

Sonnet - Needle and Thread

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I hold my unequivocal love in my hands like it's a flower
I cry myself to sleep and hope I'm doing enough
I listen to the way you speak, yeah you abuse your power
And as you lash out at me, my mental blood spills on the rug

Yes, you're an angel, but you're an angel straight from hell
Your wings have been clipped, so you torture us down here
You take the rage out on me, this is a story I know all too well
But the more you hurt me, the more you hold me dear

To think you could treat me like that, but only see me twice
To think you could abuse someone, but never lay a hand
To think you took advantage of me, but only once met my eyes
To think you held me, but you held me in your hands like sand

Every night I wonder; how was I abused, but I never even bled?
How do I have so many wounds, but they were never stitched with thread?