

Scales

Make varsity lacrosse captain,
wear Armani and Hugo Boss,
date the strawberry blonde bombshell,
set the curve in chemistry.

Prove yourself.

If you pretend everything is fine
no one will notice
your parents are gone
by the fatal crash, the breaking glass
and you don't want to feel.

Except you can't stop feeling,
remembering
that ache in your chest
like shrapnel in your heart
slowly killing you.

You sit in your Porsche
bought because they were insured
wondering if you'll ever feel whole.
Waiting for that flurry of light red hair
of archaic Latin phrases and math equations
to get into the passengers seat and kiss your cheek
the clink of your house key on that silver chain
hitting you in the chest.

Your heart starts to fill because she slows the pain;
she makes feeling okay
and the scales that grew around your heart
shatter and fall to the ground.

She makes you feel
She lets you heal.