

Kaleena Deshawn

Holes...

If you said to me there are holes in the ceiling, I would say that none of them are as deep as the ones in my heart. Try not to look up as I try not to dwell on all the things eating away at my insides. You say I don't know what I'm missing. I say I know exactly what I'm missing, or who. If I didn't know it couldn't bother me...but I know what I'm missing.

Open my eyes you say. I say they're wide open, too shocked to close, that they're dry, too shocked to let the tears flow from the holes in my heart through my eyes and out into the open where everyone can see them. There are plenty of things you still miss with your eyes open. I know what I am missing. Look harder? No it never makes a difference, not really. There are only so many things you can really see at once; we only have two eyes, I am comfortable with that.

You say you don't know how to help me, but I never asked for your help, not with the holes in the ceiling or my heart or the all ones in the cemetery. You say it looks like the sun is coming out, but I can't tell. It's cold outside; inside is not much different. So I wear layers, patches to cover holes and keep the draft out.