

Alone
- Kirsten Deane

I have curled
my lonely curls
to the side of my head.
That's where they will
sleep from now on.
I'll see my baby face
creeping through my eyes
and nose and mouth, and I'll remember
how to play hide and seek
without knowing that I'm scared of the dark.
My curtains are blue now.
The sun doesn't stab through them
like my red ones. Only gentle nudges
to tell me there is another day.
A different boy strokes his hands
on my arms now. He speaks softly
even when I shout. He knows I'm a woman
even when anger
takes up my insides.
Being stuck between walls has made everything
soft. My thighs spread
apart no longer invites strangers but just Gods
breath
after his last duty.

I'm smiling with no part of my face hidden.

The world has been on its own.

I'm finally ready to be on mine.