

The John Carroll Review

Volume 73 | Issue 2

Article 8

December 2019

Pinned

Madison Mooney

John Carroll University, mmooney21@jcu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Mooney, Madison (2019) "Pinned," *The John Carroll Review*: Vol. 73: Iss. 2, Article 8.

Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol73/iss2/8>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The John Carroll Review by an authorized editor of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact mchercourt@jcu.edu.

Pinned

By: Madison Mooney

Everyone tells me that I have no self-worth.
No self-respect.

I laid there picking at your cloth comforter
plucking the frayed strings apart with
my God-given tweezers.

Finding mistakes in the patterned quilt
that held the both of us together
intertwined in woven solace.

Your Apple watch collected calls under my waist
1, 2, 3, 13 until you tore the sheet away and
left me alone with our threads.

Oak wood slammed against the door frame.
You reappeared.

Your words slithered through the holes in your bed,
venomous and deadly
poisoning the love, you told me we had.

Our safest refuge fallen susceptible to the warmth
of another woman.

Your arms tried to tangle me back in
sew my heart down to your flesh
entangle my very being into the parasitic leech
of a man that you turned out to be.

With thimbles on my fingertips,
I faced your needles head on
and severed the bond before you could reinforce it.

You see,
I am a seamstress
and you were just my boyfriend.

And in the blindness of rage
I picked up the threads that you had unraveled
and sewed myself back together.

