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Stuck

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Stuck

By: Erin Ahern

The secondhand ticks to the beat of time.
I am caged.
And the metal thorns protrude from my castle,
Anyone who loves me will bleed.

The sound of uncertain silence
Yells.
Screams.
Beats its platonic drum to the voices in my mind.

I call out,
Yet only hear the faint rustles
Of leaves scattering the pavement
And the second hand of my small wooden clock.
Tick
Tick

To escape from my cage
Would be to light my soul on fire
And offer a band-aid and cold water as remedy.

Hopeless.

So I am stuck.
Cast away from a dreamer's village of "Hello's" and "Good Day's."
Cast away from feeling my feet firm on the ground
And my heart filled with purple songs.

My anchor has sunk below the depths of the ocean
And I am alone in my castle with this tattered book
And the sound of time ticking on.