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A Confessional

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A Confessional

By: Zeljana Opacak

Forgiveness is a destination
But my car ran out of gas
I pushed and pulled to inch it along
And still it sputtered into a ditch

Forgiveness is a destination
But I am banging my hand on the
terminal window, my hand red and raw
watching the plane fly without me

Forgiveness is a destination
But I can hear the boat whistle in the distance
I would swim after it but, my lungs are
already filled with water, already drowning

Forgiveness is a destination
But I am in the dark dank subway
I forgot how to read the map
I missed the connection

Forgiveness is a destination
But I don't even know where you are
Or how to get there.