

Hurt

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Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

Gravity

I Never Understand Myself

It Was Never Love

Stupid Girl

Toxic

Traces

Gravity

To me, you're the moon's gravitational pull.
I'm the ocean waves.
You're a small force with strong effects.
I'm deep, engulfing, and directionless.
You pull me into shore, and I've found a place to be.
I feel so infatuated until I'm yanked back seconds later.
My euphoria is left at the shore, making me ache to go back.
I savor and crave those moments I crashed into your bliss.

I Never Understand Myself

Sometimes, I admire my obscure and complex brain.
Other times, I hate how it brings me this unbearable pain.
Sometimes, I cry because I want to feel again.
Other times, it's because I don't want the sadness to end.
Sometimes, I reach out to people when I'm low.
Other times, my emptiness is where I wallow.
Sometimes, I hurt myself to distract my mind.
Other times, it's the only comfort I find.
Sometimes, I sincerely want to die.
Other times, I know I'm not ready to say goodbye.
Sometimes, I feel like I've figured out who I am.
Most other times, I don't know who I am.

It Was Never Love

Love is patient, love is kind.

Do you remember pressuring me into having sex that rainy night?

Have you ever felt guilty about using me in hindsight?

It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud.

Were you jealous of my good character and potential?

Was sharing our stories to sound manly *that* essential?

It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs.

Did you need to say "*I'm not hitting that anymore*" when you spoke about me?

Did you get an ego boost from being with my body?

Did you mean to blow your fuse that night when I couldn't please you?

Are you still angry that I chose him in the absence of you?

Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth.

Are you proud to use debauchery to meet your needs?

Is a life full of God's love and grace not your speed?

It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Why did you let them spread those rumors and call me those names?

Did you know that "*How can I trust you?*" filled me with shame?

Why did you lose your hope for us?

When did you quit trying to adjust?

Love never fails.

Is it my fault that we never made it?

Or are you the reason I don't want to admit?

Stupid Girl

Actions speak louder than words, and your negligence is screaming "I don't love you" louder than I've ever heard you tell me.

You blatantly ignore me, and I am blasted with "you're not worthy of my attention".

I constantly hear "you've made too many mistakes" whenever you walk away without an explanation.

I'm drowned out by "you're not good enough" every time I see you with her.

She even chimes in, singing "he never cared for you" in my ear.

After one of our sloppy hookups, I hear "stupid girl, I'm only using you".

Through all the clamor you've made, I am silent.

Toxic

I should've realized you were no good when I told you I was suicidal. I remember telling you "my mom thinks I'm depressed. Is she just waiting for me to kill myself?", and you shut me down with "I don't want to talk about that".

I should've realized you were no good when you were more concerned about getting my pants off than the fresh cuts on my thighs. I know you felt them.

I should've realized you were no good when I told you I was sexually assaulted at a party and you called me disgusting. I'm sorry I couldn't stop him.

I should've realized you were no good all those times you made me feel inadequate and only good for sexual pleasures. I'm more than just a toy.

Traces

There are traces of you in my lungs. Each inhale is laced with your sighs and moans filling my mouth. I don't want to breathe anymore.

There are traces of you in my fingertips. Every touch brings me back to your soft hair and rough hands. I don't want to feel anymore.

There are traces of you on my tongue. Each lick is tainted with your sour words. I don't want to taste anymore.

There are traces of you in my eyes. Every tear that falls is filled with water, salt, and the memory of your carelessness. I don't want to see anymore.

There are traces of you in my heart. Each heart string is smothered with your false love and affection. I don't want my heart to beat anymore.