

# Maria Mena, Our Battles

Our battles are repetitious  
if not broken poetry  
and maybe that's the attraction  
that you're as self-absorbed as me

You jumped to the conclusion  
and landed on my chest  
Now how am I supposed to make you see.

I'll just write this down  
with hopes that you'll understand  
I can no longer be disciplined by  
the frustration of an insecure man  
And as I kiss your face you'll know that  
I can no longer apologize for  
your former lover's mistakes.

My past is mine to keep  
Who are you to question me...?  
Perhaps someday you'll learn  
Too bad  
it's not our turn

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