Title: Intimacy
Subtitle: Poetry

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Summary: Some people are so hurt, they've learned to be inert.

Some of us are missing intimacy;
Where it goes back to our infancy.
Raised to be closed,
As our responses show;
Missing the flow,
As we're always opposed.
Instead of giving at every turn,
Seeing it as something that might burn;
Rather than loving in return,
Holding back very astern.
Life isn't only to connect through sex;
Yet to reach out and project,
To give as we reflect;
Not only to correct.
A world going cold,
As all we do is scold;
Instead of learn to be bold,
To break free of the mold.
So love as we speak,
Careful as we greet;
Spend time to converse,
Not only to rehearse,
In case we don't get reimbursed.
The more we give,
The greater we all live;
The more we hold back,
The more we all lack.