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woman, entombed

Sydney Portilla-Diggs

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woman, entombed

Sydney Portilla-Diggs

I used to grab at life with both hands
cramming fists full of love
into my open mouth
but now it is more than my stomach
can stand
bitterness takes longer to digest
your passion does not nourish me
I've taken so much of you inside
until I've grown numb
with your endless platitudes
your cynical attitudes
difficult pills to swallow
like horse pills
too many pills
too many pills lined up in a row on the table
beside the bed
the doctors call it neuropathy
I call it self-defensive apathy
for I am becoming a mannequin
plastic from the inside out
soon I will become
just another shiny shell
but you can't hurt
you can't hurt me
not me
not me
not
anymore

venom

because of you, a verdant vine
entwines my heart so tightly
that forgiveness has no release
and hatred remains imprisoned
I am not like some gnarled
brown leaf trembling on a barren
wintry limb in metaphoric death
this grudge is living and growing
fed by your failure to take
responsibility for your actions
because of you, I lost so much
because of you, I cannot
forgive myself
because of you, the poison
spreads through every part
of my life
and I can find no peace