

# FLOWERED GRAVE

Emma Kollman

In most of the dreams I remember from childhood I am fearful,  
Always rescuing my mother  
from a hidden something but I could never find out what.  
Or not rescuing anyone in particular but still trying to save  
anyone who was available,  
I'd always wake up before I ever could.  
For years the only language I had within my tiny body were  
the "I'm sorry's" tossed from my oesophagus.  
"I'm sorry" seemed as likely an explanation as anything to me.  
What does it mean to dream myself whole?  
What does it mean to hold your pieces together every night  
so you don't crumble under the  
weight of "it's fine."  
Deep beneath my lungs, lies all the dust from these dreams.  
I always sweep them up and toss them in the bin with old batteries  
Hoping one day I'll take them where they need to go  
but I know I never will.  
I'll just let the dust collect dust until one day my children spread  
it over my flowered grave.  
If I can afford one.  
Then maybe it will finally land where it needs to be.  
Seeping back into my brittle bones showing all the worms  
that are disintegrating me who I  
once was,  
Just a little girl who was so sorry.