

*my life has been contained in boxes*

*I feel I've never truly settled*

*I hear you speak of baggage being locked away and labeled.*

*you speak of it as if I'd never understand*

*but, my love, I had mine buried in sand*

*I have seen and lived through more than you realize*

*I watched angels cry crimson, watch men lose their faith.*

*watched lies and betrayal*

*and even dealt my own hand in*

*I have been exploited, degraded and beaten;*

*and not in ways you may think*

*I've had my insides ripped out and struggled to pick up the pieces*

*even had my body defiled while sleeping*

*my boxes were stored and began collecting dust*

*the hardware on the door that hid it, already started to rust*

*it wasn't until a few years ago, that I realized all I needed was a match*

*I set fire to these boxes and dug through the rubble.*

*only to learn that I was never the trouble.*

*so trust me, my darling, when I say I understand your baggage*

*no matter how perfectly packaged.*

*I do not fear your demons*

*for I've grown fond of mine*

*just allow our demons to become acquainted*

*then you'll find that not everything is tainted*