

Hurt is a Muse

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Poem about the effects of child abuse.

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## Hurt is a Muse

Hurt is the biggest muse! I am feeling right now It's deep in my heart It's hard and bloated in my heart I can't take it It hurts I am hyper ventilating! I can't believe you would hurt me like this! It took me being all alone to feel it an I am letting it Go fuck it; you asshole! I am intoxicated with the pain right now numbing elixir in a bottle, helping me forget drunk till I passed out because you taught me how to deal w/ the pain! You took it out on me you fucking asshole! My hear is bloated with pain. I had to be distorted right now! so I can feel the real pain! so I can read it the next day!because pain is the hardest muse. You messed up. You made it dirty. You got the best gift ever and you shit on it. I hate you becaue you made me feel dirty! I wish you were alive so I could tell you how much I hate you! Then of course I had to carry out hate to my relationships! Because of you, the boy I loved I lost! Because of you he scared and went away! I am left with nothing! I am intoxicated with numness. It's the only way to get the words out right now. Why? Why would you do this to me? I am drunk right now! I just wanted to be free! Instead my blood, pregnant with alcohol assaulted my brain and made pain instead of silence and calm. I can't feel it unless I am distored. But I'll always try not to be.

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