

## Permanent Marks

Back in the old days  
when my mother read to me  
my bedtime stories  
and my father wondered  
if I'd ever read

I looked at the world  
in undisguised wonder  
holding on to the hands  
of my familiar family

I'd come home crying  
with words I heard  
that will always be  
etched into my skin

so here I stand  
full of my marks  
of a life lived  
in opposition

Here I stand  
holding on to words  
I should have let go  
in that foreign past

They told me time  
would heal all wounds  
And words should never  
be able to break you

But I have felt the hands  
around my neck  
trying to choke me  
out of air

I have said the words  
that made her angry  
Leaving imprints  
permanent marks

I've lost the hands  
familiar to me  
instead I'm holding on  
to empty air

Sometimes the wind whispers  
in her voice  
telling me midnight stories

before I fall asleep.

## **Holding on and letting go**

I have a contradiction  
That will always  
Prevent me  
From loving you

Because I have  
Sadly learned  
Early in life  
That people leave

I will be clingy  
But never get close  
Be demanding attention  
While keeping at bay

I have my fear  
Of commitment  
Solidly embedded  
In me

But once your here  
I will hold on  
Until you can no  
Longer support me

I am a contradiction  
Of emotion and impulse  
Of lonely and together  
Of holding on and letting go

## **New friend**

Stranger, stranger  
Come closer please  
I would love to  
Hold your hand

My fingers touching  
Your open palm  
Helping the violent  
Fist unfurl

Person unknown  
Stay still please  
I need your warmth  
Against my leg

My knee hits yours  
Sitting side by side  
Finally sitting down  
After the fight

My dear friend  
Let me wrap  
My arms around  
Your heart

I might not yet  
Know you well  
But your warmth  
Is a good start