Expansion –

A hollowed-out dress lies on the floor

Where she left it in search of a different frame

To put her picture in.

But she forgot where home was

So she never came back to pick it up,

To take it away, or throw it out.

So it lays there: a straw fallen but undisturbed.

Everyone could see the twine holding her together

Was fraying and the knots

Were coming loose.

So it’s no surprise she left

Pieces of herself behind wherever she went.

She was losing herself,

And she was the only one

Who didn’t know it.

That dress may have been the beginning

Or it may have been somewhere in the middle.

Nobody notices the first straw.

It’s only when too many pieces

Have gone for them to be re-collected

And put back in place and bound tightly

That they start to see.

Only when the pollution

Exceeds the carrying capacity of two hands

Do they finally see that they should have done something,

That they should have known

The dress was more than mere messiness.

But by the time they realized,

She had already thrown herself

Into the wind

And expanded beyond her body.

 – Darren Leonhardt