The Tiles: A Sonnet

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The Tiles: A Sonnet

Jaime Thompson

She stares at the cold tiles on the hard floor.
The little frightened girl squeezes her eyes.
She counts the tiles- one, two, three, and four.
To mommy a fake smile becomes disguise.
Hidden she hums a song inside her head.
To fight invasions on her tiny ears.
Parental war- she wishes she were dead.
Two charming eyes cover her unseen tears.
Counting- knifing pain disappears away.
Into imagination she needs to run.
Jumping from cloud to cloud she now can play.
Thunder and lightning crash below her fun.
In dreams forgotten peace she hopes to find.
Float to the heavens- safely in her mind.