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Spinelessness as an excuse for not saying sorry

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Spinelessness as an excuse for not saying sorry

Leah Baugh

The birch tree peeled and crackled like old paint
the grass swayed ever so slightly in the deep breeze
the sun beat down like a hammer on a stubborn nail
I became a stubborn nail
floating on a piece of rotting wood in a mossy swamp; alone
a lazy dragonfly buzzed past my hazy eyes
I sat motionless, the sun still hammering away my very core
I wanted to push myself up
to run to your door
to let my apologies spill and scatter like marbles at your feet
but nothing would change, in the end.
I would probably just trip and slide on the marbles
my own apologies rolling under my feet.
my view shifted to blue sky as I fell back
I spread out my arms in the tender grass, so tender and soft
that I hated it for not being rocky and uncomfortable on my spine
I felt the earth beneath me opening,
but did not move to escape the oncoming darkness
It swallowed me with clumping mounds and roots and worms
it spat me out at your door but I did not
let myself spill my marble apologies at your feet
I did not.

regret feels just like a sunburn sometimes.