

“They’re Just Words”

Kate Hodnett

Floating around in my head
like underwater mines,
just Germanic spiked death-bombs
violent and foreign,
ready to implode at the slightest touch.

Just another big “O”
in my uh-oh SpaghettiOs
Did you spike the punch again, doc?
Just one more punch to the gut
I have to swallow.

They’re just. Words. Not your worth.

And maybe one day
I’ll love myself
despite what you think about me;
maybe one day I’ll stand
with my back to the sun
and not be afraid of my own shadow.