

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.