You

With your chalk board skin as I drag my nails across it

Marks that shrieked and we were both too naive hear

You

Surrounded by millions of people, lost in the crowd of family and friends and religion and education

I

Stand silenced in the background waiting to catch a glimpse of

You

With calloused hands and chapped lips that smiled all too widely

You

A mixture of beauty and pain waiting for someone like me

You were a sign of hope in a world clouded by gray

And I was meant to be loved

But I was not meant to be handled

You

With calloused hands gripping my throat

As chapped lips spoke words like knives

And fists left marks like first impressions

You

With an ego as big as mine

With a power trip that left me tumbling down the stairs

You

With a forceful hand holding me still as I slept

Dreaming of nights

Without you