

SHE WRITES

She Writes

She sits in her room, alone,
tears falling freely onto the blank page.
Feverishly she writes, writes, writes.

Her heart races,
Her stomach churns
Her family — torn apart.

Slammed doors, screams
echo through the house.
Echo through her ears.

She writes, writes, writes,
feelings spill,
spew from her.

Tears dry like parched ground,
distant noises disappear
into thin air.

She listens to her heart,
her mind, her voice,
She writes, writes, writes.

She moves to the piano,
starts to play, play, play
beautiful notes resonate.

Softly, she sings,
“Gentle rain, come wash me now.”
“Come wash me now.”

“Wash me now.”

—Jennifer Miller