Denial

Morgan Mulford∗

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It’s your queen bed you cannot leave in the morning
Ensnaring your body in its cotton blanket robe
Your head locked into place by a feather pillow crown

While an angry red fire eats away your bedroom door
As sooty smoke swallows the white ceiling
Wood crackles and flames skirt across the floor
Like a starving tongue, desperate to consume more

From the outside you hear your loved ones begging,
Screaming for you to escape the relentless blaze
But I think that’s asking a lot of someone
Who still hasn’t even got out of their bed yet