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Throwing Rocks at My Own Window

by Abby Hanks

in the evenings
in which I am reduced
to the matter of my own
changes

I lie in the green grass
outside the house I drew
and colored with My own hands

to throw rocks at My own window
trying to have a chat
with the Woman somewhere up there

She,
a pandemic
younger than I
She,
in Her little Renaissance
in Her little Golden Hour

now this lawn divides us
the years as our ocean

I see Her
every once in a while
but it's been a while

I hear Her
every time I speak

but we don't speak
anymore

She laments what I have become
and I envy Her for what I was.

every other rock
bounces back
into my eye

I ground myself
to the green grass

atop the grave
I etched for Her
the epitaph reads

Forever Nineteen

and here I lie
mourning Myself.

