

# Farmer's Market

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I was almost four days clean, but the lines became too enticing. I wish I could say they dance and delicately stitch together the parts that are broken. But instead they march; single file and tapering at the ends. They wore away their grounds; not looking back at what was left behind. I always think it helps, and it does for a moment, but their boots are fire on my skin. They leave behind scarring trails and sow seeds of shame into the cracks. Its just a bad habit; no cause for concern.

They've claimed me; created a farm out of their tracks. It doesn't take long for their crops to prosper, so they stay. They used to hide behind me, but they keep expanding and now long sleeves is no longer enough.

I regret letting them settle themselves and encouraging their farm but I'm theirs now; bearing the burden of looks and judgements at the farmer's market.