

“Untitled”

By Hannah Morris

Thousands of escaping feet
Circling my home
Hunting for adventure
 And I am gone.
Curvaceous walls
Housing an endless stampede
Of wild horses
 And I am gone.
An orchestra of echoes
Performing just for me
Until my brain stops
 And I am gone.
A sweater hanging from my skewed shoulders
Cushioning my pale broken skin
Filth falling from sleeves
 And I am gone.
The feet stop and stare with pity-filled eyes
At my scratchy sweater
Clawing at her long white cardigan
 And I am gone.
They forget to feel
 Listen
 Love
 Notice
 Appreciate.
 And I am gone.
But I don't,
Because when I am not gone,
I am here.