

Artifacts of Change

Teardrops meet my face. I am fearless in my resolve. I must devolve, reprogram, and loosen his hold on me, so I don't spasm with nervous ticks at the thought of being in the same place as he. I must build my wall ever higher. I must not tire in my vigil. I must repair the cracks in my façade- Hide the worry and present a strong face. I will not allow him to debase me, efface me, and disgrace me any longer. Love is a doing word- Love is not in this equation. Teardrops are mere artifacts of change.

~Charlotte Greer Slater

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