

Heirloom

CAROL ANN WILBURN

She lets go
of her secret
long held prisoner
by the mahogany
four-poster

struggling
with the lovely weight
of her childhood
unraveling in
disorder.
She tangles

with darkness
tossing this way
or that,
nightmares of
scraps of paper

in the wrong hands.
She longs to sleep
there, unburdened
from her past
make peace
long past