

Category: Struggle

Should I have bothered?

*To the encroaching dark of night,
You bowed underneath,
Your mind and body eluding above thee!
Contended by the perspire of a breath much lived,
You whimsied and followed the treads of the dark!
Hoping that death would offer you the solace you so longed for!
For when alive, your heart beat to every earth's chaos
But what to expect when buried underneath and yet so much within?*

*Perhaps, when alive, I should have asked how deep your wounds ran,
Now visibly hidden across the contours of your perfect countenance,
Maybe then I would understand why you had to squeeze the life out of you,
A life well lived? Huh?
What about the tears I so hastily dismissed yesterday,
The evening peals of laughter I so effortlessly misunderstood,
The morning chatter that always seemed to begin with you but end up about me?
Never was a moment I ceased to ask how your day was at the bay,
Fondled with your insecurities as I did with you every night,
Assuring you, there was beauty in everything,
If only you had the courage to see,
The desire to keep on trying.
Wasn't my love enough to help you push through the pain?
Was it?*

*Remember our vows?
Through thick and thin, we promised.
Rain, come sun, we assured the many that attended,
But never did to each other.
I swore to protect you,
To stand by you,
Why didn't you let me?
Is it wrong that I stand here selfishly questioning you, your corpse?
Honey, talk to me, if not every day, just one last time.*

*Did you think this was right?
Do you expect me to write a story of how well you lived?
To ponder about the demons you 'purportedly' kept at bay?*

*My heart still bleeds of your tender touches,
But to love you forever is a question my heart can no longer answer.
I hope you got the solace you so much longed for!*

2 . Can you blame me?

*I was touched,
Not the kind that loves so deep,
That which waits for the bare seeds to protrude from the ground,
Nudging through the rocks, pushing each aside as though to bear witness to the
fruit buried deep within.
No,
Not the kind that waits through the cold night, weak and weary,
Tightly drawn to the fireplace just so sunlight can kiss its darkness and birth a new
day,
No,
Not the kind that holds just right and patiently awaits for the full moon to caress
the contours of her body, the perfect imperfections.
No!*

*Mine knew no love,
It watched me from afar,
Unbeknownst to me, It crept in,
Once, when I was coming home from school,
But my mother, Ooh mother!
She shrugged and just as quickly dismissed it,
Can't blame anyone for being a tad too affectionate, She claimed.*

*Twice, when I was lying in bed,
Greedily he jumped onto me,
With his gnarled hands clenching onto my feeble shoulders,
The freight of his chest crushing onto mine,
Erasing every bit of love I held dear,
In...out...in...out. Done!*

*Partner,
Can you then blame me for not knowing but a tender love that which you pour me
every day?*

*Can you blame me for opening up just a bit for you to sneak in long enough to
leave but a little warmth to assure me that I am still alive?*

For in the cold, I have found comfort,

In pain, quenched my thirst,

And every scar plastered on my body; a scathing story buried deep within.

*Can you then blame me for twitching from the touch of your loving arms just so my
body can tell the difference?*

Can you then blame me for not knowing but a different touch, a different love?