

The Grave

By Sandy Elizabeth Nutter

You asked me to be courageous,
Though I never saw you take a step toward the
Cliff.

When the silver spoon fell from your mouth,
You forgot where it landed, and any attempt
To pick it up was an exercise in futility.
You called for my help and although I couldn't
Do much, I tried anyway.

This thing you call love is not my love.
My love is deeper than the six feet
You buried yourself in when you realized
You were all alone.

Now you're there reaching for my hand,
When you know my bones ache with stories
From all the times I tried to save you.
You don't want me to break until it's time for
You to walk away.

I'll be damned if you'll touch my skin the way
You once did,
Or you'll make me feel anything but spite for you.
I loved you, and you abused my gifts,
Shredded what was left of me when you
Were done, and walked away, leaving me
Cold and unfeeling.

It's a hard place to be, looking around and seeing
Scared faces and tired souls,
Knowing you are the one who drove everyone away
With your gospel and your truth.

I have strength because of you.
I am courageous, and I am more than you will ever be.
Why?

Writing Raw

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Because you taught me what love is not,
So I could see what it really is.

And now I walk away from your self-induced
Coma and leave you behind for the last time.
The grave is cold, isn't it, my friend?
May your soul get dirty as you climb your way out.

Sandy Elizabeth Nutter bio: My name is Sandy Nutter and I am 37 years old. I am a mother of two children, and a native of Western North Carolina. I am a nurse. I enjoy writing, reading and piano.