

LAST NIGHT  
AT MY  
MOTHER'S HOUSE





4 A.M.



I lay awake

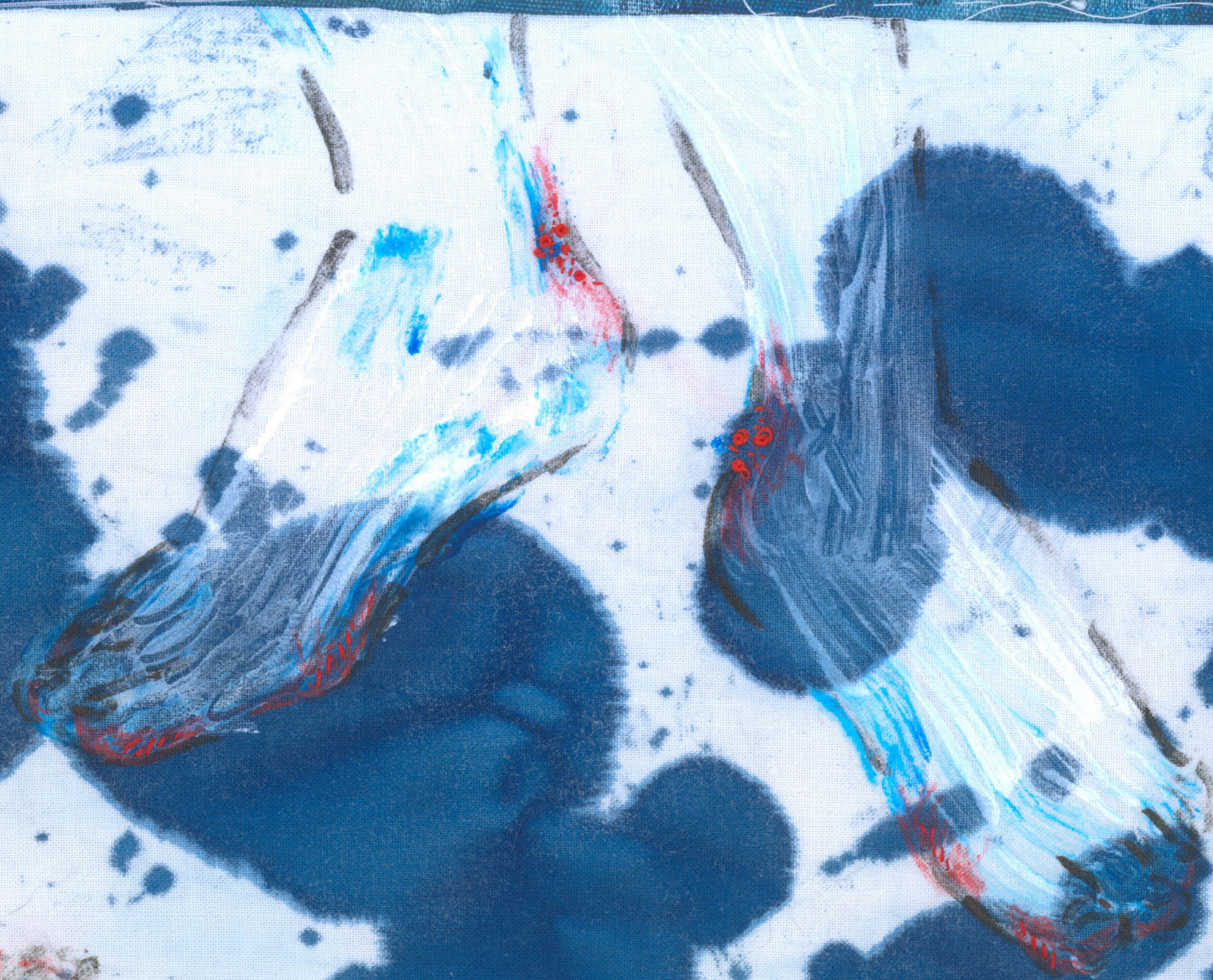
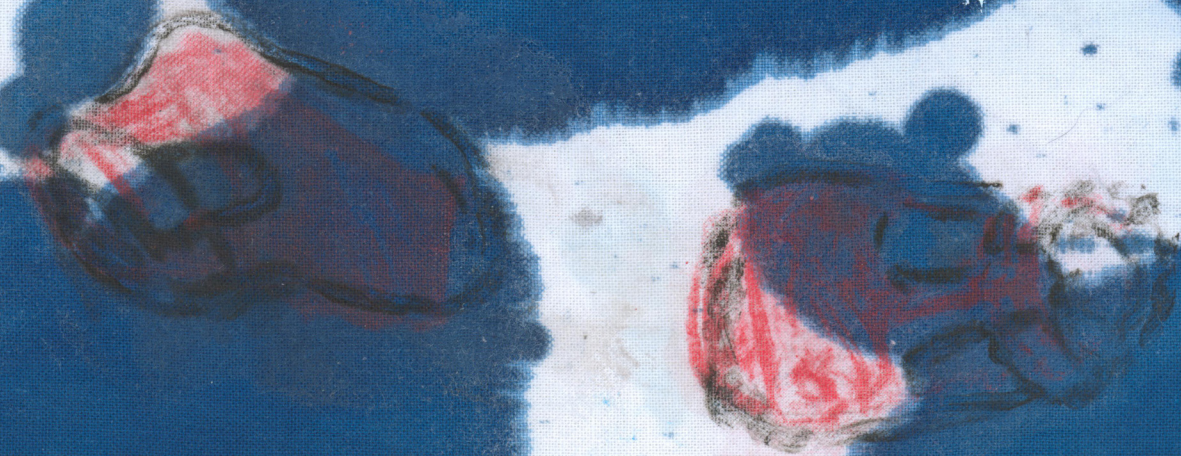
counting down how many visits we have left

before time runs out



I try to stay longer  
but you ask me to go back  
to the box you put me in a long time ago.

