

Infinite Labyrinth

POETRY

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News of your death ricocheted in the frost-bitten air
and snowed upon my stone face
Obligation pulled me to our childhood home
forgotten within antithetical family and overgrown
weeds
I'm here. A stranger to the hazy warmth of holidays
wafting from the front door

Looking out the window, stars are ironed out into
smoke-injected clouds
Were skies always this way?
I see the dust-settled wishes chalked up on the
backs of closet doors
Wishes that you gently cradled and rocked before
burning out like dazzling embers
The tiled floors of the kitchen tremble delicately
without you insisting on keeping the honey
lightbulb lit through the night-
in case I got scared of how the lines on my bedroom
ceiling knotted themselves into monsters

The palpitating walls start hastily breathing:
In... ..Out In... ..Out
The plaster beneath the lavender paint breaks
through and cracks
Grief, love, and anger waltz together in an infinite
labyrinth I cannot escape.

I don't believe in whimsy and tales of ghosts
anymore
I don't believe they appear to troubled souls praying
knee deep into the carpet
I don't believe they cherish the ones they love by
weaving reveries into their pillows-
Though a comforting hoax

But through that labyrinth I wandered

And wandered into memories and wandered into
midnights we encased like timeless records
And wondered if maybe your ghost would send a
reverie in my sleep tonight

The kitchen light flickered one last time. ■