

“Are you afraid to love people?”
What the Hell does that even mean?
Everything is peaches and cream!
I’m not afraid that my loved ones get hurt,
Or that death is present and super overt!
I’m not scared that my life is on fire,
Or that my trauma is deep and dire.
I must go! My heart’s racing, that’s my cue!
Wait... Am I afraid to love you?
I don’t know, eventually everyone goes.
Maybe ‘cause pushing away is how I compose.
I don’t want to die alone,
But my openness is burned to the bone.
When I’m with you, I forget my past,
But I don’t heal and I move too fast.
I’m afraid to love again,
But I no longer wish to hide in a den.
Promise me we’ll become fine, and I’ll meet you at the steeple!

