

Abigale Louise LeCavalier

### Reclamation Project

Sometimes it's the right decisions  
that hurt the most,  
that's what she tells herself anyway.

Only half buying into it.

The tears wont stop;  
she puts them in her pockets  
taking them with her  
wherever she goes.

This is not what she wanted,  
but she could see  
the writing on the wall;  
cliché  
at best.

And she writes poems  
about her still,  
with words that hold meaning,  
with words that tell stories,  
the only words she has left.

She would have given her the moon,  
if it were not  
but a fingerprint away.

## Ginger

Something was said  
of this I'm sure,  
something in green,  
something with teeth.

Something profound.

I lean in to  
catch a whisper,  
but it's far too late  
for that.

And I can see her eyes change  
from sugar  
to sand,  
smoothing out  
the ripples;  
the ever growing distance  
between us.

I want to know the words,  
I want to know why!

And I fell apart  
like a dying sunflower,  
slipped Down a hole  
in salt,  
a whole in salt.

I just let it happen.

Didn't put up much  
of a fight really,  
let go and unraveled,  
unraveling still.

And I can still taste the ginger,  
as I listen to my heart stop.

## Hate Department

Cringing in a corner  
doesn't suit her,  
much.

She does it anyway.

Waiting  
for the feelings to change,  
in bold breaths  
breathing.

Slipping her eyes;  
something less formal.

She has that "stay away from me" look  
down pat,  
because she cares too much.

Always the problem.

Her emotions burn  
like cheap cigarettes,  
cold.

Almost surreal.

And she can feel the sand  
in her teeth,  
the heat of her skin,  
steam.

She knew this moment inevitable,  
tried to wish it away  
with small gestures.

But it came just the same.