

## **Porphyria's point of pure pain**

The rain set early on to night,  
The sullen wind was soon awake,  
It tore the elm-top down for spite,  
And did it worst to vex the lake:  
I sneak in getting ready for my break.  
When I glide straight in,  
I shut the cold out and the storm.  
Shedding my outer layer,  
My wet coat falling on the ground,  
My soggy hair brushing on my cheek.  
At last I was ready to tell him.  
Suddenly he put his hand on my hip,  
And kissed my bare hand,  
I snatched it back.  
Whilst looking at his glare,  
He stroked my golden hair.  
I take a step back uncomfortably,  
And say "I don't love you the same"  
His eyes go red with fury.  
His fists tightened.  
He whispers in my ear,  
"but you're mine, mine"  
While he did what he thought to do.  
With one big twirl,  
He wound my hair around 3 times,  
I tried to flee but he wouldn't let me be.  
He was strangling me.  
With one tight pull,  
My body began to dull,  
And then...and th..th.....