

Please Don't

Please, don't. Don't make eye contact.
If you don't acknowledge me, I don't have to acknowledge me.
I'd rather just look at the ground
Or somewhere into a space that you can't follow.
Go ahead. Assume that I am aloof; or, yes, even rude.
Yes, judge me as rude, please!
I can handle that.
Or, crazy. Or, stupid. Whatever you want.

Just don't demand that I be vulnerable...
That my iris connect with your iris.
That's where I'll fight you.
That's where you'll see violence.
Just judge me.
Say true or untrue things.
Just don't make eye contact.

You want me to...
See beyond my peripherals?
To step out of the shadow?
Do you think that you understand me. Do you?
If I were to probe your soul, the way you are trying mine,
Could you withstand the pressure?
Would there be tears in your eyes?
Shame?
Disgust?

What am I thinking? Of course not!
You'd look back with curiosity, with confidence.
There hasn't been a day that you even considered
Going down the path that I've endured; you made better choices.

I've only been able to scrounge about for pieces of self-respect,
For a dandelion's hope of happiness;
Yet, the wind always comes,
And disperses any real way of change.
Sometimes, I even try to collect the pieces.
I used to hope for normal, but realized that it's beyond me.
Who am I that I should experience it?
Teased always, just teased.

I am not the person that I dreamt of being.
The non-resemblance...
Is the disparity a comedy, or a tragedy?
Perhaps, the former.
A joke.

Ending it: I wish that were a possibility.
Yet, that is not my fate.

Please, don't. Don't make eye contact.
If you don't acknowledge me, then I don't have to acknowledge me.

Reflection, please stop haunting me.