

# What Hold

William Fitzsimmons

What hold this has on you  
Heavy shoulder  
Your feet tied to the floor.

Your former self would  
Hate these fixtures  
Of metal wire and wood.

As you lay down in  
Stranger's linen  
The bluish scars you hide  
Reminisce of sweet addiction  
Strings you never tied.

Would you bend these bars  
That hold you  
Keep you from the peace  
And stillness come.

And lay your head  
Beside a better burden  
Until the heal has come.

As you depart from  
Short duration  
And cut the bracelet off.

The withered arm and  
Port of entry  
The living for the numb.

I would bend these bars  
That hold you  
Keep you from the peace  
And stillness come.

And lay your head  
Beside a better burden  
Until the heal has come

You will see sunrise again.