



Tuesday

by Rebecca Kane

I can walk and walk
until my feet greet the ocean,
leave my soul at sea
and become completely
weightless.

I can let my fresh skin dry
in the sun
or scream
in a room with fancy chairs.
I can drink bubbles and sit for hours.

Let time concave around me-
let it settle into the cracks of my face
and break my hair.

I can love myself.

