For a child whose skin glowed remnants of sunlight, darkness was a labyrinth. When left open at night my bedroom’s colossal closet was a blanket of black. Not even the aid of moonlight exposed the threats looming within. Believing the shadows veiled eager eyes of evil monsters and goblins and ghosts, who could steal me to their realm, lock me up, maybe eat me for dinner. Perhaps even use me as bait for something more evil or as a mere doll for the child monsters to play. These thick thoughts too much, shaky little hands shut the doors each sunset, imprisoning the beings within.
Years pass like melting
ice on scorching pavement,
age hits me like waking up.
Luminescence faded from
long arms and long legs.
My closet trapping no
one, just a lifeless
belt, a few limp
dresses, worn sweaters.
My mind now unused
chalk, a blank summer street.