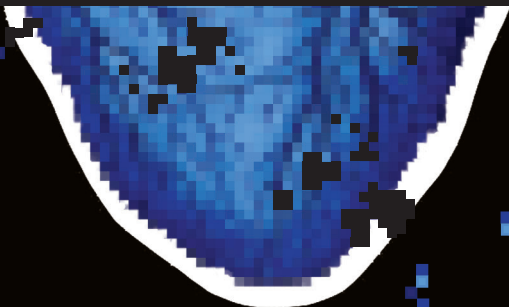
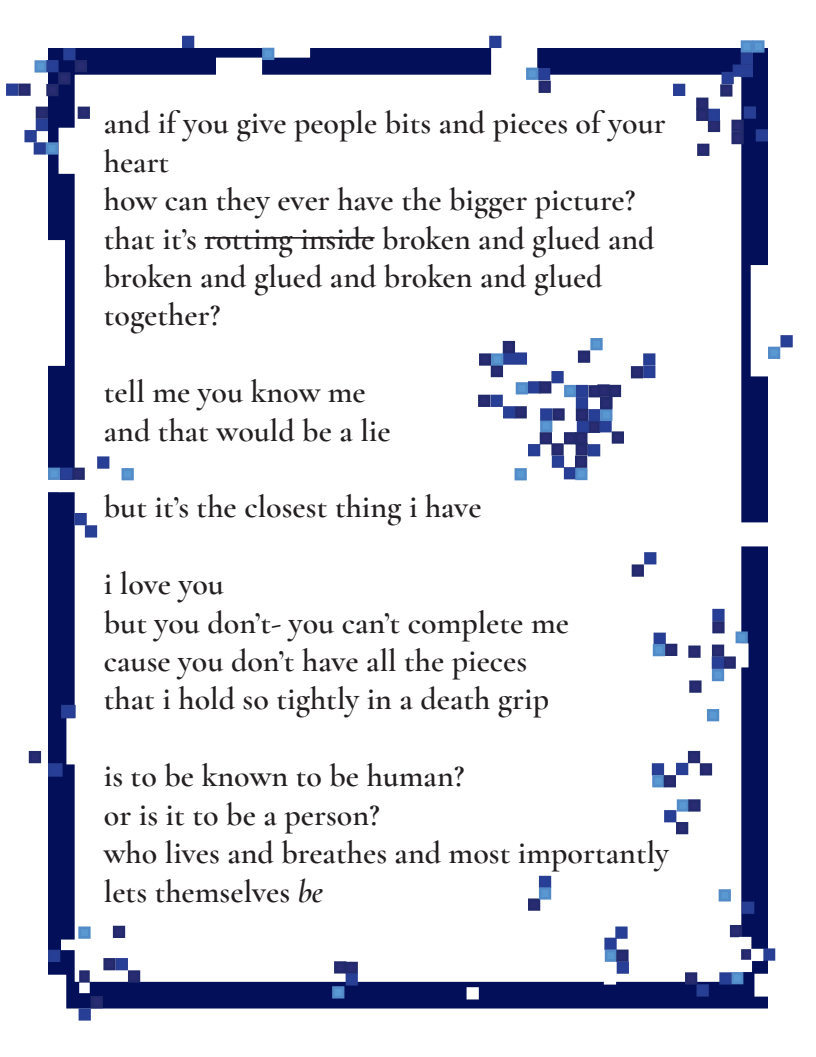


Vulnerability





and if you give people bits and pieces of your  
heart  
how can they ever have the bigger picture?  
that it's rotting inside broken and glued and  
broken and glued and broken and glued  
together?

tell me you know me  
and that would be a lie

but it's the closest thing i have

i love you  
but you don't- you can't complete me  
cause you don't have all the pieces  
that i hold so tightly in a death grip

is to be known to be human?  
or is it to be a person?  
who lives and breathes and most importantly  
lets themselves *be*



am i supposed to bare my soul to you?  
*like a prey its neck*

that you sink your teeth down  
that you suck the essence out  
that my eyes which were once the windows to  
the soul  
roll back till the whites of it bare me whole  
*just get it over with now*

**bared. flayed. and opened.**

# can you hear me?

i talk but i don't speak

i tell you about my day but not how it went  
i tell you how i feel but not how intense  
i tell you about me but not who i am

i tell you i tell you i tell you  
i yell  
but it's all in my head

cherrypicked  
[redacted]  
a lighter spin  
embellishments on embellishments

i want you to know who i am  
but i can't tell you

can you not look me in the eyes and somehow crack  
out  
leak out  
the essence that leaks out leaks free  
crack me open  
as a person  
let me breathe  
let me know  
who i am?

i can't do that for you  
i don't want to do that for you

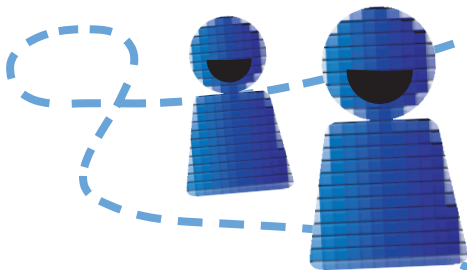
because i'm scared  
and who knows why

you know me  
but do you know who i am?

i didn't tell you.

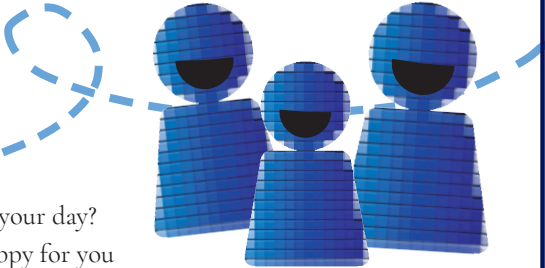
and i hate being vulnerable  
and i'm embarrassed that i only tell you i won't take  
the knife to my throat  
when i'm so wasted i can't tell my head from my heart

and the next day we'll laugh cause it's funnier  
to poke fun at the fact that i was randomly vulnerable  
then what i was vulnerable about



but i hate being unknown  
of being strangers again  
because you don't know me anymore

because even the pieces i'm willing to give out are limited  
i miss telling you about death and parents and love and  
failure and life and everything in-between  
but i'd rather laugh and tell you about something funny  
because it's not funny to want to disappear  
didn't i already?



how was your day?  
i'm so happy for you  
thank you for telling me your problems  
i'll tide you over with some of mine  
in that semblance that we're equals

and that i'm not holding back because i still imagine being  
gone

take care my friend

*good night for now.*



