

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

