

Droplets form in the corner of my mind's eye  
Thinking of how you've dealt with me:

Sleep dripping off your lashes  
You let me curl up in your bed  
And blabber my insecurities to you.

*I hate my hair. Do you think I'm pretty?*

Still, you stitch me up with prayers of peace,  
Needle gripped tightly between pointer and thumb.  
    The gentlest suture.