

***Old and Broken things* by Owam Heyana**

I want to tell you that when I lay on this bed,  
facing this white wall, it feels like there are  
spirits in me that have not been laid to rest.

It feels like in my chest lives stories that aren't  
mine to tell. Like it has been stuffed with only  
old and broken things, things that aren't mine  
to keep or hear. But I don't know how when  
you only seem to love the half to my whole.