

Words fly at me your so spiteful  
i feel hate at the same time  
you love the position i have  
or is it the power i have on you  
You echo gestures my shadow cowers  
from grip marks on my wrist reminders  
of my search for solitude  
A mountain of weight bares  
down and i'm suffocating  
My defiance of you higher power  
your pushing me away from this family  
and ached to be so tight knit  
but we slip through stitches loosely worn