

# What's Wrong

by Laura McCollough Moss

I'll tell you what's wrong  
Despite your  
Physical beauty  
Intelligence  
Vulnerability and  
Tender heart  
You are a bit  
Of a selfish opportunist  
And a chronic victim  
There I've said it  
I love you  
But  
I've listened  
Advised  
Encouraged  
Filtered and still  
One picture  
Him  
By a fire  
Something snapped  
No more standing by  
While you destroy yourself  
And your potential  
I know that to be a true friend is to love  
Unconditionally and  
Without judgment  
So rather than be inauthentic  
I stepped away  
Your hurt hurts me  
But not as much as  
Being your friend

