The Broken Box

Amber Busha

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Where was I when you left?
It was as if you had never existed,
No books on the floor of I Love Yous on the fridge.

The locked box I kept you in so tightly—broken.
Still wondering how you grew those wings, I
Was so sure to clip them, them and

Your dreams. How did I lose you?
Like losing a dog on a leash that you've beat until
It no longer remembers freedom, or wanting it.

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