

Bellyache by Nika Elmi

Oubliez-moi Here I am ready to
go to war for you stomping on
fields of forget-me-nots I ask you
now, not to forget me -last night your skin
kissed mine and although I am the one
with soft hands it is your touch I
crave I must learn to fix the cracks
that you have started to leave but
sometimes your words can fix the
bullet wounds don't look at me
like your look is carving me in to
your memory like your eyes are
telling me I'm different like I am
what you've been waiting for don't
look at me like that If you can
forget me so easily like this here I
am waiting for you to say you
want me but I can only stay
parched for so long and my pride
can only be stalled for so long and
my friends can only watch me hurt
for so long so while your eyes
make me feel like I am a feather
in the wind an orchid in a field of
weeds I will remember that you
water all the other flowers just the
same that you have a garden to
pick from I must remember that I
am not an easy flower to find, I
dance in your storms and while
your thunder often drowns my
petals leaves me gasping for air I
dig my roots stronger in the soil of
my being and I grow stronger,
everlasting, more beautiful than
the last and when you are old and
grey you will see me for what I am
too good for you while this is
hurting me today, a pain in my
belly, perhaps the best thing you
can do for me is forget me.