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The Napping House Fucked Me Up

Emily Shank
College of DuPage

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The Napping House Fucked Me Up EMILY SHANK

I've cut myself On the shards of unfinished stories As I try desperately To keep them from falling into the abyss

They slip through my fingers
And they are chased
By rivulets of crimson
The sting is like winter air
A biting reminder that
The world consumes warmth from life

In the frozen morning
My heart demands
Hermitage with those whose presence
Means warmth, sanctuary, and peace

But that is a desire forever denied It is a wish better suited For the colorful pages Of a children's book.

Alexa Solonenko. I Know Who You Are. Photography.

