

## The Mine Them

I think I love him the most, but I don't,  
It's just,  
I feel I love him the most, but,  
It's all gone in one wrong moment,  
So,  
I can't stop loving him the most, but I also can't  
stop thinking the other way around.

I guess I don't love her the most, but I do,  
It's just,  
I feel I don't love her the most, but,  
It's all overturned in many small moments,  
So,  
I can't love her the most, and I also can't stop  
I curse myself for that.

Above all is the bull's shit,  
The thing about him is,  
He has some expectations which he wants to fulfil  
through me,  
Mostly fail to live up to them; I'm not as good as  
he wants me to be.

The thing about her is,  
She, too, has some, for me, for him and from herself,  
For me, it's just the happiness of mine.  
She had found the ways for herself, as he almost  
takes no interest in hers.

*Their forever love for me only allows me momentary resentment towards them. My love, hate, anything  
and everything is part of them and always will be. They are the reasons for all my I."*