

Shackled

White walls,
straight lines,
sharp edges.
Time flows like iron bars
and word count chafes like handcuffs.
A crisp white sign with italicized lettering
whispers, "*please don't walk on grass*"
and sets root at our favorite picnic site,
while caution signs spread like self-doubt.
Don't be late.
Try again.
Use next stall.
Stay to the right.
Stop.
Speed up.
Don't Rush.
Stop.
Press one for more information.
Try again.
Stop.
Incorrect.
Stop.
Try again.
Stop.
 Stop.
 Stop.

The night air is frozen
and with each shaky breath
it shatters beneath the weight of the world.
Ice water falls from a cloudless sky with stinging force
and floods my mind's eye,
drowning my plans along with the backburner.
A pair of Nikes play snare on the sidewalk
as my heart keeps the beat.
The wind whistles harmony
to the melodies building and collapsing like waves in my head.

Tiny beacons of light dance against the navy sky.
-Lighthouses.
But we crash against the rocks time and time again.
 mistakes
as an unfaltering as the tides;
 constraints
as limiting as a puddle.

That's why I flee.

With ice on my brow and frost at my feet,

I run from expectation,

I run from love,

I run from hate.

I run from my body,

and with my body -

away from the world

and to the earth.

I reach the rocky trail by the sea,

where nothing exists but the wild winter wind.

And I fly.

Free.