Humor of a Brokenhearted

by The Frustrated Witch

If it hurts, just laugh.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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You need not to tell me-

Yet you did without even

Realizing that my newly

Blooming heart turned suddenly

Into a heap of ragged clothing

On the cold and damp floor that

No one can wear and

No one wants to touch.

I smirked at the scene's absurdity.

I laughed at my own heart's fragility.

You stared and shook your head but still

I laughed some more.