If Tears Were Blood

By Elise

If tears were blood would you see my pain
Would you try to stem the bleeding
Would you then not ostracise, but rather empathise
If you could see those red rivers pour from my eyes

What if you could see the scars I bear inside
On the surface of my skin
Or if you could see my fatigue and broken frame
Would you understand what lives within

What if you heard me whimper and saw me gasp
With each and every breath
Or if the thoughts I feel and hold inside
Were written on my head

What if each sickness and trauma riddling my soul
Was shown so you could see
If my fragility lost invisibility and
For once you could see the real me

If I could show you my hidden plague
I'm near certain things would be different
But as things stand, the truth remains unseen
And it seems you remain indifferent.