

A house with tall
doors and no locks

when did we begin to weigh?
to rank our resilience and identity upon the refrigerator metal
when the tea of suffering, the irony of life, is already prepared
longing to be served from the burning hot kettle?

outside my bedroom all i can hear is collision
all the contradictory rivers
their desire remains clean for hours
but when they finally cross, every soul shivers

we stand in kitchens lined with shelves hundreds of novels
living rooms filled with discourse
wallpaper decorated in essays
and hallways of remorse

so boxes pile at my front door
i'll move to a town with endless freedom blocks
i have packed all my things
just put me in a house with tall doors with no locks

where wonder remains my fuel
the home of my grit
where i can and will decide
and not one street light will throw a fit

here, you will never ponder why my oven fire makes your stomach flip
constantly tripping over your own feet
you will never ponder why the grip of my fingers is always too tight
but too loose when we're walking down the street

you'll question the man behind the counter
not me wandering the aisles
you'd never grab me a rough convenient store tissue
and tell me to just smile

when has understanding become a gift
when has listening become non-complementary?
we are drowning in lonely, dry bathtubs
isn't it all quite scary?

our tears seen as fragility,
our trauma a mere distraction
how long will we weep until our salt fills the basement
filling the same room that withers your soul
when will we finally see action?



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