

# **Your Sticks Your Stones**

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*This is a poem of pain, betrayal, sadness, etcetra. Enjoy, nonetheless.*

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# 1 - Your Sticks Your Stones

I am glad that you can't see me crying,  
not that you would care.  
Once my life was everything to you,  
but now, you could just care less.  
If you caught me crying,  
tears streaming from my eyes,  
you would just walk away.  
(Like you did many a time.)

Why open up sweet old wounds?  
You will only hurt yourself  
in the end, all the more.  
Do you care I hurt inside,  
everytime you do this?  
(Would you even care?)

Despite how much I loathe you,  
I cannot help but feel for you.  
Think me foolish. (I care not.)  
This is a strange thing  
that just cannot be helped.  
(How do you feel of me?)

These words, they are of the heart.  
Where come from your words?  
Are they sticks to fly,  
to pierce my heart?  
Your stones to throw,  
to bash my head?

I am sure if I do cry,  
whenever I cry, not but  
one does care.  
But not like you hate me.  
What did I ever do  
to deserve you petty habits,  
your sticks, you stones.