

Can you see the real me?

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This is a poem I wrote about, well, me ...

1. Can you see the real me?

Can you see the real me?

And not judge me by the things I say or do?

Can you see past my outside self and look at the me that I have to hide?

The self that has been hurt and abandoned, the self that doesn't want to be hurt or abandoned anymore.

I wish I could show you that girl, but she's scared.

Scared that you'll be just like the others.

The others who stung her with their words, who stabbed her with their actions.

The others who let her bleed on the floor until her eyes were closed.

She doesn't want to come out ever again, she doesn't want to feel the pain ever again.

The pain of blood slowly draining from her body by the others, the leeches.

Once she's gone then they can take me, I don't want them to take me.

Please, I don't want them to take me.

So don't you understand why I can't show you the girl?

Can't you see why I have to hide her?

Can you still love me even though the girl is hidden away?

Will you be able to release her into the light of day?

She misses the light...