

Bruise

Casey

Six years ago, I developed a shake in my hands
As they carried the weight of a love
I was too young to understand
But had convinced myself I couldn't live without
Now the only reminders I have of a life
I no longer miss are my terrible cursive
And problems holding my cutlery right
When I sit at the table on family occasions

And I know my mother still worries from time to time
I guess after so long she's learning to realise
More often than not when I'm silent it means that I'm already s
orry
For not speaking up, for not using my voice to talk about what
I've been going through

And that's why I'm scared of you
Because even before I had chance to explain
You were tending to my wounds and soothing my aches
I never thought I'd feel comfort again

And I know what this is because my hands have stopped shaking
I hesitate to call it by name
Just in case that it gets taken away again
I know that it's love, but what if I'm not enough?

Because regardless of how soft the touch we still bruise and I
break
When I when I think about how it must look to you
As I tremble and shake in the bed that we've only just started
to make