

Demons

You would be loath to release your demons
Even were you handed the key
I understand –
many a long evening
Mine too have been company

Sharing the bed

You lie at one end of the bed
I at the other
Packed tight in the sheets between us
So tight we can scarcely breathe
Lie untold hosts
Of your demons
And my ghosts

Holding you

I run my hands across your back
And feel the rubble of your demolished adolescence
The debris of your youth
And I understand how difficult it must have been
To grow up in your body

I wish my hands could wipe you clean
As a mirror is wiped
So that you could see
What a strong supple tower you are
Bearing your beam
Against the dark.

Closed doors and Unwrapped Toothbrushes

Your toothbrush stands in a jar in the bathroom
unopened.

I know you will unwrap it
the day you feel safe.

Children who have heard screams in the dark
Need familiar places to wake up in
Rooms where the bed faces the door
Where you can crawl under the covers and hide

I left the door open for you
Screaming
Screaming
Screaming
Inside

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