

# I Hold Him Up

His heart is covered by a bullet proof vest

Mine is fully exposed

Aside from my fists I have no weapons to fight back with

I am exposed to the darkness through his eyes

Late night phone calls take my breathe away and make my heart pound out  
of my chest

He wears every moment

I share every moment

I will not pretend to know the pain he holds inside

I hold him up

My arms are up to the task no matter how heavy he becomes

I have watched him drown his sorrows

Numb the pain

It is so hard

When he falls, I pick him up

At times he is heavier than others

My arms at times have grown tired but I continue to hold him up

I am in love with a cop

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