

## 2019 POETRY OURSELVES RUNNER-UP

I was Your world

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My hands were once soft  
unheld and unworked

My eyes were once a lively blue  
in which you could view countless miles of sea

My mountainous chest laid untouched from your groping reach

My lungs, pure and virgin, simply did their job

My hair was long, luxurious, and rich, forever flowing

Then there was You.

You seemed so innocent and helpless  
so I gave you my hand to hold

But as you felt my soft velvety skin  
you clenched your grip and yearned for more

There was nothing I could do to stop you  
to stop this abuse

You drained my vibrant blue eyes into lifeless grey pools

And I watched helplessly as your hands reached for my chest and tore apart my clothes  
leaving me bare and vulnerable

Blood filled my lungs which I began to cough up onto your open palms

You grabbed my hair and tore it from my scalp  
claiming you needed it

You slashed at my skin and scarred my hands  
you polluted my eyes and poisoned my lungs

I gave you everything my body had to give  
and you stole it greedily from me

Slowly  
yet surely I began to waste away

My mutilated body struggled for a last breath  
just one last plea for you to cease

Yet as I dimly died you realized you were doomed without me

Why did you not realize,  
there is no You without the existence of me  
I am your breath, your life, your water.