

Rhiannon Janae

Fiction

Abuse
tastes like honey to you
as you gravel at our feet
to bathe yourself
with little ants in your treasure chest
grooming to tell your lies
you project through us
like an old movie
playing over and over again
through our screens
you are fiction
something no one
believes.

Protest

Coated in filth
they smile
callously
swimming in rotted armour
encouraging us to silence
as we scream our lungs out for peace
does it burn
to know
we silenced you
with our
freedom.

Condensed Milk

I'm concealed in a jar,
that's stored behind the condensed milk,
that's utilized once a year,
for unknown purposes,
only to remind you,
that I'm just a memory,
you try to bury.