

# Behind My Walls

by Diana Raab

You can't imagine  
how I bite my cuticles  
at home in the dark,  
nibble chocolate in my closet,  
nursing a chardonnay.

You couldn't know  
I collect rare crystals  
and antique typewriters.

You might not notice  
the creases in my face,  
or how difficult it is for me  
to talk about sex.

These days, all I can do  
is write dark poems  
in the journal at my bedside,  
slip holistic herbs  
under my tongue,  
take me out of my misery.

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