**Hit Me**

*June 29, 2013*

Hit me with your best shot.

Give me all you got.

Not my first Love Rodeo.

I been hit hard before.

Been punched and pummeled often.

I can take a lot.

Loves Slings and Arrows of No and Misfortune.

Have had their way with Me.

Known anguish distress melancholy of Blue Moon.

Call of solo lonesome forsaken Loon.

Lost Love. Cast Off. Ship wrecked.

Tossed overboard.

Washed ashore.

Twin Mirages of LaMour.

Rare Unending Joy. Unyielding misery.

From such despondent Chains broke free.

I've been so struck smited and indicted.

Smashed. Trashed. Slashed.

Stabbed and Cut.

Been Sucker Punched.

Blindsided. Eyes Gouged.

Kicked in the Gut. Tortured.

Crushed and Twisted.

Betrayed. Hung on the rack to dry.

BlackBalled. BlackListed.

Yet I've never lost my Pride Face nor Faith.

Kept strength inside my private space.

Safe sure and strong within.

Never whined nor cried.

Strung out on Heartache.

Drowned in Despair.

Still somehow nere

My I and Being abandon nor forsake.

Somehow I still cared enough to care.

Hit Me with your best shot.

Just don't hit Me with Goodbye.

For the only Blow that will touch shake or rend my

Sphere awry askew agley Tear my Heart out.

Break my Spirit. Break my Mind.

Kill my Soul. Turn My Light down.

From Passions Flame and Glow to Dim.

Will my Will no more to be.

As though my Very Self and Psyches Eyes be dead and blind.

Turn my World dark and black.

Is if You renounce and spurn Our Love.

Turn. Walk away. Leave. Walk out on Me.

Say we are no longer One We are Over.

We are done.

Our Love is fini and history.

Tell me Farewell.

You are never coming back.