



Silent Circus

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A master of ceremony
you loved to play.

We built a tent from bedsheets
turned daylight to dark
and with flashlights
illuminated skin fluorescent pink.

I remember fleeing
running home to rinse
sour salt off my tongue
gulping cold water from the sink.

By the time I knew enough
to tell, you were gone—
a trickster without a name.
I wonder if you are
still playing your game—
now, that is my shame.

I lost.
How many of us have lost?

I dream
of another woman—girl—
stopping the show
unlocking the cages
my heart rises to cheer—
perhaps

she has opened the tents
to the sky.

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Reference

1. Kost A. I'll go first. Fam Med. 2018;50(6):474-475.