

you promised me so many things
you wrapped your pinky around mine and whispered words of reassurance

but you slipped;
you slipped and broke what was fragile
and I am left to pick up the pieces
the shards are scattered across neighborhoods and cities and countries
and in places that I will *never* find them
they lie in the depths of oceans and on peaks of the highest mountains

and sometimes-----no; oftentimes

I think to myself:
I should let them remain undiscovered
because I am only seventeen years old and ignorance is bliss