

BEDROOM CLOSET

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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.