

fused at the wound

is it love or is it addiction
 why not both
she knows tears + I know anger
together we almost made a whole person for a while
fused at the wound.

but our little house of lies isn't big enough to hold us now
she won't stand up for herself + I can't stand up
 for both of us at the same time anymore
so we ride the broken lover's seesaw of staying + leaving
 one foot in + one foot out
we dance in the kitchen like unloved children + wait
 for fulfillment of old pain's expectations.

so anxious to leave so anxious to be left
so anxious to be right so anxious to be hurt
so anxious to be disappointed
so anxious to be alone again.

when this whole thing started
 I wanted us to be immersed in each other
 I wanted us to fix each other
 I thought that was what people were supposed to do
I don't want that anymore
I don't need that anymore
 but I still don't know
 how to love someone I don't want to fix.