Failure, Wet Gravity

She was giddy
with remorse
As she skipped
river stones
Off slick rapid
rushing heads
Babies belched
from below

Clenching shame in
her stomach
It felt the same as the
last time
Cramming fear in her
white fists
Hoping this is the
last time

She put rocks in
her pockets
Knowing wet gravity
Shrunk away from the
water's edge
Fell down hard by a tree

She stuffed shame in
her pockets
It felt the same as the
last time

She crammed fear in her
white fists
And hope this is the
last time

Brainsqueals
Same as the last time
Brainsqueals
She hope this is the
last time