

## Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

*Madison Missinne*

### **Droplets**

I turn on the waterfall,  
Then I slowly settle into my cocoon

My Swedish skin- saturated  
I am supported by blush porcelain

I yearn for simplistic thinking  
So I focus on you

My soul aches from your absence  
October haunts me  
I am greeted by spirits long before All Hallows' Eve

The twentieth, that Wednesday- echoes infamy  
I am cleansed  
I emerge

My significant other- waiting in the adjacent room  
I gravitate towards him and his innocence,  
In nothing but a damp towel  
Accompanied by a comb  
I must love this boy

This golden hair hasn't been brushed  
Since your frail frame grazed this unforgiving earth  
I must love this boy

He holds me in his lap, separating my strands  
Your responsibility is transferred  
Tears  
I love this boy