



# The Confession

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her timeworn eyes  
linger on the stains of insecurity  
i yearn to erase from the fibers  
of this new white costume.

as i somehow manage to swallow  
the shards of both our doubts  
and my confidence  
dissolves into—(*Silence*); and

i can no longer hide  
the salt water leaking from my eyes  
as the taste of acid  
churns in my throat  
*i nod.*

and realize  
there is nothing  
to do but pause  
to breathe with her  
and mourn our Grief

**DISCLAIMER:** The views represented in this poem are those of the author and not representative of the Uniformed Services University, Department of Defense, US Navy, or Armed Forces.

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