Pre-Empty Nest Syndrome

Chasing Victory

I've been thinking about something in our past.
Words you said that were forgot.
I don't want to be a dime or a dozen child.
A mother's love should not be lost, instead of storming out the door.
You could turn around and look me in the eyes.
I'm one of the three from two.
Who never loved each other; so I know it's hard.
But could you try.
Show me a mother's tender heart spilled out for her children.
Call me your own to let me know you never thought less of me.
I don't feel betrayed.
I was just so scared of losing you.
All the times you tried to hurt yourself, you only hurt me.
Like a poet once said,
"They'll tear your life apart and call your failure's art"

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