



**Enough**  
*Alisa Preusser*

And she wonders  
when did it start?

When words  
you shouldn't hear  
hovered behind doors  
seeping through keyholes  
tentacles with paper-thin edges  
cutting others in your stead

When seeing them walk away  
became a daily lie that  
made alien what  
had been taken for granted

When there was no place for  
conversation because this space  
existed in your head  
alone and they were no more  
home to your ideas

When tolerance took the place of what  
might have once been love when  
love was still between two people  
unshaken

When did it stop?

When fear and ignorance were no longer  
enough to pass for an excuse  
for how to treat others  
in imperatives

When their excuses  
ran dry and you realised  
there's no love left  
in you to make excuses for them

She stares at the door  
her empty stomach now  
filled with words swallowed  
leaving acid traces  
etching harsh lines into  
the softness of her entrails

In the vacuum of sound  
that her body becomes  
she forgets how  
to protect herself  
from imploding

If you can love someone  
without liking them  
can you love someone  
without respecting them?