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Crosses

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Crosses

Tired of crank out windows and prefab paneling,
she grips the armrests of her chair
when summer's heat presses too close.
Then, she writes letters. Under her pen
epistles of accusation and apology
appear in her tiny, tight handwriting,
to the father she could never please
and the mother who couldn't care.
She writes to save herself from them.
They are letters she will never send.
When she tears up a letter, she also rips
the sheets beneath – afraid
someone will read the indentations
and see what haunts her, keeps
her in that chair in a trailer with a man
she cannot love. He does love
her – that's his cross to bear.
But she knows it, and that is hers.

Liz Bolyard '96