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Your Withdrawl My Symptom

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Your Withdrawl My Symptom

You see me but you look through me
Standing there, watching you stare
At her soft, silky, golden smile.
I know I am here because I can feel the
Hot foggy breath upon my neck, trying
To melt me. Whispering that I don't belong.

With one foot on the ground, I reach
For the birthmark upon your shoulder
That morphs images of our past history, together.
But you shrug me, and turn your unlaced
Tims toward the pale Ralph Lauren lighting
To receive your daily injection from her.
It seeps through your veins, Firing your nerves
And exploding your head, with adulation.

Again you have left me here alone
And impatient, trying not to feel mediocre.
Picking out my hair; slouching my nose;
Pouting my lips; accenting my curves;
Flaunting my shimmering, naturally, nut-brown
Skin; Peripherally eying her attempt at mimicry.

I am the intellectual debating with conviction for you in courts.
I am the musician vibrating the B-flat in your sonata.
I am the athlete long-jumping white deserts.
I am the comedian inspiring your raucous laughter as an outlet from your toil.
I am all that I can be, except her.

But still you don't hold me. I am confused.
And keep reminiscing of how our heat used to defuse
through each other's scarred tissues,
In the ultimate ecstatic equilibrium.

By Trenise Robinson