

Work in Progress

I am awake at night
and sense you take flight.
You draw up your legs
and growl and whimper.
I stay out of it...
It's your ugly play;
it's your own fight.
I wrestle instead, long dark hours,
that run my mind and paint
broad strokes, black on black.

You loved my twisted mind
and married my temper hot
and my hands and feet so cold.
You are drawn to small and dangerous,
but hide... first sight of meek.
I like to be strong for you,
but sometimes, I'm not.
I fail and we are stuck...
Sometimes I am fragile
and then you don't give a...

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