

Listless

Gloria Taina Longin

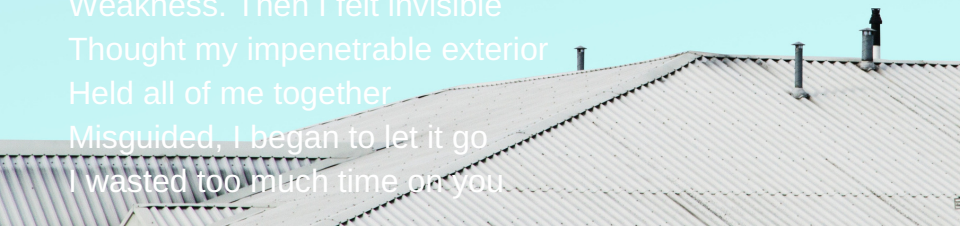


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I came unbound by the
Perception of love
Fabricated obsession
Shredded devotion
This naive emotion
You took in freely
Unbothered by the toll
It left me to carry
My wants were torn apart
My warrior's armor
An old relic designed
As time transpired
Left me feeling protected
Even before I met you

I held it stitched
Mended it after attacks
Repurposed after experience
Gave it new life after neglect
It made me feel invincible
I didn't need tears
Vulnerability meant only—
Weakness. Then I felt invisible
Thought my impenetrable exterior
Held all of me together
Misguided, I began to let it go
I wasted too much time on you



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You told me
I didn't need that armor
With you there
I needed everything
Uncovered, you said
You wanted to see parts of me
That had yet to see light
Corners of my soul
I had yet to recognize as my own
You treated me as yours to
Use when you wanted

Then left the pieces exploited
With your overblown ego
Badly hidden insecurity
You had too much to prove
To ghosts and shadows
And desolate places
Overwhelmed with need
Hardly left much of yourself
For you to own
That performance of masculinity
Dismantled many parts of me



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What I wore wasn't a choice
My opinions were deemed naive
What I wanted wasn't in the
question
How I dressed was
For your own pleasure
Your claims were that you
protected
My professional career
My very own dreams
Convoluting form of
Grandiosity you were...
Anger became you
With no hesitation
Insatiable for accolades
Your qualms remained
About how I made you look

I fell into the skin
Of someone I began
To severely abhorred
I had allowed your touch
To lead me here
Building feelings for you
Left me with sheer exhaustion



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Depleted energy from wanting
What little you gave in return
Constant hyper-awareness
Expend attention
Upended my own morale
To what to do to please you

Back to back
In bed we slept
We drew the line on the sheets
Breaking our one bed in two
There is was no love there
Afraid to end what I knew
On account that
There were good times
The saturated love in color
Blues only California can paint
On our Saturday excursions
Reds floating in mid-air
You knew I liked child-like
Celebration
Greens and yellows
Strolling the hikes with waterfalls



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The cabin was lovely
(though we had a stressful
argument)
The desert was surreal
(though I hated how you treated
strangers)
Starry nights on the grass
The lights littering the peaks
surrounding us
Our friends together in the back
yard
That night, you brought me flowers
In each venue
We were gleeful
Floating on lust

Those moments brief
As you constantly deemed
My words irrational
Yet, yours were truth
My experience emotional
While yours were facts
From the pain with you
I learned to take the chisel
From your hands



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And take control
Dismantle the armor
For no one else but me
Accelerated
My much needed growth
Through opening up
What I guarded:
My family's affection
My own passion
Thinking of my life now
Without the weight from you
With all this potent love
I give and hold dear
Satiating all of me
The very thought
Of me, without you
Leaves me smiling

