

Title: You

You hug me, love me, tell me that you care
but something feels wrong when you're pulling my hair
You tell me you hate me, and push me to the ground,
but then you pick me up and tell me not to frown.

You tell me I look lovely but I'm showing too much skin,
Your harsh words make me feel like what I'm wearing is a sin,
The marks you give, when people stare, are still on my wrist,
you think the only thing I need to feel better is to be kissed.

You touch my body and make me feel like it's yours,
Even though your hands across my body feel like claws,
"No" is a word, that is foreign to your ears,
Not that you could hear it, through the torrent of my tears.

Sometimes I feel like you love me through and through,
But most of the time, I feel like I belong to you.