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Chaparrita

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Chaparrita

Cyerra Colomba Guzman

Why do you do that?

You told me to stop breathing

Stop breathing?

Why would I do that?

You tell me I'll feel less

My throat burns

Why do you do that?

How many times are you going to keep tying me up?

Until I bruise and bleed?

Please.. Tell me..

Am I doing something wrong for you to want to keep
me closer?

I keep running around with power,
maybe it's from all the blood I've lost.

I'm all out of air.

Too many breaths wasted.

Another long and lonesome night with you.

I feel nothing.

The sun hits me harder than that.

I can't hear over all this yelling.
He yells louder and louder,
and my heart gets smaller and smaller.
The tension is making the paint peel.
I want to trip down these stairs so I don't have to listen
to his stupid fucking spiel.

Displeased with pleasure,
I feel it getting tighter,
harder, more aggressive.
You see right through me,
through my eyes, my veins, my bones.

Stop searching.
I keep looking at you with grace and lucidity,
but little do I know the void I have yet to meet.

Some days I feel so alone.
My body aches,
but not from the cold weather.
I try to remember the last time I was happy,
The last time I felt something looking at a flower so
graceful.
The last time I looked at you,
and reminded what it was like to feel whole.

I wrote this for you.