

## **Tom Miller**

### **BROKEN**

She rises slowly from the chair.

There on the floor of her mind

    Pretty shards.

        Glistening and bright.

        They were a part of something

            Once beautiful,

                Meaningful.

    She can not quite

        Fathom it or its shape

            or significance.

Dreamily she passes them by.

She hears the silent screams

    echoing... echoing... echoing...

        Reverberating along dark canyons

Down empty streets full of no one

But people she does not know

Who do not hear.

They are faceless.

She is aged she knows

But also very young and gay,

Pretty too.

Isn't she married?

Has a husband perhaps?

Children?

Once, but not yet.

Alone.

It is peaceful being alone,

She knows.

Sun shines through the window.

Warms her face.

Pleasant warm face.

There. There a child,

Her child comes out of the darkness

of the walls that surround her days.

How like her she is.

How like her...

How pretty...

She wonders.

More shards.

Pretty things.

Nice things that brighten her day.

She must be careful not to step on them.

**Tom Miller** is a retired businessman who is enjoying the time to devote to his poetry writing and performing at a variety of open mic and spoken word venues. In addition to *Muddy River Poetry Review*, his work has appeared in *Wilderness House Literary Review*, *Bagel Bards Anthology*, *Ibbetson Street Anthology*, *the Salem Writers Group Anthology* and various other publications. He resides in Ipswich MA.