

Back for the Summer

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Beams of sunlight
refracting through my window,
witness my rotting.

My body is not decomposing in
the dark dank underground,
where the dead lay peacefully.
Mine is a body crumbling,
in the room it was raised,
because it couldn't endure the return.

Bugs crawling on a tongue
that hasn't been used in days;
cotton growing in ears that have tuned out
familial voices and the whirring AC;
vultures circling glazed eyes
that have only perceived the four walls
of my bedroom-turned-crypt.

Returning to familiar patterns,
my limbs sink in my queen-sized coffin
where I question why I returned to
die in a house I once called home.