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Objection

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Objection

Metasebia Tessema

You're standing there,
clueless to my turmoil.

Your heart open,
your face straight.

I walk towards you, contemplating. People stare at me as I walk down the aisle. You stare as well. You smile. I smile back, my heart aching. You seem so happy. I wish I felt the same. I have to put these thoughts aside, before I drown in them. I think back to how we first met. I was bored, and you were there. You wormed your way into my heart, and I let you. I love you, and you loved me too. But our love was different. Your hour of happiness, my hour of gloom.

Here in this sacred place,

I stand to the side reeking of sin.

Running my fingers through my pink dress,
I watch your face glow as your bride walks in.