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The Flavor of the Sea

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The Flavor of the Sea

I bare only half of my history to you, spreads my hands wide
to hide the stories that should stay buried. There are screams
sandwiched between pages of sunlight, blood washed into wasted breath
parts of me that will always be stained with dirty fingerprints
will never wash clean.

I set my pleasant thoughts carefully on the quilt before you, delicate as china
let them unfold into bright, floppy paper flowers fancy enough
for displaying, half-opened, in jacket pockets at formal functions.
I can be good and pure for you, I can,
I will ignore the whispers like needles
the panicked dreams of escape.

-Holly Day
Minneapolis, MN