Pain

Welcome, pain. You do a proud service.
Pain welcomes me, for I am its charge to protect.

Pain is my alert system. My alarm clock. My early warning.

I near the fire. I feel the pain.
I pull away and am not burned.

I near the spirit of another. There is no pain.
Pain, my protector, fails me.
My spirit and hers interweave.
They are inextricable before pain calls to me to be cautious.
I cannot retract my heart in time.
It is broken.

Damn you, pain.
Is it not plain,
that I would rather lose my hand to the fire,
than my heart to yet another demon?

A demon masquerading as a love?

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