fear

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Nikisha S. Johnson

Fear

who am I
to say
that it is not right
for you to love someone?
who am I to judge?
I sat and regretted those words
I said to you
hoping that you would not
see it as
an act of
malice
impinging on your
happiness
I regretted those
words

until I saw your hands
shake with
a fear
that I am
amazed to have
witnessed
your eyes that I know
so well
pleading
please... do not say a thing
that look
is what pained me the most
knowing that
you were afraid of being
hurt or
watching someone
get hurt was
behind those eyes that night
yet I am forced
to smile as
I am called a bitch
just to ease your fear... or maybe to ease my fear of what will become of you. was something in you lost or was it I who lost something as I lay awake holding on to what may or may not be mine just to ease my fear of what may be happening outside of that door as the tear falls I realize that you are finally asleep and then I too close my eyes into ignorant bliss