

I Don't Know

Catie Turner

Feel entitled
Want the world stopping for me
Go off orbit
Tides wreak havoc, swallowed by the sea

Catholic guilt
The sin of being selfish
Pick at the scabs
The seams that shape a human

Terrifying realizations
I don't know how to love
Without expectations
I don't know how to love
If I never change them
I don't know
I don't know
Anything

Tender suitor
Can you fix my soul, make me complete
Can I resent you
The imperfections on which I feast

Unsure
Where confidence grows in a garden
Is it above, below
The core soft or hardened

Terrifying realizations
I don't know how to love
Without expectations
I don't know how to love
If I never change them
I don't know
I don't know

Flesh as collateral damage
Diving in, coaxed by my reckless abandon
I don't know
What's real or idealization
I don't know
I don't know
Anything

Cause I feel entitled
Want the world stopping for me