

Kelsey Mooney

Friend

A cold heart's what I ran to
When I needed a friend,
Someone to wipe the tears away –
To help a broke heart mend.

Pain is what I found there.
Lying beneath his guise
Was jealousy and hatred –
What led to his demise.

His once warm laugh now mocking,
His open arms now closed.
The smile that used to light my day –
No longer does it show.

The eyes that used to sympathize
Could cut you like a blade.
The voice that once was welcoming,
Now tainted with disdain.

Accusations, false pretense –
Words twisted into lies.
Was nothing left in the context
Of what is really right?

Must feel better to wallow
In self pity and pride,
Than take the time to ask your friend
Why you see the tears she's cried.

Talking's much too easy.
Afraid of what he'll find?
That maybe things, weren't as they
seemed,
That maybe I was right?

I must've never meant that much,
I see it clearly now,
Past the haze – to my eyes – he gave,
And still it stings somehow...

I've learned a lot these last few
months,
Too quick to call him "friend,"
For that's a title one has to earn –
Won't make that mistake again.

I realize now that you can't miss
Someone that isn't there –
A time that never really happened
With someone that you thought cared.

His once warm laugh – still mocking,
His open arms – still closed.
And still he doesn't give a damn,
And that's what kills me most.