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Category: Poetry

Love

I did not ask for this.
I did not want this.
It's the one thing that I do not want to face.
It's the one thing that makes me tremble in its sight.
I was good at fighting, hiding, dodging, and saying
NO.

Used to be good... was, past tense.

It came running up with a broad smile and a wave.
I returned the sentiment slightly, but did not ignore Love's friend.
The friend, who always accompanies,
standing in the distance with a brooding grin,
showing its razor teeth and glowing eyes,
A monster, hideous,
So, like always,
I ran.

Something different happened this time...

Love followed me.
Whenever I stopped to allow my lungs to fill,
there he was with that smile and those soft eyes.
I hated it. I didn't hate it, but I knew it was a trap. I looked at Love a little longer. Each time he caught up,
but then,
his friend was always there.
I hate his friend...
Doubt, Pain, Overthinking, Heartbreak, Losing Yourself- he goes by many names.

Call him what you want. I don't care!

I hate him, I hate him, I hate him.
To get rid of him, I had to get rid of Love
because I'm fine on my own, confident even.
So, I screamed at Love, told him to leave.

The running used to work, but it wasn't...

So, I SCREAMED;
I KICKED;
I BUILT;
I PUT MORE BRICKS AROUND MY HEART;
AHHH!

I stopped to breathe and cry.

“What’s wrong,” Love spoke as softly as imaginable. “Why are you so afraid of me?”

I didn’t answer. I’ve screamed so much. I have no voice left.

He let me sit wordless.

I heard a shuffling outside of my walls.

There’s a hole.

Why won’t Love just let go already? Ugh!

“I promise I won’t break your heart.” A pinky promise...

I’m shaking, but I grab his arm and pull him in.

No one comes in – rule number 1!

Maybe just for now, no one *else* comes in.

So, Love and I walked quietly.

I was too tired to explain.

We can have small talk, but he can’t get too close.

He goes back out tonight, I tell myself.

He’s gentle.

But acts as though we’ve been acquaintances for years.

He tells me I’m beautiful, and I know he doesn’t mean just physically.

Crap...

I can’t run!

My walls that I built are betraying me.

They’re getting smaller,

and they’re pushing me closer to him.

Don’t cry.

Don’t scream from fear.

You’re not weak...

I think.

PROCEED WITH CAUTION! **HAZARD!**

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For the first time, I calm down,
not in fighting stance.

Crap...

I forgot to fill the hole!

When Love went to sleep,

He came, my enemy.

I can’t get him out.

Doubt visits me in other areas of my life, but this one,

It’s just stupid.

He makes sure I know what blood tastes like.

It's not good.
Don't try it.
Have chocolate instead!
Blood is thick, like my wall.
Doubt has been a companion of my mine for years.
When Love is around, he turns into Fear.

I learned how to run years ago.

He always gave me a wink when I watched those I cared about
be destroyed.
Now, it's me.
I'm trying to be with Love.
Late at night, I think about running again...
less heartache that way.

Fear comes and tells me everything that could go wrong:

1. Love will leave.
2. Love will find something else, proving it was never Love but Deceit.
3. Love will trudge through because it's too hard to end.
4. Love will break you.
5. Love will make you weak (one of my biggest fears).
6. Love will get tired.
7. Love won't love you.

"Get out," I tell myself.
Run before your legs get cut off.
Run before you miss tasting blood because you have none left.
I can take the beatings, but this is different.

I try to have hopeful ends for my writings, even when I have no hope.

I want the reader to feel ok.
I feel bad leaving them worried,
but don't worry.
Love will wake up soon.
He will lay on top of me and kiss every inch of my face.
He will kiss my tears, softly.
When I hear thuds in the night because of paranoia from old experiences,
he will keep himself awake all night to make sure I sleep.

I'm scared...

Love does not know how scared I am.
All Love sees is his princess, his wife, his life, his everything.
I'm not sure I will ever tell him because he can't see his companion,
always there
with razor teeth, glowing eyes, grimy skin, and a deranged grin.

I'll fight him!

I want to render him unconscious, dead even.
But for now,
I'll let Love hold me a little longer before he falls asleep.

He comforts me, I protect him.
So, reader, I can't give you your hopeful, happy ending you may want,
for I have no idea what the future holds.
I hope one day I don't have to wake up and fight.
I'm ready for sleep,
but I know my enemy waits for me, right around the corner.

He sits...

Staring at me,
Grinning,
It's so evil.

This is getting bearable.

Some nights I just look back,
numbly.
Sometimes that scares more.

Fear and I talk sometimes.

He says he'll ruin Love.
Kill him.
If I run from Love, what will happen?

So, I stay with Love and tell Fear where he can stick it.
I take the beating... because it's worth it.
I kiss Love on the cheek while he sleeps.
And then I fight, or I just take it.

And we repeat this cycle...