



From the Shower Floor

Grace Calabria



drown
under the weight
under the water
let words drip from parted lips
or gently swallow every drop

anger,
trained to be tamed into sadness,
puddles here
on the shower floor
creates craters for me to fall into

slip
slowly, carefully
down the same stream
rinse red off hands
off hips

pull the plug and
drain the water
stand up
i know you can
from the shower floor