

Is kindness too much to ask?

I wish I could erase it from my memory.

The pain you caused made my black injuries.

Physical or mental misery with no boundaries.

Patiently waiting for respect inwardly and now I'm scarred for life mentally.

I have dreamed of respect for centuries, internally fixing my insecurities.

I was always a second choice, never a priority.

Will there ever be a possibility that you respect me?

AS

