

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/2

Deniece Woodard
Twin Among Twigs

Here her rhyme book lays. A
simple, small notebook.

Its pages bear no lines, for it is
ruled by the strokes you leave on
it.

But it hasn't got those either.

No character, but it could have hers.

Yes, her, and all the mess she is.

The physical scars her past suicide attempt left,
and the emotional scars left by everyone who told her:

"Get over it."

"You're just looking for attention."

"Stop feeling sorry for yourself."

The ignorance which uttered, "People have it worse than you."

As if her problems lose validation because someone else's are "worse."

Like the mirror above the bathroom sink,
she should see the damage left by this caustic earth in its presence.

She'll batter the pages with her insecurities,
empty the clip, once loaded with her pain,
pierce the off-white sheets with her blade of self doubt
till she's lacerated the last leaf.

Her soul will assume it's found its long lost twin among these twigs.

