

Eyes blind
resentment
disgust
rage
gushing inside

strain the vocal cords
claw through skin
wreak havoc
devour insides
ruin entity

inhaling blue air
moving with routine
coping healthily
mouth ends up
strained jaw
nails imprinting flesh.

I have been told to
“protect my peace.”
but how am I supposed to, when I grew up
hiding away, door forced open
begging; “please”
laughter filling my ears
no sign of understanding
“snitching” at my parents
only to be led to believe,
that it “happens”
and I’ll get “used to it.”

Surrounded by people
same worse than me
striving to win
deeper
less
more

Craving for attention
for someone to tend my wounds
love the feeling of being take care of
even if it means
ruining my skin

Craving for attention
for someone to worry about me
love the feeling of their broken gaze
even if it means
starving my body

Craving for attention
for someone to question me
love the feeling of their interrogation
even if it means
exposing myself
and grabbing as many labels as I can.