

Forces

Volume 2021

Article 45

3-15-2021

Secrets

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Recommended Citation

Scott-Shupe, Bridget (2021) "Secrets," *Forces*: Vol. 2021 , Article 45.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2021/iss1/45>

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Oceanside in Ghana • Karen Stepherson

Secrets

Bridget Scott-Shupe

Secrets don't stay secrets unless you take them to the grave.

They're not just little children you can yell at to "behave."

This filthy tiny monster you can primp and preen and grow,

Is just a bloody body that you're dragging through the snow.

You can shove them in a box and hide it in your head

But they'll all creep out at night and attack you in your bed.

Every time you talk, they'll thrash and writhe and scream,

And claw their way on out with their beady eyes agleam.

You decide to tell your friend, you think surely one is fine,

But that secret's not a secret now because it's yours *and* mine.

As whispers swirl around you, though you thought you took the lead

That little secret spreads with surprising grace and speed.

That monster's now a mountain that you cannot hope to climb;

A jagged scar, a memory, that's shrieking out your crime.

So lock that box down tight inside your grieving heart bereft

And hug those little secrets 'cus they're all that you have left.