

Guilt

By Shauna Garrison

This is not a small cut,
That scabs and dries and flakes and heals.
This river fills and spills
Over and under my thoughts.
The secrets will ruin me.
Why must I make mistakes?
I am only human.
The Fabrication of my soul,
It's ripping,
It's breaking.
It was already worn,
With all the rivers bleeding through.
I am unforgivable,
Unbearable.
Beat me down,
Into your hole in the ground,
Your hole for a soul.
How can I live with myself?
I can't, not with that person.

How can we live through our mistakes?

I must bury mine,

Below the surface,

Where no one dares to explore,

The real me.