

Disarmaments
By Raphael Foer

Bloody sweet catharsis,
I love the feeling
you give me the most
you always know what to say
only with the acknowledgment
of the truth in pain, you teach me
How easy it is to take it all away
No longer will I hold you only within
Ill release you by talking about it
If I was a book you wrote all over
i'd ask What's on your mind?
I'll be patient and listen
I'll be a loyal scribe.
Because the pen is a doctor
and we are inpatients of time.
Will you lay your wounds on me?
Rest your headache on my armoire
I will be a respite for broken arms
Now spread your tired wings
in silent meditations
seek solace in daily affirmations
say your worst, make me a target
take my words and mark them,
then fly far away from me
Scatter all horrible things.
I thought Your hearth was
my safe harbor, a Respite
for my broken arms
I was so tired I would Rest
my headache on your armoire
I thought that with my Amor,
I would be forever armoured.
But you judged me harshly
Even though I was loyal
And would always obey
your honor's ignoble orders.
So I swear to my adamant heart,
and its formidable armaments,
Never again will I be
Betrayed by mi amor.