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The Worst In Me

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The Worst In Me

I...
am...
tired...

(of the tears that you drip, dribble, drop
off of your face and down into my skull
tormenting my hypothalamus
sending a cold chill running through my everything
the tears that tumble my sense of me into rubble...
too weak to tell you no)

I...
am sick...

(of the shame that you sting, stick, stab
me with on a warm summer night
making the world a place of pain
shredding through my lower intestine like a shotgun
the shame that leaves me gaping at my wound...
reaching for your arms)

I am run down...

(with the regrets that wriggle, wiggle, wind
through the walls of my consciousness
ripping down my self-confidence
cracking open the shell of my self-worth
the regrets that leave me like humpty dumpty...
begging you for glue)

I'm finished...

(with forgiveness that I have found, focused, flung
at you from the depths of my soul
forcing rage down until I find it
seeping through the pores in my skin
the forgiveness that keeps me thinking...
maybe it isn't you)

Dan Gibson