

LEIGH HOLLAND

Trapnest

My half-house seals itself with bandage walls,
Relieves or blunts potential trauma in
A seamless narrowing, and when I close
My door, *I* close, because I know it's safe
To switch to autopilot, lag or idle
At the liminal of nothing—set apart,

Ambitionless. These stacks are called apart-
Ments, not togetherments, their run-on walls
Are honeycombed to spare me any idle
Interaction or communion. I inhale,
Exhale, without an audience, save
For the hollow cell itself, the room that's close

To perfect, built for one, with piles of clothes
I carpet-dropped. Shirts clot and spread apart
At intervals, still warm, detergent-softened,
Offhand ways to line the nest. The walls
Are too far out. I want to draw them in
Until they're wearable in some idyllic

Symbiosis where the hours of idle-
ness have fused me to the floor and closed
The ceiling over me. I've curled inside,
Untouched by night or morning, with a part
Of me already desperate for the walls,
Seeing them as self-extension, safety

In a square white shell. No urges left to sift,
They're trapped outside the door, forever idle,
While the god of hatchless things indwells the walls
And ladles my thoughts back to me, closed

Circuit, sans imperatives, a partner-
God whose voice is old, familiar—in

Fact, his voice is mine. Drawn blinds cradle in
The sluggish bulb-grown light to keep it safe,
Progressless, but intact, cocooned apart
From strain or terror. Turning idle
Hours to dust, I lose the name of action, close
My mouth, my mind: I'm only eyes and walls.

Leigh Holland is a poet from Moulton, AL. She is currently in the Creative Writing MFA program at Vanderbilt University.