

Kate Houston

A Void

The void between our wishes
And the reality we face
Has never seemed greater
Then when sat around this table,
A crowd of faces linked by tinsel and blood,
While the ideal me waves from a mile away.

Bloated on turkey and stale conversation
The pack turns their inquisitive gaze
On me. Questions launched from all directions
As my hands grasp blindly for a white flag.
“I don’t know” spills from my lips in a constant litany,
Until my shame hangs, heavy, in the frosted air.

A mile away, the ideal me,
A little less wary, a little more loved,
Turns away and continues onwards
Until the mile has become two
And the image of what I ought to be
Looms large as the pack move on.