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 Martiemary 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

In Lowing Memory of George W. O'Langhlin Annawy IB, 1954 September 9, 1914 When I Mast Leave When I must hence ty no ker a hits white --Preme do not prove to a hits white --Preme do not prove sould deal whit many and hag your sectors to you shrought

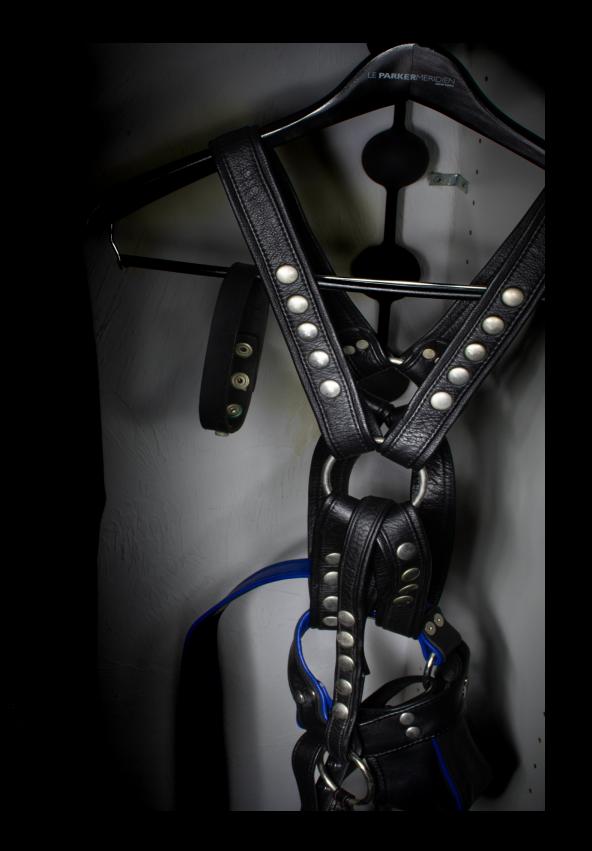
> that start out browthy with a gallest smalle: And for my sake and is my means for on and do all things the same, for of not your konditions on empty days, Bot fill each waking thou is unoffs why Reach out your hand in comfact and is other

and I in turn will comfort you and hold you near, And never, never the affinid to die, For I am waiting for you in the sky O'Neill Funeral Home Saint John Vianney Church



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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