

Mind Junk

By Nina Sherman

My mind is a basement junkyard,
With cardboard boxes I'll never face,
Full of broken tools and outgrown clothes
I'm too weak-willed to replace.

Don't bother dusting off old hurts.
Don't bother hacking off old tape.
There's nothing left but faded papers,
Nonsense scribbled on the page.

Keep the past in darkness
Cloaked in black to grieve.
There's life outside of shadows,
But first you have to leave.