



In hiding you can sleep, but you're never safe, really. And I should know, because my heart resides in the deepest holes of the earth. No matter where I go, he would find me. With the softest of voices he pulled me out of my safe place, violently, and dragged me into the burning light of the day. He proceeded to strap off my layers, until I was left bare naked.

Oozing distress.

With the fearless violence of a warrior, his dagger penetrated me.

In and out, over and over again, into my deepest wounds. I hoped that if only I could endure silently, it would be over soon, but I was being delusional. It was only getting started, really. My putrefied feelings erupted and exploded into my unseeing eyes and all over my vulnerable and exposed skin.

He forced me to see again. Exposed me to the ruthless light of the sun. Being blind was only my excuse.

I feel him, deeply, and it's burning. At times I try to free myself from his grip, but he firmly holds me back and forces me to undergo his stabbing.

Somehow, I morbidly want it too, but it's burning my skin and I can't take it too long. His task executed, he then tenderly holds me, bleeding into his loving arms as he caresses my hair. I'm left with the nauseous sensation of being a human being and feel my stomach in distress.

Gutted.

His love feels like violently dying in despair.