Confined
by Mattie Shepard

You left me a
Jackson Pollock painting,
each color
conflicting
overwhelming
all-consuming emotion
splattered across
the canvas of my brain.

I put myself on display,
hoping to be called beautiful
by strangers. They can appreciate
but not understand
the painterly work that went into this,
so after feeling worse than before
I retire to somewhere less public
and become my own sort of
Pollock-like mess.

When I was ready I
chipped off
every color one by one
until only flecks of you remained,
I have a whole new
arsenal of colors
and with sturdy brush in hand,
I’ll spend hours, days, months, painting
until that canvas looks like me again.