

Satine's Lament

By Rebecca N. McKinnon

I let out my truth like a butterfly, held captive all its life.

It flew skyward for a mere second before your frightened hand swatted it down.

In my palm its wings are broken. They flutter and shake, desperately grasping for a freedom that is no longer possible.

In fierce mourning I scream, you do not know how to love me.