The Things She Carries
By Xotchitl Garibay

The things she carries
Are secrets and lies.
Secrets to be taken to the grave
Lies about her picture perfect life.

She carries stories
Of experiences
That should never be experienced
By someone of her age.

She carries art
To hide all the scars
All meshed into a series of misconceptions
To hide the chaotic masterpiece.

She carries life
In the cracks in her personality
To hide how she waits
At death’s front door.

She carries a heart
To shower others with love,
A sensation she only felt
At the bottom of the bottle.
She carries a brain
To see right from wrong
To see light from dark
To see reality from fiction.

She carries a song
For others to sing when they are downtrodden
But more for herself
When she reaches the final stretch.

She carries a home
So others feel wanted
When all she ever felt
Was neglect.

She carries,
She carried.