Oceania, Chrysalis

she was born with eyes like opal jewels
father would not share them with the world
locked her up in the bare room down the hall
behind that door forbidden to us all

at night dad would always tuck her in
growling through razor-wire around the crib
left alone in the dark to lick her wounds
dreaming for 12 years inside her cocoon

there are no words
for the sunlight bleeding through
the drawn curtains
on the bathroom floor
handcuffed to the pipes

there are no words
for the strange sounds from outside
sprinklers and birds
the laughter of children
playing without her