

Candy Candles  
By Zoe Butler

My room smells like a year ago,  
and I cannot process the prospect of time  
and how the evolution of connections leaves me once again  
Without.

My room smells like a year ago  
and the sunsets leave later  
yet I am haunted by the insomnia of adjusting  
to your comfort as you say good night  
to my bed of glass,

You dare question the scares of this silence  
For my mind is pins and needles  
and you love to sew.

I stitch you back with my unraveled threads.  
You tug at the loose strands  
to make sure I do not leave you  
Whole.

But I am burning these chords with the candy wick,  
how can I cry when the air smells sweet  
and not like the rot that hangs in a suspended year.