

Words fly at me your 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
A mountain of weight bares
down and i'm suffocating
My defiance of you higher power
your pushing me away from this family
and ached to be so tight knit
but we slip through stitches loosely worn