

Shame

ROBERT COWELL

My secret house of knife-sharp cards,
built with selfish rationalizations
and self-delusion,
collapsed, tumbled down and cut deep.

I don't get to be the hero,
the One-Who-Makes-It-Better.
I'm the source of the hurt.

Self-loathing and strength-sapping despair
insist I hide my face and run
from my supreme shame, but

I can't get away from myself.

