

A Place That Should Be Safe
By Abbey Hanson

Stains of ripened memories litter
my bedroom floor
I don't want to wipe them up so I
gawk at what I know is true and what I
wish I could evaporate

To sort through all that's been lost and
all that's been gained sends my body
into exile
I pull out my hair from the roots and try
to weave together a nest for the
smudged scenery that is me and my
souvenir of anguish

Sleeping among stolen sentiments that
I try to make my own
I cram them into my throat one by one
and without hesitation they bubble
back up waiting for my subconscious
to pop

Courageous droplets of mop water
wash away my frightened tear ducts
and blemished mindscape
I'll rest in my serene meadow until my
scenery smudges and stains my safe
haven once more