

Internal Cascade by Naomi Hajian

Pain, how do you describe?

You see the physical,

But I do not have any,

You cannot see mine,

For it is hidden.

You think you know,

But cannot see,

For my smile is great,

And my eyes are dry,

You cannot see, underneath.

Muffled sounds come out,

To not startle the dark,

Tomorrow my yawns will show,

But my face will be dry,

I fake the happiness I wish was inside.

The red letters pile up,
And the tap drips,
The floor moves,
And the ceiling leaks,
A burden I must not be.

I must not speak,
For they may take it away,
What could I say,
If I were made to leave?
I will stay quiet.

It is not much,
Hardly anything to heat,
Keep the lights off,
Not for the Earth,
But for my body is weak.

The bottle in the cabinet is empty,
But my mind is full,
Burdened with thoughts,
One must not know,

In the dark, they come out more than you know.

Over and over, I try my best,

For the littles depend on me.

They ask for nothing,

As I have nothing to give,

But I will always say 'I love you'.

My own stomach will ache,

I cannot imagine the littles,

I wish I could ask,

But, complaining it may seem,

I must not be a burden.

You see me on the street,

But you do not truly see,

Do I speak?

I do not know,

A chance I need to take.

You asked, 'how are you'?

I answered sincerely,

But you just scoffed,

Another has it worse,

That is what you said.

I cannot hold it in,

I lay on the floor,

Letter in my hand,

That was on the door,

I was a burden.

The littles ask, where are we going?

I cannot say the truth,

I will tell them we're camping,

What fun that must be,

I will tell them I love them.

The warm air is nice,

At least we won't freeze,

When the sun disappears,

I will wonder what's next,

The darkness I fear.

Now you question,

Why I didn't speak,

You didn't listen before,
Why would you now,
You say you are here for me.
If you are,
Action I seek,
For soon we will freeze,
Please help,
A shelter I seek.

You did not see my pain,
You must now see others.
So they don't end up like me,
Take care of my littles,
And give them grace and mercy.

Remind them of me.