

FORGIVE ME

**We had a fight today, you and I.
Instead of throwing ashtrays or dishes, we threw words.
We tried to hurt each other with those words,
Our words were sharp and jagged like broken glass.
They cut deep into private parts known only to us.
We made each other bleed, you and I.
We poked fun of, teased, and humiliated one another.
I would not let you see me cry, I held up my shield of vanity,
I overpowered you with emotion and harshly spoken words.
I saw you hurt, but like a wild animal I did not stop.
The more I saw you hurt, the harder I worked at inflicting pain.
I continued to break your spirit.
You are gone now and I am left with a hollow, shame-filled victory.
I cannot express the contempt I have for myself.
To say I'm sorry is not enough.
I kneel before you and beg for forgiveness.**

By W. J. Duke Mader

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