

Untitled

A. Zaginidis

I want to let go of people.
To be alone and be okay with it.
To never be dependant.

To live my life
Without fear of judgement,
Or shame,
Or disappointment.

But I can't,
Because for every person
Who would gladly shoot me down,
To get ahead in life
And wash their hands in my blood

There are two
Who would go out of their way
To stem the flow
And sew my wounds.

I can't let go of people,
Because every so often
They show me they're wonderful.