

## Surrender Your Sons...

Norma Jean

Your pale skin is a razor sharp wire so I place these scales over my eyes  
Don't touch me.  
I'm sick.  
You whisper,  
But I hear only what I choose.  
Hello my good old friend.  
Your hand pulls me back from that  
Mire or will I look back and stare and wonder if she is way back there  
Afterwards my mouth will be filled with gravel and I'm left alone  
You know that feeling of fear and desperation in the pit  
Of your stomach making you nauseous  
Excitement apprehension you wish you could lose it all  
When your head spins and your stomach swells  
The fear of dealing with this is stronger than the fear of just  
Forgetting this and future I am scared of you  
I swear I'll find my way back to the light now that I'm left alone