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Oklahoma......Out of Ashes

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Oklahoma....... Out of Ashes

A bag of peppermints
sits anchored to the corner of my desk
A sea of papers
scattered—Oklahoma Out of Ashes, marie claire, introduction to biology, ecosystems, and
Bright cloth fish
swim over and about drifting and changing with the
tides of homework
contest deadlines, and the occasional need to condemn the chaos of my room.
I wait, slouching uncomfortably on the bed
I wait for a voice to rise above the incessant talking by a box
"6:50 and cloudy; fifty degrees; chance of rainstorms"
on my bedside table. Waiting for a
voice to rise from within
to purge myself of sleepiness and depression.
Rise in the morning, all the while thinking
"when that 6 year old boy is 16
will he struggle
every morning, forced to reckon with the memory of a baby dead by his hands. How much
therapy or will
he join the ranks of the dead to make peace
with his conscience
before
then.

Nicole Slaughter