

The Likeness Of Me

By Marla J. Deaton

I don't want to look
Into your eyes
I'm afraid of what I might see
Of the fear and the want and the madness
I'm afraid I might see me.

But under the want, the fear, the madness
Is a soul longing to be free
Backed in a corner
And at wits end,
At lashing out in desperation
I'm afraid to feel pity and compassion.

I think if I don't look you in the eye
And see the person within
I can safely hide
From the likeness of me inside