

drywall

Paris Paloma

He's punching walls again
Cohesive arguments evade him

Eggshell temperament
No emotional regulation

Hysterical baby
His gaze always evades me
Doesn't know he is paving
The road for my escape way
Every time
I scratch another line

I used to think of him a caring thing
Knuckles on his drywall
I've tried all
Of the parenting
Descent into hysterically
Ripping into ribbons
The things he knows he isn't
And severing ties

Funny rationality
What would positions in power be?
Led by feelings that seemingly change hourly
I'm floored you ever got there
And when he snaps out of it
He drones in monotone, on a power trip
With tell-tale blood still running in his coward lips
From raising strokes that he hopes I'll cower in

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Never making good on silent threats
So that he knows that I have nothing

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Oh but he has nothing

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I'm severing ties
Severing ties