

Lightening

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Published on Lush Stories on 12 Dec 2009



Sometimes the house is too small.

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

Don't look at me. With your unseeing eyes, don't look at me. Don't touch me. With your unfeeling hands, don't touch me. With the world wide open before me, I don't need you to ignore me. And I haven't the patience for fighting, for I have been struck by lightening. So come along for the ride, or please step aside. I haven't the deftness for hiding.