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Evening Room

Laura Jirsa
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Evening Room

This is my room,
 Inspiration to be myself.
 Comforts of home surround,
 support, ground my feet and body
 The books line the shelf
 Holding my mind in place,
 and in tact
 Words of my youth,
 my future
 building on gray matter,
 education,
 and the arts freeing swing.
 pencils and paints, drawings,
 canvas rolled and stashed
 a reluctant sigh of giving in
 and admitting; how I miss,
 how I misuse you.
 Lie cradled, nestled in a sweet
 unknowing
 abandon
 a corner, waiting
 for me to be myself
 looking for evidence, truth,
 memories
 in closetsholding papers, notes,
 poems from anguish past.
 Angels in my photos
 keep time in place.
 All is held here.
 All is mine here.

The crickets outside my window
 may not sing only to me
 but their voice comes to my room
 and hearing I hear is mine.
 The jet plane trailing long boomings above
 flies elsewhere
 leaving path's hovering sound to me,
 jostling my window;
 hummings through the night
 of summer and bare feet.

The family hovers above,
 while the Star Trek glaze
 covers television faces.
 My room screens me
 from dark radiation's
 imposition on privacy.
 Mine, circled by light
 at the clutter of my desk
 atop a too tall stool
 squirming for a posture stance
 above my writing hand,
 pause, ah,
 the crickets constant shimmer.
 I could sing back with clumsy
 plucked guitar,
 rusty strings,
 set back in round
 foam chair release,
 sprawl on bed of private sleep.
 My dreams inspire
 to be myself.