

**Wilderness House Literary Review 12/3**

*Jessica Lynn*  
**The Tequila Diaries**

We seek a life  
with no bitterness  
but drink it down  
at every chance  
until our throats are raw  
with words we'll never say,

until the screams held  
in our lungs dry up,  
folding us in on ourselves.

We are paper dolls  
with paper thoughts,  
our hearts just red crayon.  
The most fragile of creatures,  
we grasp scissors in paper palms

hoping to cut others  
into shreds.

For a life with no bitterness  
we spend too much time  
in the shade, preserving  
every ounce of pain,

afraid

that the sun will reduce us  
into ashes, which is all we ever were  
to begin with.