

1996

## Pages from a Diary

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### Recommended Citation

Klei, Trish (1996) "Pages from a Diary," *Exile*: Vol. 43 : No. 2 , Article 25.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol43/iss2/25>

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## Pages from a Diary

Some memories clog our minds  
like the mineral build-up in old pipes.  
All we need is a little mind-clearing  
Draino, a release of all that's bad  
and old to cheer us along the way of life.  
I did that once, and the subsequent emptiness  
sucked me in for days. I stared at the white  
wall, thinking of trauma units, and the squeak  
of nurses' shoes. I knew then what Stevens  
meant: let be be finale of seem.

When I feel my life getting full, I have  
to purge. I stand there, and empty  
my soul. I revel in the hot rush, the guilt,  
then cool relief of the tile floor against skin.

—Trish Klei '97