

my insecurities were tucked tightly
under a pile of torn and filthy clothes,
never to be washed.

[the water is getting higher.]

i hid my ugly and my rage
in luggage built for far off destinations
that i never planned on visiting.
i convinced myself that swimming in circles
was the best way to get out of the ocean.

[the water is getting higher.]

i drowned in a sea of regret
and blamed myself for not growing gills.
i covered myself in blankets of snow
and prayed for warmth.

[the water is getting higher.]

i heard the captain
goes down with the ship.
if i'm a woman true to my word,
i will consume this
before it consumes me.

[the water is getting higher.]