

From me to you

Your anger cuts like bullets
through my heart and brain.
You cleave me right open
and vultures come to feast.
I keep still and let them.

My faded shirt is inside-out,
but I don't ; will not care,
because I want you to know...
my seems are showing; label's out!

I'm a wounded, unspoken, nightmare.
The one you dare not fight for !
I'm a silent scream: delight & frustration.
I'm vulnerable and toxin to your soul.

My voice (for reason) falls silent,
but inside my head it's not...
My will, to go against, is fading.
I lean towards the void... I 'll fill myself!

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