

The drip finally stops | Sophia Centurion

and leaves behind a curious stillness, now what?

Dressed in guilt like emperors' clothes,
I will revisit the body that used to be mine;
like strangers lining church pews after the earth flexes its calamity.
Growing up is collecting real regrets,
and trying not to look in that still water.

I chugged iocane to escape, convinced myself I'm smart
enough to survive what would kill someone else.
An insistence that kept this stubborn body from throwing
in the towel. Drip by drip, I became stronger:
more poison than person.
It seeped out with every breath, into people I loved,
directly into their mouths. It spread
to the trust in their brains, their burning hearts. The damage
done long before it killed me,
and stayed long after

the apology. I avoided confronting myself for so long,
that I didn't know where to start. I broke
the surface in the wrong direction.
There is a method to keeping your head above:
it is realizing the illusion of freedom
in the slow fall to the seabed.

Escape isn't a jump in an empty pool,
it's having something to change.
It's hearing when the drip stops, learning
that there is a home

to tread back to.

