I'm The Hitch

by LightSpinner

Summary

The Baker's thoughts after The Last Midnight. Poetry

Notes

This is an older piece, you might have seen it on Fanfiction.Net before, but I'm trying to include my older work with this new account.


She’s left us
And all she’s said was true
There is much more left for us
What more can we do

We’ve never made choices
I don’t think we could
After all of our losses
All are gone who would

The witch is gone
My wife is dead
How could all that has fallen
And there is a giant after this boy’s head

The blame falls nowhere
Not on me, Cinderella, or Jack
For it is everywhere
And the dead won’t come back

Maybe it would be best to disappear
The witch made the right decision
This world, to never again come near
It is far too hard to live in

Everyone here’s minds have become a storm
Causing far too much rain to pour
We’ll drown before we can find form
And what I can do is naught anymore

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