

5-1-2007

Nine Months

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Recommended Citation

Cavlar, Allie (2007) "Nine Months," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 14 , Article 158.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol14/iss1/158

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Nine Months

Allie Calvar

Void and vacant.
Blank and bare.
White canvas shining bright
Daring to be torched by light.
Emptiness comes.
Nothingness follows.
Nothing left to lose
That timeline is simply erased
Or is it merely replaced?
Calling out his name,
Or would I have to yell?
Yet the questions remain:
Will he answer the cry?
Will he walk away?
Will he ignore the past?
Will he forget?
Will he...?
Will...
Will...
Will...the possibilities ever end?

Now there are two
One old. One new.
Yet the old is queried.
Is it real and true,
Or fostering a false notion?
Does it have a pursuit of something great,
Or just to reinvent what was supposed to exist?

He asks if it is returnable
Refundable, or even valuable.
She blinks.
Time is passing.

Satisfaction will buy the past.
Time will never overlook itself,
Only he can overlook time,
As she stands to watch.
The questions remain.
The impulses fuel.
The bareness lingers.
Yet only the truth will answer.

Laughter will replace anger.
Perfection will replace mistakes.
But will the product be the same?
When I call him,
Will he step front or back?
Neutral is no longer a choice,
He will always lean to one side.
What will become of me?
Will I be lost?
Or marked as a rough craft?
Will I be challenged or defied?
Will I be loved or loathed?
Will I be returned?
Will I...?
Will...
Will...
Will...I want to know?