

Autophobia

It wasn't when she looked at me.
It was the way she looked through me.
That's why I'm scared of her.

It wasn't when she told me he died.
It was the way she said it like she was reading it.
That's why I'm scared of her.

It wasn't when she cried at the funeral.
It was the way she whispered to me that it was fake.
That's why I'm scared of her.

It wasn't when she had faults.
It was the way she acted like she didn't.
That's why I'm scared of her.

It wasn't the way she looked at me and said 'I am you'.
It was when I couldn't deny it.
That's why I'm scared of Me.