

Our Battles

Maria Mena

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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and landed on my chest
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