**Cool**

Self-hatred cutting slowly away

at you like a serrated knife,

with only a drug to bandage it and

force a delicate smile,

masked by the cool way you talk.

You just don’t care about anything.

And that’s what makes you so cool,

cooler than any ice breaker.

But your insecurities bleed out slowly,

in invisible blood.

You were the limelight, with your always cool,

always chill, charm.

But now you’ve bled out and the numbness is gone,

but now I see you, your shadowed eyes, just like mine.