

at the end of my world

It feels like ages ago that a small woman
engulfed in black canvas clothing
too big for her body
showed me how to make a hair tie
out of purple latex gloves.

She stood beside me and rubbed my back
as I tied it into my tangled hair
head bowed, but no prayers on my lips,
just tears that blurred my view of the holster
on her left hip.

She let me stand there for as long as I needed,
breathing with me and humming softly
before leading me back to the almost-empty room.
Hair out of my face,
I could see it all then:
the anxious pacing back and forth
and back and forth again,
the mumbling,
the yelling.

But it was not ages ago,
just months,
feels like yesterday,

the days and nights blurring and grating against me,
against him,
against us.

Maybe, if I let go of the makeshift purple hair tie
and let the hair fall back over my eyes,
it will all just
disappear.

But I won't.

It won't.

My hair and my hands have been tied
ever since.