

# 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