

Uncertainty

by Maddie Eckrich

I freeze before my washroom glass, barefoot and wingless. But what should reflect my weary visage is only a window into a dusty, cluttered room. Cages litter its floor, filled with hundreds and hundreds of pigeons, wide-eyed, softly cooing. Unable to escape their glances, I see myself lurking in their eyes, behind that hidden sparkle, and my feet are talons, grasping at the tiles, dissolving.

Children are not immortal, you know;
their haunting voices travel on a breeze,
disjointed, confused, uncertain, and helpless.
They search only for an open ear, to listen—
just once—before they fade away.

I, solitary and melting, wonder how easy it would be
to open the window, step inside, and set
the young birds free.