

Losing One Part to Gain Another

By Charlotte Cole

Orange of sunset
Rippling with the waves
As we floated through
Life, sticky with
Ice cream, stung by the sun,
Surrounded by the walls
Of a town so engrossed
With itself the rest of the world
Ceased to exist
So, they could stay the small town
With only a love for itself.
Until those walls became
Alit with the orange of
Devastation.
Behind my eyelids
I still watch each wall
Crumble,
Flame licking at the edges,
Threatening more than we
Could hold on to.
We needed the outside world,
And they came,
And we held each other
Together –
Those we knew and those
We didn't.
And in those
Four and a half minutes,
So much was lost;
Memories, safe places,
A life meaningful as any other.
In those four and a half minutes
Developed a love for each
Other, for the outside world,
A care for strangers,
For a place few knew existed.
The love in that town only
Grew, and was shared in wealth
Among new friends,
Holding us together
Until we could hold ourselves again

With the walled-in love
We grew up with.