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pain

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pain

— Donald Jordan

I cut you with words,
So no one else can see you bleed.
You batter me with insults
Because my skin will hide the bruise.
When will we realize
The pain is real?

The walls close in around me
Killing who I am.
Darkness enfolds my spirit
Erasing my soul.
Slowly, I cease to exist.

I want to hurt someone,
Anyone.
I want to see the pain
In their eyes
Like mine
Reflecting in the mirror.

My darkest moments,
Are a reflection of you.