

POEM: Femur- CRAFT TIP #1



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I try to dream a memory from a photo

Red velvet dress,

Plastic paris cast,

White stiff from ankle to chest.

Pill book thick on a dresser

Reaching femur cracked.

Father turns me upside down.

My own screams shatter the dream.

The police asked

The break was too clean.

A shadow of fear

Dances past

Tad pole swimming in a

Plastic butter tin.

I am immobile, trapped.

Cotton candy gum balls

Too big to grasp

Not big enough to engulf him

Hammer to jaw breaker.

Broken sweets messy

Not like my bone.

Pain I don't remember.

But I taste the fear when ever,

I hear his voice and remember his face.

Femurs don't break like candy.

But leave shadows dancing in nightmares from the past.

