

Trauma's Shadow

Kae Bucher

As I run from my shadow

she overtakes me.

Her long hair flows like

ring winged fingers of shame

around my throat,

trickles

like small grey snake spectres

down my neck,

pauses over

whispers

of what my life should have been

if only I hadn't been

-me-

she hangs me

somewhere

between

gritting teeth and grey drizzled fog

In Then and now

and never

and

would

and could

and should-be mists

quivering like little ghosts of neglect

my ashes

drift

over

ancient

rubbles