

May 2022

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### Recommended Citation

Hanks, Abby (2022) "Throwing Rocks at my own Window," *Diamond Line Undergraduate Literary Magazine*: Vol. 1: Iss. 5, Article 14.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.uark.edu/diamondlinelitmag/vol1/iss5/14>

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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.

