

The Leech

It seems like i'm hard to love.
it hurts my heart.
it cuts deep.

you speak of love,
yet you know nothing of giving it.

you preach positivity,
but your fuel is negativity.

Our interests don't align;
you use yourself as a splint to correct my utter wrongdoing.

I only break our shared silences to console you;
I am met with anger.

you see me,
but you refuse to perceive the light in me.

what you don't understand?

you don't understand that I overflow with joy when I hear your laugh.

you don't understand that I am courageous.

you don't understand that I fight for my life in a way you never will.

you don't understand that my smile lights up any room that I walk into.

you don't understand that my kindness is a curse that would bleed me dry to nourish you.

you don't understand that my sacrifices are for you.

you don't understand that my generosity is tested for you.

you don't understand that my love molds to the shape of you.

you don't understand that a lionhearted girl will not be a host to a parasite.

i deserve to be recognized.
i deserve to be appreciated.
i deserve to be spoiled every once in a while.
i deserve to know where we stand.
i deserve to have your love for me be known.
i deserve to be a priority.
i deserve to feel wanted.
i deserve to be happy.

i deserve more.

-s.g.