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Walls and the Fallen Woman

Mourn along with me, walls.

Turn a darker shade of blue
to spite the bitter yellowsun
that dares violate my window.

But, should one immortal sneer
seep out a crack
I will burn you
with no more regret
than I would burn a tinseled pine in January.

For a last companion, how is it I choose you?
This room of my babypink crib
can know little of me now.
Each night I stumbled in here
plopping my head on the swirling bed,
I saw your dignified shock
(like that of some dowdy nanny)
straighten each board.
And when I locked the door,
stopped the keyhole,