

The Real You

I hate you Lorenzo²
4 all the BS you put me through.

It's like I could
never
make you happy.

You always
hit me
when I did something wrong.

You always
put me down.

I fell for all the pretty words you told me.

I was too blind to see
the real you --
the abusive you,
the real Lorenzo.

Not the nice one
who bought me
roses and
candy
every night.

– L.M.

²Name has been changed.