

emotional hiding places.  
some are sealed in scars  
some are sealed in exhaustion  
some are sealed in active burn pits

occasionally you can hear them moving  
burrowing  
clawing  
hibernation breathings  
with all their accessories and roaring windchimes of separated flesh.  
even the spiritual ones  
deprived by ideas of higher love.

maps for consciousness.  
maps for unconsciousness.

when i find mine i throw a penny inside and make a wish  
listening to how it rattles  
bouncing off the sides  
waiting for it to hit bottom  
until i realize not this time.

sometimes they come out when i am least expecting them  
sometimes they come out when i am expecting them but  
not the way i was expecting.

other times the fears  
turn things inside out  
jumping to their deaths  
with a splash that is all that is left  
of their leap.

a few just fall asleep and never wake up again  
without a sense of loss  
because they built a nest where  
they left their eggs.

emotional hiding places.  
wf.h.  
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