

Miss Guy

Miss Guy sits inside a bookstore café named
after a year that existed before she did
she pretends to read the pages of words on white
lines fill her mind as she instead eyes the people around
her are shelves packed with yellowed paper
bundled into nooks that look as if the last
time they've seen open air was when
anyone cared to read print.

Miss Guy takes turns with her misguided reflection
wondering how long it'll take to return to the right
path how long to burn the bridges of her past that led to this
moment she stands in front of a cracked mirror
its fissures webbing into the face of a broken china doll.