

heart rot

by Kellan MacKenzie

The first cold day of fall hits
like a week-old bruise
and my legs quiver on the walk home.

The light in your window is on, shuttering
like leaves trembling in the wind,
feet thundering down the stairs, cups clacking in the kitchen.

And I want to slip out of this skin,
be absorbed into the air, nowhere everywhere.

I could tell you
how wolves attack each other, snapping and scathing,
flaking fragments like ash,
vicious
to keep the other strong.

Downstairs, you're hunched,
sobs silently swell,
your breathing straggles up the stairs

And the kettle's cold anyway so I sit cemented,
mold in my lungs.

Still, on the walk home with my legs like water, like feathers beneath me,
the light flickers for a flash
as your eyes meet mine out the window.

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