

Summer (2)

The sun shines
And burns my eyes,
My hair is bleached,
My skin newly raw
And beginning to turn purple,
I'm running
From reflections
When I turn away,
Where can I go?
The heat is climbing,
I wanted this,
Pleaded for it,
And so I suffer,
Holding my swelling tongue
As if it will save me,
How do I go back
To my winter,
Safely frozen
Inside and out,
Without the blisters
From trying too hard
To try to fit in?
I asked for this,
Like witches of old,
Let the burning cleanse me
Of all my foolishness,