

1-1-2014

Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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Jordan Meja

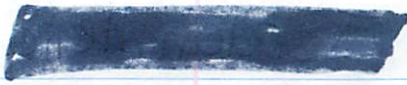
I was, defined china and porcelain
Inlaid glass flowers and gently spoken
Fragile in doe-eyed delicacy
Pleading and begging not to be broken

I loved him with total forgiveness
Did not, could not, would not understand
The dark chaos mood of lability
The spontaneous violence of his hand

Blue and dark bruises indecorously swelled
Question marks about tear brimmed eyes
And I wept, despaired in confusion
Smashed and grabbed by wherefores and why's

How can he dream to hurt me so much?
The brutish malediction of his touch
How could he stand to hurt me so much?
When he knew I loved him so much

And I know there's no sense to be had
When I look to the heavens above
Just the sad and lonely of the matter
You can never choose whom to love



I was cleared through and processed
I had glass flowers and a small
triple in the eye clinic
picking and being not to be born

I had that with total forgiveness
Dietary (could not, would not, would not)
The park gives most of liability
The experience violence of his hand

Blue and dark prizes in the
Question marks about the
And I was checked in the
Sincerely and described by what's to be

How can we discuss to put the
The British jurisdiction of his
How could be asked to put the
When he knew I loved him so much

And I know that's no sense to do now
When I look to the reasons above
Just the soul and touch of the
You can never change them