

Echoes From the Well

“What ails you?” she asks,
knowing I know she already knows,
blue eyes smiling.
My malfunction is hers.

I shrug, though,
casting eyes to ground,
her smile pulling at my own lips.
This game we play.

We walk and sing.
We talk and dance.
We smile at friends and strangers alike.
We mingle and make promises to meet again,
but inside-

inside, we are fingers,
clawing at earth,
and mouths gaping wide,
but drawing no breath.

We are tears and ash
until we have flown
and have drunk deep of the cures for what ails us.

— *Freya Holloway*