

October 2015

Crossroads

The clock's hands pointed at me,
Accusing me of holding on too tight.
I had a good go,
Now it's time to walk away.

Don't look over your shoulder -
Walk back down those steps,
Keep your feet moving.

But, like Orpheus, I couldn't trust the fates,
The gnawing at my stomach -
I was tripping over mothballs,
Falling over boxes I thought were sealed.
I had to glance back.

Doubt steps into my skin:
Its poisonous regret courses through my veins.
Perhaps it was too soon to close the book, it whispers,
Perhaps I wasn't ready to turn the page.

Now all I'm left with is a rejected novel,
The last chapter torn out and the pages bent over.
I'm desperate to skip ahead and read the end.

I call out into the abyss, waiting for an answer,
But no one is picking up the other line.
Perhaps the cord was cut off,
Perhaps I was the one to cut the cord.

I am a child who lost an old friend,
A little girl scrambling around the living room,

searching for the missing piece.

A little boy decides to share his treasure,

But changes his mind a second later, wishing he could take it all back

I am a puzzle with a faltering heart.

When I wanted to be a gift, perfectly set up,

A bow that curled in all the right places.

I am a letter vaguely wishing for the best.