

Where Do the Stories Go?

Some beat against fake ears until they give up and hide in broken chambers.

Some huddle in frightened nooks where no one can find them.

Some tangle into tight shame-barbed knots.

Some cement over.

Some scar, hastily stitched.

Some creep near you. (Is a scream ever really gone?)

Some hide somewhere deep and erupt in dream time.

Some lie, buried or strewn, remnants of the dead who never spoke them.

Some lurk behind secret smiles reliving
and dreaming the next one.

Somewhere, now, new stories are