

## **Fear Me**

Flung with roses,  
Even the watercolors are enough to prick me.  
Can they defend me as well?  
Everything is all entangled  
In my deep and throbbing fears.  
Sometimes it screams so loud  
There aren't even any words left for the screaming.  
What else can I be feeling?  
Only the pain can tell me now.  
Hungry and out of control.  
How else can I notice through the din?  
I've never been good with consequences.  
No illusions, he says.  
No, I'm just too afraid to believe them.  
Go ahead, ask me.  
I won't know the answer.  
Only the watercolor thorns remind me  
Of the dreams I still cling to.  
Alone is safer,  
But my fears feed on safety.  
Maybe you should fear me.