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Triggers

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MEGAN HERRMAN

TRIGGERS

When I was a little girl I pressed very hard with my crayons.

The doctor asked me, “how does your body feel physically?”
I felt like I was drowning in his soft black leather couch,
and as he asked this,
I sank deeper.

How can I describe the extent of this ache-
why does my body feel so broken, if it is my mind we are discussing?

Trapped in the evening commute I became a captive audience
to the scattered musings of my brain . . . I am barely aware of the light
ahead.
The pizza delivery boy is expecting me to be kind and let him out.
The light is red, his car, my fingernails- red.

Red reminds me of my back . . . maybe it’s red.
Crimson red, burnt sienna, yellow ochre, raw umber.

When I was a little girl I pressed very hard with my crayons.

Repetition makes colors sound harsh,
if you cut me open
these colors would come
rushing out from my insides.

Was it last fall when I locked up again-
After the leaves turned plastic red,
and wax shavings fell to the ground dead?