Scales
Misty Boldish

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she looks like her
cravings her
hair is stained with strands of pink she
draws the night around her
eyes her
image is the echo of so much alternative
music her
actions are almost as loud as her
laughter rolling

on the floor she
is living disregard but really like so
many others she
feels so much that she

must turn away to something else and
tell herself
it's not important a
broken home has turned her

away from god one
reason
is as good as the other she

does her
work reluctantly and revels
in the act of motion dancing is her

church where she
worships the body that
others admire

whereby they become unworthy and neither one shall ever
know the reason

why

Matt Jones