

Bottled

Bottles of soap

Bottles of milk

Bottles of soda

A bottle of pills and.

A bottle of you.

Sealed tight,

stocked with your soul.

Words you long to yell,

truths too heavy to spill,

All the things that make your

leg tap, hands fidget, and heart race.

Emotions that want to be let out, but
are kept locked. It's all smiles and nods

until that bottle is swollen with feelings

untold. Until the glass grows thin,

until one day—the lid uncorks,

and everything pours out,

rushing fast, too fast to catch.