

2007: The Fear of Rejection

The Fear of rejection, rejected
For the sweet touch of another man's body
Yet the empty holding once again
This is what I fear the most

Because those precious moments after we separate
Are like a rain of knives cutting through me
Bleeding this moment of joy shared touching
With the sharp pain of anticipated loneliness
Although it makes each moment still together so special
So needed
Wanted all the more
Touching is a hunger that will never be filled
Yet filled