

THE DEEPEST OF CUTS

--composed February 12th--

I sit and listen to Wife-X, with nothing that I can
say, or do.

She carves away at my soul, not caring
if I live or die; giggling for his eye.

For so many years, she gave nothing -- no word,
no photo, no visit; nothing since she flew.
Location erased me from her vision, so therefore
I was no longer seen.

I am tired, at work without sleep,
about to pass out.
If I could have a permanent sleep? I could
be found to be considering it: no more pain.

My Ten - she's my dream girl - tells me:
Never think of that again!
It is Ten's birthday today, she is 36
-- I am 40 -- her mother thought me too old.

I was deemed unworthy of Ten -- Me?
I am called: "56", my name since 1999.
She is the ex of all that to me
is most loving and kind.

Without Ten, I would already be dead,
burned to ash, and tossed aside.
Ten showed back up after many years:
20, how or why, I cannot know.

I do know, that she has saved me. Wife-X
Says that she is my "friend", yet asked not of me;
never wrote of, or to, me: Everything was about
what was there, in sight. I, she could not see.

Never to understand, that I loved -- true,
non-shallow, unquestioning love.
Everyone at work asks me if I am okay! My
emotion(s) on my sleeve ... my want to leave the pain.

The deepest of cuts are those we cannot
see, but feel, deep down inside
of our soul - given by one we trusted,
one that built us up. Gaslighted again.