Dearest Indifference. Oh, you're Capital sin. Couldn't be bothered to spare Some love... or even a little hate For me? You're void of regard for human life. To such an extent, it could be Equitable with the intent to kill. How can you ignore Those who still care for you so? Slaughtered with your depraved nothingness, We remain enamored. Craving mutual, requited emotion, Rather than this one-sided battle against "I don't care." We cling to any potential thread of hope. Some sort of suggestion, if even, a flicker: Anger, pain, unease Any alternative to your blaringly obvious apathy. Alas, our concern is lost on you And your blasé attitude. As a result of your actions (or lack thereof) We suffer with an empty loneliness: Coldness will forever cut deeper than anger. Look how perfectly you plant evidence Of this classic cliché. We're punished as lovers With you as the jury. As a response to your moral culpability, I must ask, Guilty or not guilty? Yours truly, Love

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Dearest Indifference