

The Garden

By Mayson Taylor

With green vines
cascading up and down,
forming my hidden garden
Of where I used to belong,

the feelings of isolation snake inside of me.
I wanted out,
but I knew that I'm safe here.
But *that* feeling continues to constrict me,
even from the outside.

You would think escaping
Would be a miracle
But all I can think about
Are the lifeless vines

No one there to protect,
what once used to protect me.