

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.