

*19 Bruises*

*By Tyler P. Fick*

I have no plans to love you.

There is no need to tell you.

Truth is a pain that blinds you.

This is a tight rope

I am about to fall.

Winds caving down upon me, a small tornado of sand swallowing me.

Eating me alive- - -

Grinding me to a halt.

Spit me out, broken and bruised.

19 bruises to be exact... I counted yesterday.

Broken means broken means broken.

Yesterday,

YOU thought I was sleeping...

I was making lists...

Lists of things to leave

Lists of things to need

Lists of things to grieve.

How does it go? This tight rope swinging from my neck?

I think I am sleeping,

among an awake,

-standing on a chair,

- -about to fall,

- - -this tight rope waking me.

Split into two, the voices inside my head count... 1...2...3...19

19 bruises.

I counted yesterday.

Somehow it's my fault.