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Façade

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weather. But I wasn't going to accept any of it. I kept right on anyway. For the three months after Baby was born, I tried all I knew to make everything work out alright for the three of us. But in my heart, I knew it wasn't to be.

So, one day as I prepared Baby in the carriage, I tried hard to think of my options. As it was, nobody but me and my lover had known about the birth of my baby. Not even my mother. I guess I hadn't told anybody because in the back of mind I still didn't know what I aimed to do about things. So, even though there were the homes of relatives, I had to figure they would ask too many questions. There was the hospital, but hospitals have too much traffic to and fro, and cameras watching everywhere. Then, I thought of this here church. This building has been so good to me. But this didn't seem like the right place either. Then I remembered a small detail. It came to me how Baby loved the blankets. He loved the fuzzy, soft blankets, those ones hanging near the back corner of that expensive, department store. It was one of the only times me and Baby would leave the apartment, to go to that big department store to cash my government checks. Baby loved to be out and about. He would kick and laugh and make baby talk to people walking by. He liked that department store. Strolling through the aisles of that massive place was like a walk in wonderland for him. But it was funny how he always seemed most content in one little corner of that big ol' store. The other mothers and their babies hardly ever came back there. There weren't so many name-brand things over there and displays all fixed up with mannequins, you know. In fact, the most beautiful thing in that corner was the big, pretty, multicolored blankets that hung like a waterfall against the wall. I would wave them around, and Baby would go

Calibration

EVAN HINTON

Eight bits
like the eyes of a spider
cannot weigh
your smile
transcending every
dimension
impossible to decipher

Façade

HALEY WALLACE

Honeyed words soak your lips;
a sign of trouble, of eminence,
ensues and drift to my ears
and there it plants and doubles my fears.

Your eyes, black diamonds, stare through my breast,
invade my heart, and multiply my distress.
Though your smile is sweet my tears are sweeter,
innocent as the doe and rejoice us neither.

You have no tears, only cold honey—
thick and sticky and unsettling.