

Erin Harnum  
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## **Repressed**

I find myself numb,  
Like a flowing sink and a misplaced drain plug at the same time.

Hear my feeble breath sprouting out of  
Hand-gathered dirt.  
Where children play and

Tiptoe on planks over red roses.  
Prickly things,  
Why hurt the people who love you?

The world hurts,  
Life is but nothing without pain.

Unlike songs of gold,  
The sounds in my head are mourning.

The despair of burning chaos  
Sinks in.

Nothing but a staring orb outside  
My window to keep me company now.

Evaporated into dark whispers  
Or sprouted into spring flowers

My soul fire to  
Never be extinguished.