

i need out
By Lisa Victoria

this desperate desire to get out has lingered on my fingertips

and in the corners of my bedroom for a concerning amount of time.
it sticks to the brown door frame when i go grocery shopping

and collects dust on my nightstand keeping me from sleeping.

it waits for me to burn the past with the lighter in my pocket

and won't leave until i cut my hair, pack a bag, and never turn back.

it's been too long since i have waited for the evacuation of my hurt.

holding the door open while thanking it for coming,
in the hopes that manners would be enough to scare it
into finding a new playground to vandalize.

i catch myself being kind even to the darkest of things.

i keep getting sick from the lifetime of hostility

that has been confined inside these four walls.

although they are painted cream and my bedding is white;
my carpet is stained with everything but love.

i don't want to exist here any longer.

i don't know where i would go but i'm convinced that my desire to stay
wouldn't return even if i were to renovate the entirety of my being.

and a haircut, a burnt past, or a packed bag couldn't keep

this craving away long enough for me to find that out.

sometimes i think i don't belong anywhere.

please take me to nowhere so i can build a home and stay forever.