

Immune

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Its a poem...read it....comment....your done. See how easy that is?

1. Immune

I know it should hurt
When the blade
Pierces my skin,
When it buries
Into my chest
And the blood
Spills out,
But it does not.
I expect it to hurt
When I slam my fist
Into the wall,
When all my hate
Rebounds against me
Shattering every bone
In my arm,
But I am numb to it.
I am sure it will hurt
When the ones I love
Turn their backs on me,
When they leave,
Never to return,
When they leave me
All alone,
But I remain unscathed.
I almost want it to hurt
As I lie in my bed,
Tears mixing with the blood
Dripping from my face,
Falling to the floor,
But it does not.
I guess pain
Just doesn't hurt as much
When it's all you've ever known.