

**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.