

## Is There Somebody Who Can Watch You?

Thought I preferred it before,  
back in Columbus when things were less hung.  
Like that condom balloon you wasted so much time on,  
time just seemed to be floating by.  
You never changed. Regretfully,  
neither did I.  
I wanted to run away from you.  
Instead I ran away *with* you,  
fearful of what would become of that sweet, splintered smile  
had it been left on its own.  
A dream of perpetual compliance,  
lifestyle of begrudged honesty,  
I be the fool who took every second of your zappy,  
crisscrossed, kindergarten outlook and mirrored it against my own.  
Truth be told, I really did love you and deep  
down I craved the way you would hurt me,  
because hurt was the only thing I grew to know,  
the only thing I saw as “love”  
I simply couldn’t bear the notion any longer.  
A part of me was left in that bed with you.  
I hope you treat it well and it loves you better  
than I ever could.  
I hope when I come back to look for it one day,  
you tell me that you tossed it on the side of the road  
years ago.