

I love you,
but I will not join you
I care for you as much as I can care,
but this is not for me
In my head I'm in your bed,
but we weren't meant to be lovers
Now it's time to be free

Free from all the voices that scream doubt
louder than any voice of hope no matter how much they shout
Swimming is living, and the reason I'm stuck back on land
is from the guilt that I feel living in ways that you can't

I'd ask you to let me go,
but I have to release myself
I promise myself I'm going to try
I'm tired of asking for help

This poem is a start
I'm focused on the end
No one can leap that far
It's more a question of when