

The Red River
By Olivia Couch

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What is deeper
The river or my thoughts?
What hurts more
The past or present?
Falling within myself
Racing down the highway of my past
Mistakes made, friendships lost
The sky smiles upon my face
As the stars dance
And the wind howls
Fire streams down my face
I sit next to the red river
Like the river, I am alone, forgotten
Is this the moment that ends here?
The red river flows over knuckles
The pain is nothing new
Bats fly over head
Feeling like sand along the river
They are plentiful but do not stay
Lines of old on flesh
Scarlet stains on old shirts
Head and heart like jackhammers pound
Why must the past stay?
While bruises and scars fade
People leave, memories remain
So now I sit
In the dark
With red river in hand