Caution: Wet Floor

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Cover Page Footnote

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MEGHAH LENTNER

CAUTION: WET FLOOR

There’s so much I wanted with you
The future hits us like a tidal wave
Images of us crashed down around me
Soaking me with their possibility

It’s a feeling that leaves me chilled to the bone
Run inside and change out of those cold drenched clothes
Before you catch cold and then where will you be?
Cold? Alone? Exactly the same as you are right now?
Captured in a picture
Frozen in a dream
Strung on a line of hope.

A pale complexion, the blood leaves my face
The mirror is not capable of lying
My heart empties
Trickles to the floor
A puddle forms
The blood boils
The steam rises, numbing my mind

A painful cry for help
But you don’t hear me
Deafened from the sound of your own foot steps
Deafened from the sound of your selfish ways

CAUTION: WET FLOOR
You are approaching, fast, too fast
Stop, don’t come any closer
The sign gleams, flashes of yellow, bright as day, loud as hell
You are focused on me, you’d look anywhere but down.
Look down, see what your hesitation has done
See the mistake spread with spidery veins across the floor.

Your foot hits the spot that once occupied my heart
You hit the ground hard
Your expression: Shock.
it’s too late, you are too late
you should have looked down
the sign was there to warn you
read the signs.