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This is How

Anonymous

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This is How

Anonymous

This is how I'll remember this room forever.

Dim.

The faint glow stemming from each corner of the window as if highlighting an escape.

Mother's icy stare absorbing through my skin, I felt her frigid discontent in my bones.

Yet I suppose I am no different now.

Though I swore to pull back the sullen drapes of that old weather-worn window, I have come full circle.

I pledged not to become the memories I lobbied against in my youth.

But a wasp will not forget how to sting.

I've become the sleet and the charcoaled unlit chimneys.

Perhaps I will always be stuck in this dim room, wondering how easily we succumb to the only feelings we've ever known.



Photo: Kyle Appell