Lauren Poiroux

“Why Don’t You Just Leave? An ode to those who shame survivors”

Her face is crumbling,
Porcelain surely broken
Worn down by years of broken anthems
Her mismatched eyes gleaming in the witch light
Witch light
Whitch light
Which light
I haven’t got a clue
I am but a whisper as I hear thump thump,
It comes closer
Her heart pumping
As it comes from the blue
Her mismatched eyes seem to have become unglued
As the facts of her life seem to fly right before her
Like a child who has been fed too much food to swallow
She gags on this knowledge
This terrible forbidden fruit
The truth snuck up
It has eaten her to pieces.
She can’t not see it now
They say naivety is for those
Who do not have the grit
To see what their life has become.
Watch
As her porcelain face crumbles to pieces,
Her mismatched eyes have become unglued.