

me. None of this
matters.

You go

Green

forest green and I am little red riding hood,
lost among the trees. Vines crawl
across my skin, leaves fill
my eyes. These thoughts
planted themselves
there, I've given up on tearing them out. Your hair
will change and I will stay
stuck. I pray that these tendrils will escape
my mind. They never do. On days like this,
I worry they never will.