

Will Haven, June

Words fly at me, you're so spiteful
I feel hate at the same time
You love the position I have
Or is it the power I have on you?

You echo gestures, my shadow cowers
From grip marks on my wrist
Reminders of my search for solitude
Of my search for solitude

A mountain of weight bares down and I'm suffocating
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My defiance of your higher power
You're pushing me away from this family
and we ached to be so tight knit
but I slip through stitches loosely woven