

Tear Stains | India Thompson

I had tear stains on my glasses
but didn't bother to wipe them off.

It didn't matter,
because why wipe the stains
from my glasses when no one
could see them but me?

Well,
I guess they could see them
if they looked.
I mean *really* looked.
But who bothers to look these days?

So,
I plaster a smile
on my face and pretend
there's a real heart within
my ribs
and mechanically walk
through work
and school
and down the street
and around the corner

until have a chance to
add more tear stains
to my glasses because
God knows I could never
afford rose lenses;

and I ponder
whether I'm actually
alive

or if anyone is actually
alive

because I truly don't know
how hell is meant for the dead
when there's so much
hell for the living.