
Rage

Sarah Murrell

Arms crossed, smoldering in a corner--
as the linoleum curls away from me like a disgusted tide,
as the paint peels into tight ringlets, running backwards
in an explosion pattern on the wall behind.

My delicate cardigans on the hooks singe and smoke
their delicate fibers merge above my head.

Heat rises from my cheeks and hard-flexed shoulders
and melts the ceiling tiles.

They drip on my arms, face.

You won't hear me object or wail,
but you will feel my rage, my white-flame misery
on your tidy face, the char upon your noble cheek.