

## The Lakehouse Pages

Somehow, the Lakehouse still stands.  
That creaking construct of oak and rot,  
Dusty bones of a former life,  
Left to decay by an untamed beach.

Rain cascades like shards of broken porcelain.  
Here where I witnessed our momentary joy shatter.  
The pieces they hoped would be forgotten,  
Hidden beneath the gloom of an ivory shroud.

The pills help me remember,  
In the restless nights where I lie.  
Choked by chains in my bed of ice and needles,  
Taunted by cruel simulacrums.

When the sun remembers the Lakehouse  
And the tormenting shadows abate.  
I reveal my maddening guilt made manifest,  
Freshly inked and bound.