

Little One

Once upon a time
a little girl with freckles and blue eyes
whispered secrets into a conch shell

and the shell whispered back
the little secrets that it had
while pressed against her tender ear,

“You are important.”

“You are loved.”

“You are enough.”

Urban Epiphany

While others sleep,
I stand alone in the quiet of the room,
my fingers and toes pressed to the cold window.

In one glorious moment,
the boundaries of glass and flesh fade
and I'm suspended in the brilliance of the city.

The wind is at my back,
whispering secrets and encouragement.
"You are not Icarus. You will rise."

I am skin and bone and breath unmade.

I am infinite.

Untitled

You blame the anger on your brain,
on the accident that left it scarred
but inside you are misshapen;
a stunted forest lies between your ribs.

I know this because I've seen it.

Because as I undress each night
I must be careful not to snag the fabric on my
own wilting pines.

Grandma

Sometimes,
I can hear you speaking softly
as I turn to go,
“I love you. Be careful.”

Other times,
I hear you snarling
as you thrust a finger in my direction,
“You little brat!”

And it’s hard
to know
which one
I should be listening to.

Philomel

Beneath my breast
a nightingale resides,
foraging my ribs,
plucking and pecking at
the remnants of my solace.

Sometimes she croons,
her soft trills calling forth
ghosts of you and I,
of memories forged in fiction,
to flicker through my head.

Other times she wails,
great shrieks of pain
that vibrate down my spine,
through every cell and atom
until I too, am screaming

and I cannot decide if I want her to stay
or if I want her to go.