

I slipped them on without a thought,
a gift wrapped up in daydreams spun,
where every edge was softly caught,
and every flaw was kissed by sun.

The cracks were veins of golden thread,
the silence whispered sweet instead,
a hollow touch, a phantom's breath,
I called it love—I called it depth.

But glass can blur and glass can break,
and fantasies will twist and ache.
The hands I swore were carved for mine
were cruel beneath the painted shine.

A love I built from borrowed light,
a lover shaped by wishful sight,
was never real—was never whole—
just echoes of a starving soul.

I take them off, my eyes are raw,
the world is colder than before.
Yet in the dark, I see it clear:

What isn't true is never near.