

ode to plato's cave - alexis williams

the sun twinkles between the trees  
that poke holes into my window  
and the nights when it's full— the  
moon twinkles too

blood washes off my off-white walls  
the off-white washes off my brown hands  
and a bit of the stinging leaves with it  
everytime a bee sneaks in to prick

everything that's ever happened to me,  
can fill the space between four walls.  
and they're always screaming. The  
universe collapses to the size of my window

and I'm not a bird trapped in a cage  
there are auction blocks in the town  
square. And people who shout  
"Go home," but home, I am.

what waits for me outside  
is much worse.