

Her Doors are Locked

Meredith Staub

Elegance marred with doubt,
Eyes look down and away.
She may be down, but never out.

People she must live without
Haunt her mind, and there they stay:
Elegance marred with doubt.

A voice is screaming, whispering loud:
She thinks it's hers—"They'll see one day."
She may be down, but never out.

They wonder what she thinks about
When her gaze is far, far away.
Elegance marred with doubt.

Expression holds neither smile nor frown,
But her heart yearns to say, to say,
She may be down, but never out.

Secrets hidden behind a cloud
Of memories and nights, and never days.
Elegance marred with doubt:
She may be down, but never out.