

Stone (a working title)

the last time i let you touch me
i cried
i pushed myself past the edge
i fought through the pain and discomfort
the urge to crawl out of my skin
and push you off

i thought that if i tried hard enough
if i toughed it out
that i reach the place you always talk about
that i could feel the way i make you feel

but i can't fight my way through being touched

despite trying

my mind and body exist in an endless battle of tug-o-war
when one relaxes
the other doubles down and drags its enemy through the mud
no warning
no hesitation

it's a battle that has to end with a white flag from both sides
but neither is willing to give up

i punch
and i kick
and i scream
until i shut down

but you're always there
you let me touch you without being touched
 lying against you but not in you
feeling me wind down
 slowly softening my body next to yours
until limb by limb
 i wrap myself around you again

it's not a race
it's not a battle
it's not puzzle

and yet here i am
frustrated that i can't seem to win.