I need you to understand that   
your apologies and your condolences,   
they are not welcome here.   
 I’d rather you say nothing at all,   
and let me craft my comfort out of the bones of your silence   
than listen to your   
  
  
  
I need you to understand that   
your condolences are not welcome here  
I would rather you breathe into the phone and   
give me the opportunity to fashion some comfort   
from the sound of your

I need you to understand that your condolences are not welcome here.   
I would rather you breathe into the phone,   
allow me to   
fashion comfort from your sighing   
than offer me your formal sympathy.   
You have never made any sense.   
‘

You condolences   
and a

I have grown tired of accepting your apologies.

I reserve this anger for you

I need you to understand that your condolences are not welcome here  
(this kind of anger rests quietly, waiting for use only on you.)

I need you to understand that your condolences are not welcome here.   
I would much rather you breathe in to the phone  
allow me to   
fashion comfort out

I would much rather we sit in silence  
while I fashion comfort out of the sound of your  
breathing.   
Your condolences are not welcome here.   
  
I’d rather we sit in slience.   
  
your condolences are not welcome here.  
I would rather sit in silence with you, you know, than listen to you

I thought you should know:   
Your condolences are not welcome here.   
I would rather sit and listen to your breathing over the phone   
fashion myself some comfort out of your heavy silence and accept something