Anger

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Anger

It starts as a tiny twinge of pain.
One is on the defensive.
The volume rises;
The words abuse.
It turns with great intensity
    into cursing and snowballs;
    it tears apart both the tyrant
    and the victim.
It does nothing but hurt,
    isolating each party from caring.
They cannot feel at one with themselves.
All serenity is destroyed.

Sometimes it goes farther
    than verbal abuse.
A fist is flung.
A feeling of fear
    permeates the atmosphere.
Oh God — what are the consequences?

A feeling of guilt:
I could have maimed
    or killed someone.
I am out of control.
After all these years
    I should have learned.
Why did I expose myself to this person
    who always hurts me?
Why do I abuse myself and others?

Innocent bystanders have seen
    my uncontrollable rage.
I can't forgive myself.
It hurts — that I make myself feel
    vicious, a villain
    one to be despised.