his word.
And my once-in-a-lifetime chance
Forever went by without me.

And then I was betrayed.
By the poem itself—
I broke through and my
Mind went to pieces.

Joe L,
1989-2024