

Look Thou, Kind Masses

by notsosaintly

An angsty haiku series about relationships.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Look thou, kind masses
Upon that which I've written
Take a look inside
* * * *

I take up my pen
To fashion absent feelings
Those I'd rather hide.
* * * *

I am not perfect
And I never claimed to be
Tho' others demand.
* * * *

Just what can I do
When I feel as though I am
Drowning in quicksand?
* * * *

Run away and hide

From him who took me hostage

And rendered me tied

* * * *

With a band of gold

So small, it is strange how it

Fits around my soul.

* * * *

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