

# Insecurity .

A POEM BY ABIGAIL MILAM

Why didn't he message me ?

Perhaps he's falling in love with another woman's damaged goods .  
Fixing her up, bandaging her heart .

Why didn't he call ?

He's grown weary of my own damaged goods .  
Sick of trying to fix me, uninterested in the scars engraved on my heart .

Who is he with ?

A pretty girl. Probably .  
One that could love him better than I ever could .

He's back again .

Sweet talking with that voice of his .  
Capturing the beat of my love with every word that escapes his lips .

I love him. He loves me .

But does he *really* ?  
How could he ?

I'm just a whirlwind of insecurity .

Destroying every good intention thrown my way .  
Twisting and turning, avoiding reality .

*I'm* sick of me .

Exhausted trying to stabilize .  
Tired of trying to believe sweet nothings .

Will he save me? Fix me ?

Or am I too far past the breaking point ?  
Lost with no exit ?

Here he is .

Here he's *always been*.  
Why isn't that enough for me ?

