

In the Closet

Kevin O'Laughlin



In the closet holds many things.
Clothes that no longer fit.
Books that have never been read.
Secrets that will never be said.

As long as the door stays closed,
These things hidden in the dark-
Can no longer haunt me.

Till the day I decide to open-
The door, and let the light in.
To make mends to once was.
And accept for what is.

Get rid of the things I can no longer wear.
Read the books that deserve to be read.
Let the secrets become the past.

In the Closet by Martiemaury Rose





My mama always said you can tell a lot about a person by their shoes, where they going, where they been.

Forrest Gump



“The box ended up at the back of a closet, shoved behind some old bags and bundles. There it sat, unnoticed, year after year, until its time arrived, and the lock quietly clicked open.

The City of Ember by Jeanne DuPrau





At the dark street corner
where Guilt and Desire
are attempting to stare
each other down
(presently, one of them
will light a cigarette
and glance in the direction
of the abandoned warehouse)
Love came slouching along,
an exploded silence
standing a little apart
but visible anyway
in the yellow, silent, steaming light,
while Guilt and Desire wrangled,
trying not to be overheard
by this trespasser.

Guilt, Desire and Love by James Baldwin





I wish I could still play the game
I'd surely shoot my age;
A lack of balance holds me back,
I've had to turn the page.

Looking Back by Leon White



Take the damn pill,
You're on it for a reason.
It's to stop you feeling ill,
To keep you from self-treason.

Sure you're feeling fine,
But how long will it last?
You know you're not divine,
Just look back at your past.

Take The Damn Pill by Zachary Phillips



The question is not what you look at but what you see.

Henry David Thoreau





A long - long Sleep -
A famous - Sleep -
That makes no show for Morn -
By Stretch of Limb - or stir of Lid -
An independent One -

Was ever idleness like This?
Upon a Bank of Stone
To bask the Centuries away -
Nor once look up - for Noon?

A long -long- sleep by Emily Dickinson



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