

Echoing Whispers

By Shyllass

Published on Lush Stories on 23 Jun 2012

Copyright ©2017 Daisy Shyllass. All Rights Reserved. This material may not be reproduced, displayed, modified or distributed without prior permission. Please be respectful of my intellectual property.

Let's stop for a minute, you said.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/echoing-whispers.aspx>

The whispers followed me home. Your voice still echoes through me. The words that you listed brought delight to my face. Those words: The words that you labelled my heart with; The words that you labelled my body with; The words that you labelled my soul with. Beautiful, delightful, sexy and pretty; Fascinating, awesome, curvaceous and witty; Funny and lovely and really quite teasing; Confidently luscious and sexually pleasing; Romantically shaped and with breasts made for love; Juicy legs you'd fit between, I'm a glove; A smile that lights up in the darkest night sky; A hand that wipes all of the tears you might cry; An ass big and round that was made to be squeezed; A nature that blesses you with every sneeze; A voice, Northern sultry that makes your cock hard; A friendship you cherish and could never discard. Let's stop for a minute, you said. Because now I believed you. I'd forced myself to let you in; To let you see inside the years of pain and belittling. I'd told you the whispers that stole my childhood; The punches I'd taken and the kicks in the teeth; I'd heard you when you said you needed a chance. I'd offered you everything, just short of one thing. Your voice still echoes through me. The words that you listed bring shame to my face. Those words: The words that you labelled my heart with; The words that you labelled my body with; The words that you labelled my soul with. Ugly, disgusting, could never delight; Ungracious, unpleasing, repulsive to sight. Not worth the effort and would never be; A hulking great weight of revolting – that's me; A fat, nasty body that takes up too much room; Psychotic and mental, shrouded in lazy gloom; Unknowingly stupid and lacking in joy; A repellent to any self-respecting nice boy; A loner at best, and foul hated at worst; I should run 'til I'm thin, or my lungs and heart burst; Such an ugly fat face, not worth anyone's time; No-one could love me, or ever be mine. Echoes of calling and hatred and pain Entered my heart, soaked with needle sharp rain. The whispers follow me everywhere.