

Bloody Heels

He is my highest pair of heels.
So high, so formidable, I cannot wear him
without becoming unbalanced.
My knees are weak, in pain from wobbling back and forth on that thin line.

At first I became nauseous from the butterflies,
almost heady, giddy, from the happiness,
teetering as I walked.
Now I am becoming sick.

I am strapped into him so tightly, I lose all control.
So bright in color my clothes become muted,
I am muted.
He is red and shiny and I am gray and nothing.

My toes pinch,
he does not give me enough room,
that half inch of space to breathe.
But I cannot pull him off.