

Sonnet Scroll

Receptacle

By Maria Ceferatti

Spew your sours in the sewer
Dump your dead dreams with the slops
Scrape the sludge of your persona
In the jar under the sink
Stuff your grief disguised as anger
In the garburator's mouth
Shred your sighs into the dumpster
With your filthy, frayed façade
When your burnt-out love goes rotten
And your rancid words hang thick
Mark my footprints, sure and firm
As I make my clean escape
No longer your receptacle
I've learned to hold my own