

i am so sorry that the falling is so much easier than the
climb.



i show my wounds and they scream
'you just want attention!'
i hide my wounds and they scream
'why do you not let us in?'

what do you want from me?

i say i am fine when they ask how i am doing

time

after

time

after

time

i keep lying to them and they keep believing me

stop believing me.

you said you loved me but you watched me
knock on your door until my hands were bleeding

you said you loved me but you heard me
begging you to let me in until my voice was raw

you said you loved me but you saw my
tears dripping and you did not wipe them away

you said you loved me but you saw my
body drop to the floor and you did not pick me up

you said you loved me but your actions
screamed otherwise.