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Walls

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WALLS

Hana Mitchell

You can't assume who I am by the clothes that I wear.
Come into my room and see the things
that help to define my character.

The guitar and violin in the corner
both have worn strings from hours
of being played over the years

The books on my shelves will clue
you in on my sources of inspiration.
Tony DiTerlizzi and Brian Keene, to name a few.

Don't think that the collection of movies will tell
you as much as the line of video games beside it.

Have you peeked into that closet?
Various puzzles stacked in boxes
along the top shelf, every one
worn and missing pieces.

Push the dog out of your way as you walk
to the desk; she won't mind as long
as she's still near me. She's funny that way.

Those notebooks in that caddy are private,
My works in progress, and some have not
Been touched in years due to other projects.

But that bed is my fortress at night and I stay
Safe and warm under that beautiful tiger
Blanket surrounded by my pillow guardians.

It is there that my dreams give way
To the ideas that become stories
And flow from my pen onto the page
Like the way my bow travels over strings.

Don't assume that you know me for who
I really am until I let the walls fall that
Protect me so I can reveal myself to you.