**Liars:**

With a knowing glance

they say ‘You’ll come back.

They always do.’

With their buttoned-down blazers and pristine pants,

they walk in unison. Made from the same brick and mortar and

held together with the same selective glue.

‘You look different.’ they’ll say, and not in an offensive way

as they continuously claim.

Their tongues twisting aflame.

Because they claim they’re innocent

with their doe-eyed stares and sunshine glares

shattering your soul to glass.

‘You’ll come back.’ they say with a sneer and a glear and a

smug leer in their eyes.

‘You’ll come back. They always do.’

…

You never did.