

Game Over

You won't destroy me,
you will hurt me,
if let you,
so I have to keep you out,
away from me.

I have to keep my barriers manned,
patrolled, no chance of sleep,
because you sense every weakness,
you highlight it, and expose it,
you thrill in making me look bad,
and then you gather up support,
till I am left to defend myself, alone.

I walk away,
they come after me,
not to console me
but to rip into me,
telling me to apologise,
to you!

No matter what
you play the victim,
taking no account
of the situation,
no room for compassion,
no possibility
that you are wrong.

I am leaving the game,
it's over now,
I only played
because I had to,
I don't have to
any more.

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