

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