

my father's first apartment
Isabella Waldron

white walls white walls
a homeless home
i want to rub my hands in ash
watch them whisper on the white walls
he pours me a tart glass of orange juice
i want to go home i say
acidic it burns my tongue
i begin to hate my pink mary-janes
tongueless they gape at me
grotesque
against beige carpet white walls
i hide them under the couch,
tell him i need new shoes
so that he will matter again