

Splintered Wood by Rebecca Strack

I sat down at a table
with intentions, large ones
of healing, of listening to myself
for I was tired, exhausted, in fact,
of avoiding the gaze
the woman in the mirror
would shoot back at me

I sat in a wooden chair
with expectations
and then it snapped—
one carefully crafted piece
now in pieces,
of oak and timber and a large
dose of something translated to reality

Fractions of the woman's life
in diapers and leotards,
then terribly mis-matched colors of
a young girl trying to find her way
Jeans. Sweatpants.
Basketball uniform – dreaded and oversized.

Blouses and heels. Flannels.

A black robe.

They all spin in circles
around the core of who she is,
who I am,
who I'm supposed to be,
what they tell me
& how I rebel.

The splintered wood
is decorated in emotion
of a far too complicated world
one piece fearing of the future,
wrapped in a green knitted blanket
another fights consistently
against itself
and I want to scream at it
to stop,
but it's a part of me,
and my voice is gone anyway.

I want to sit in a chair,

at a table and heal,
but I have to first become
a carpenter, apparently
so I just close the door
and go back to bed.