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Similar Hatred

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Similar Hatred

Liz Harbaugh

your lips were as cold as your words
your voice stinging like a steel bar
your very syllables cut through my body to my heart
your eyes' lack of pain turns my blood to ice

i scream that i love you, cry into the freezing atmosphere
i don't understand what has made you not care
i recall warm summer days with the breezes so kind
i feel colder when they're over, these cherished memories

it was always so hard to love you
you pushed away so hard
and yet your warm flesh was like a magnet
screaming "come to me, come to me"

the bitterness of winter wind has never pierced so harshly
you control my fate more than i ever could, and yet you
choose to ignore me, spinning me off into an oblivion so
dark that even midnight seems like a golden sun

and when your icy words pierce through my ears
like a sharp snow and sharper steel, and
when your eyes turn cold and you turn
far away

a little piece of me dies each second, and my love grows
with every insult, because the less of me there is, the more
i can push towards loving you, which i will always do
because nothing can ever be so fiery and yet so cold

love's sweet repose will never find me
it hides from me the way a scared child hides
from a drunken father the way happiness hides from
us; because we can be so happy together

i have faith in us, enough faith for us both
to live in a world of love, a world which i have
never had the chance to truly experience
with a person so good, so dear, so cold

i love you for everything, for nothing
for all unreasonable reasons on the earth
but mostly because you don't love me
and because that we have in common

i don't love me either