

Avril Whitney

Surprise Poisoning

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I cannot talk to you,
On account of the fact
You make me feel like shit
The little darts prick my skin
Before I can notice
Only realizing I am poisoned
Minutes hours weeks years later
Toxins catching up to me
Take me down
Leeching my self esteem
Like water evaporates
Leaving me parched
And aching for love
Unable to grasp
My dehydration
My thirst
Such a delayed reaction
Unhappy surprise
Discovering clues
Tracing my distress
Back to you
And I think

Continued...

Have I been here before?
Something is familiar
Slow to learn
This ambush
Because
It is so
Unexpected
Unintended
Unfortunate
Unconscious
Unbelievable
That you be so
Unavailable

Which is why I keep doing the same thing
Expecting a different result

Therefore
Excuse me
I must decline
To talk to you at any time
In order to preserve my mind



