

Grief

By Gina Hickman

I find myself locked in a room
No windows
No doors
Sadness runs dripping
From ceiling
To floors
Take a ticket
Stand in line
I'd gladly trade spaces
So that you might see
So you can feel
How truly lonely
This place is
If I hold my ear
Hard enough against the wall
I can hear laughter
Talking
I can hear it all
The tether around my throat
Holds me in pain
Cutting off emotions
Of love
To my brain
Cut the tether
Loose the binds
Let me out of this room
Just one last time.

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