I can't fit in anymore,  
so I go.



I could only be good

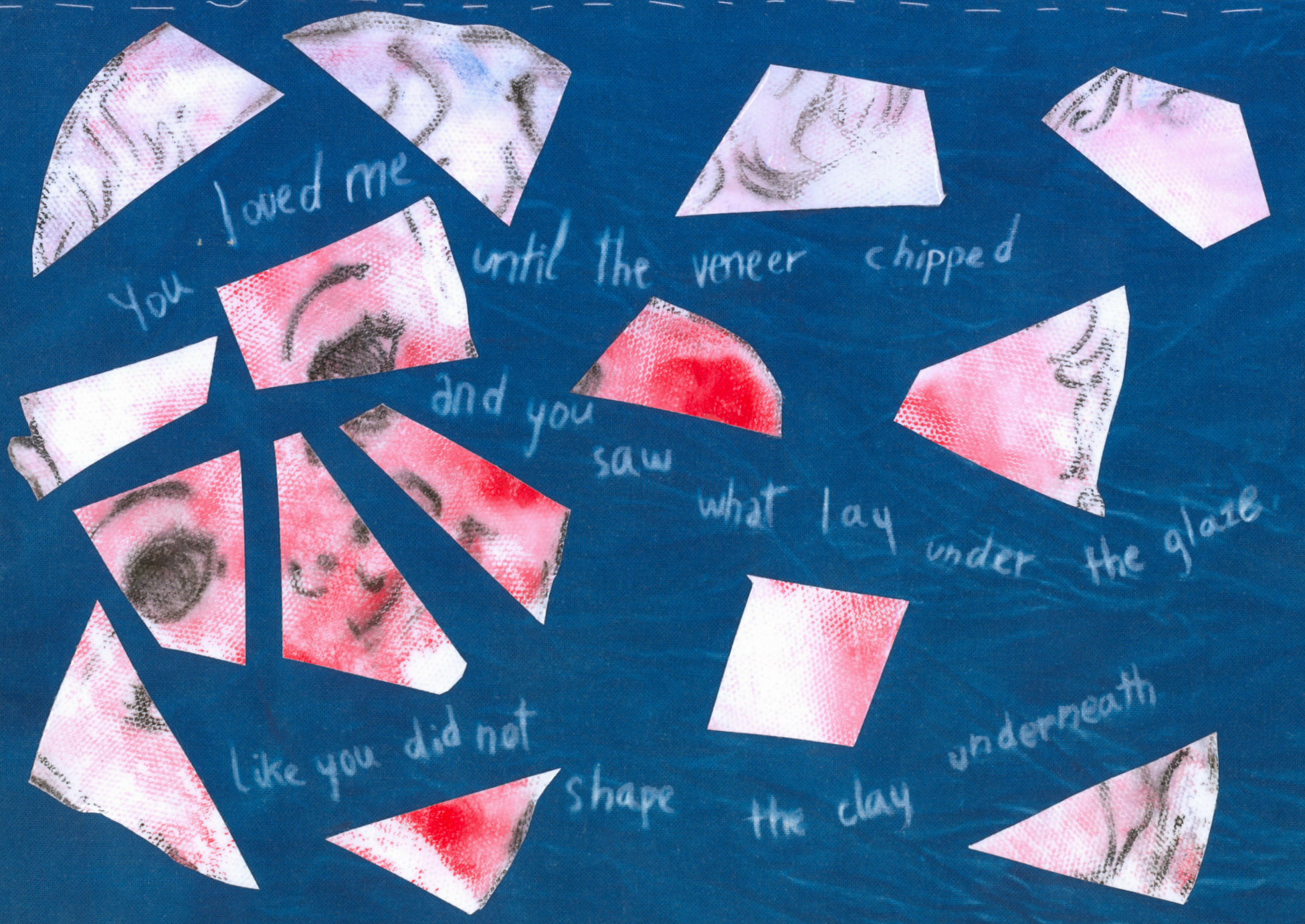
So I pushed every part of myself down

until I became so small  
I couldn't find me anymore,



an empty vessel  
to be filled with your affection.





You loved me

until the veneer chipped

and you saw

what lay under the glaze

like you did not

shape the clay underneath

Stubborn

We keep holding on to the ties that bind us

pulling in opposite directions



You'd choose the sting of the rope burn  
over being alone

If I could extricate the child I once was



from the person who grew around them,

Would you still love the stranger looking back at you?



Would you finally see me for who I am?



My bag is by the door.  
I leave your house tomorrow.



I'm going home.

