

Topic: Suffering

Listen.

Is there something wrong with you?

A screw loose, or two, that impairs your ability to function, why are you always so naive?

You've conjured up a kingdom in your head,

Masked by purity with rules as frail as thread.

But when will you understand, you can't weave fabric without the sting of a needle.

And gullible strands intertwined don't manifest themselves as armours.

Why are you so weak?

You permit yourself to cry as if salty waters are moats for monsters.

But darling, demons are less horrifying once you embrace them.

You can't just pretend to 'understand' to get me off your back.

The only thing getting further away from you is your last shot at being rational.

Listen to me.

I have been watching you.

I have been watching as oceans leapt from your cheek and your body turned itself into a rocking chair.

I have been watching, as pillows become people who leave, and the quilt turns itself into blackout curtains.

I have been watching, as you stared at the mirror so long until you grew a glass face, and you perceived sleep to be a form of time travel.

But honey, even oysters let go of pearls.

I want to tell your aching eyes that circumstances tell you where you are,

Not who you've become.

Why can't you just listen to me?

I'm trying to help you.

I'm trying to love you.

Let me love you.

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