

Jessica Lynn

**I Don't Want It to Feel
Like It Means Something**

On days when the rain
trickles down the shingles
in shining rivulets,
swirls in muddy puddles
on the ground,

it seems like the only option
is to fight to join the elite:
Hemingway, Plath, Yavarov,
Brautigan. All of their names
sit together – a collective dust,
soaking into the earth.

Today, Virginia Woolf
speaks to me. Today,
she tells me that the crushing
feeling in my chest
is nothing but the pain
before the peace,

when the swells
of up and down life
will rid me of the noise
to leave me with

nothing,

beautiful nothing.

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On days when the rain
makes me feel
like I am drowning
in between the sheets
of the bed,

when I can only gasp
for air and solace,

I feel you reach
 into my pockets
to remove the rocks
that weigh me down.