

Dear Person

If they cut you...
do I bleed?
When demanding a pound of flesh,
do I offer mine?
No need to sweat it,
or read beneath the line.
You're dying on the inside.
Not my problem, no crime.
Your eyes searching softness.
I grow spikes down my spine.
Keep your problems and pain,
that's all yours not mine.
I've made my point...
Now don't cross the line!

Love... the world

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