

Masked Man, You Keep Me Safe When The Strong Wind Blows

BY CASSANDRA BELLAREI

I made a story up in my mind that he loved me, yet he paid attention to everyone else but me. He used me, abused me, belittled me, ignored me, and he left me to make love with other women.

Every man I loved became that man. Even when there had been a healing or felt that I found something different, he would always show up. I didn't know how to make him leave, so I ran.

He was a nightmare in my dream.

He was a shadow following me around until I no longer knew what was up or down, so I ran...

I knew that there was a man for me, one to help me wake up from this tale of torment that has followed me for years.

Perhaps he may have to run and catch me as I run through the trees or pick me up from my skinned knees.

Maybe he's a magician and will show his face through the curtain and show me that it's all just an illusion.

Or maybe he kisses my third eye to cleanse my perception of the deception in my mind.

I don't know where he is because there are so many masks.

The healing and uniting feels like an impossible task.

Yet I feel Him with me and he won't let me go.

He keeps me safe when the strong winds blow.

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