

Poetry

Porcelain in Glass

It's just a little glass box
And I am just a porcelain doll
Praying my escape
Yet staring at an open door

Can't breathe in this little glass box
Survive another 'being under'
Exit as painful as it welcomes yet another enter

These gasps for air ruin me
The moans
I hate these curtains
His smile robs me of me
What is freedom to those chained by love?
When that love carries scars, bruises, and sins?

One, two, three
We almost there
Four, five, six, please break this glass box
Black out, nine, ten
What strength is there in fear?
What relief is there in the 'end'?
When the 'end' is him drinking my tears?

Can't you see?
I am just a porcelain doll
And this is my home, my prison,
My little glass box.

- Simonne Stellenboom