

Handle with Care

The other day I met this young girl,
Beautiful and rare,
The pain behind her eyes was quite clear...
And she wore a note, like a badge pinned to her shirt,
That read "Please handle me with care".
I looked at her and questioned,
The words that I saw.
And in a voice as sweet as honey, yet strained and raw, she said...
I'm fine,
But...
I've been hurt before,
By every person who walked out that door,
My heart has become a doormat for every poor soul,
And my love was used and abused until my heart turned to coal.

My skin is dry from the tears that I've shed,
My ears ring from all the lies I've been told,
Every masked 'I love you',
Every empty 'I'll take care of you',
Nothing more than a marketing ploy.

My back hurts from all of the times they said 'I'll catch you'
But still, let me fall.
My knees are bruised from tripping over broken morals,
And my feet, they're sore from chasing after pathetic guys.
My shoulders ache from the weight I take,
And my eyes burn, as I blink back tears, praying that someone was still here.
My pinky is scared of yet another broken promise.

Just thinking of the pain I can no longer take,
So I pinned this warning to my shirt,
Cause I've already fallen apart,
Just barely held together, with a broken heart.
My body is weeping, it can't take anymore,
So before I let you in, I need to know for sure.

Please don't say you want me,
Or that you deserve a chance,
Because if you don't plan on staying,
I won't waste my time on a toxic romance.
But if you say you need me,
And no one else will do,
Then hold me gently and lovingly,
Within your tender grasp.
Don't shake me,
Or break me,
Or leave me out to dry,
Just hold me and love me, and never say goodbye.
But most importantly remember that I'm broken,
It's true,
So I'd handle me with care if I were you
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