Release`

By : AemmaBella

This poem is dedicated to my bestfriend who helped me through several situations and is still currently helping me through recent affairs. This poem may seem confusing at first for in some parts The Speaker is talking to She and sometimes her Heart and sometimes The Speaker itself.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/AemmaBella

Copyright © AemmaBella, 2014
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Release`

'Breathe'

She said,

'Relax'

She plead.

'Let go (Let go).'

I'll never let go.

Breathe.

Stretch.

Release.

Exhale.

Meditate!

'Let it go!'

She screamed,

Shaking my tight shoulders

As I sit so still, so stiffened.

My heart has been strained

To within an inch of its loving.

I know you can't take anymore.

'Listen to me!'

I know you are tired, my love.

Breathe.

Stop.

Sit.

Still.

So still am I,

Just sitting here in ill like a dove.

'Why don't you hear me?'

She asked through her tear.

Because I am gone,

Vanished before dawn,

My heart could take no more, my love

No more will my body be abused in its cove,

Shattered to diamond bits before Hell and its lone!

No more.

Breathe...

Sit...

Watch...

Love...

No!

No love,

Love is unkind.

'You can't stop loving'

Oh yes I can.

'No one ever stops loving'

Breathe for me, dear.

Release the pain you hold so near.

'Breathe!'

Exhale...

I'll never look in my best friend's eye

And tell her that I forgave them.

No, I'll never forgive their fines!

'You can love them.'

She whispers to me.

I look at her in her beautiful eye,

And I finally let myself

Breathe.

Relax.

Cry.

'Meditate, it helps.'

She said.

So I meditate.

Hug her.

Kiss her.

Love her.

Love the sin.

'Live at let the games begin.'

Release`

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2014-09-03 05:04:17