

# Ophelia

Jumping out and diving in,  
Ophelia lost herself on the road untraveled.  
Fidelity frayed her sleeves and bramble bit her ribs,  
So her golden fairy tale unraveled.

A rabbit-hearted lover couldn't flee and blew her cover,  
Ophelia made promises she couldn't keep.  
Thrashing in a grotto of innocence,  
Nightmares smashed daydreams so awake tickled sleep.

Her canvas was renaissance masterpiece-  
But Ophelia had run out of paint.  
She found herself inside her painting,  
A sinner dressed up as a saint.

No wanted to help her unspiral,  
I know this because she is me.  
Only I am still sitting on a bathroom floor,  
And Ophelia--  
Well she set herself free.