

Scalpel

I don't wish I'd never met you

I just wish I'd had the courage to walk away

The first time you cut me

Instead of waiting for you to do it a thousand more times

For so many days and nights

You told me you were the cure

And I held on to that belief for dear life

Well it turns out

You were the poison

You can't hurt and heal someone simultaneously

I bought the lie

That I needed fixing

Like a foreclosed house in a bad neighborhood

(At least she has good bones)

I bought the lie

That I needed shaping

Like a lump of cold, dull clay

I bought the lie

Of not-enoughness

And I've paid and paid for those lies

Until I was spiritually bankrupt

And the lights inside of me got shut off for non-payment

But I am not a lifeless frog

Reeking of formaldehyde

Belly glowing white, helpless to my fate

And what I have learned is

If you don't want to be dissected, get off the fucking table.

And never, ever, hand someone the scalpel.

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