

Stitches

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When my heart is torn
I turn
to an open page for solace
I seek
for a pen, like stitches, to bind the wound

Deep lines of black and blue
form the uneven, curving
sutures
leaving some of my ache
open
allowing a world of infection
access to my sorrow

I write faster, striking through weak words
I return
to the open page for peace
I seek
for a new phrase, like gauze, to absorb my pain

Irritation, from a red eraser, is useless
against the ink of the past
stitches
unravel against the friction
tearing
away the balm of hope
leaving me open to future trouble

When my heart is dying
I turn
to an open page for solace
I seek
for binding words, to give voice to

A metaphor for my feeling

My only hope for healing