

Secrets in Cells

(Dedicated to the women in Purdy Corrections Center)

Journaling Day

There is no written language
For these volumes of secrets
Ferociously resting
Inside our orange jumpsuits.

Visitors Day

Sometimes we open a wailing one
Hand it over to a loved one
No gushing lava of words
Just a silent wail
For sacred holding.

Library Day

Our volumes of secrets
Hide submerged in books
Shelves of escape
Characters and Countries
Preserving our secrets on pages
For years.

Group Therapy Day

With all your might
You can bang on our cells or chests
To find hidden treasure
But the words we speak
Are rehearsed and we have
No voice for the comfort of others

Gym Day

The sweat threatens
To let them ooze and emerge
Since they have no written language
But a muscle memory one
We know each other's secrets without a single word.