The Attic in My Heart

Once in a while
I sort through
the junk items in my heart.
A painful review of wretched times.
“Declutter” they say.
“I am not good enough”
is how I was made to think.
But rusting corners need scraping.
A grease and varnish of self-care.
A pile of hurt and shame
lies unnoticed,
clipped together
with misshapen souvenirs of hurt.
These must go!
The disloyal memories,
secret yearnings
that cling to corners;
the cobwebs of illusion.
Scattered name cards
stamped with rusted memories,
stapled together with disappointments
that cut sharper than pins.
Webs of guilt, regrets and tender joy
lingering with the dust of bygone times.

I replace the trinkets of betrayal,
with knick-knacks of hope.
I sweep out
the knots of shame and fury
and place a flashlight
To find answers.
These were the pieces—
the debris, worn-out moments of hurt.
I have let them out
This vast emptiness is not void.
A faded dream dares to re-appear.
This mending and clearing,
this new space is what I call
the home for self-love.