

Alice Peacock

"I Am Mary"

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I am Mary
I was pretty
You may remember me from the ninth grade
The boys would hold me
And my friends told me
The world would know me someday

I've made choices
Heard some voices
Fought the battles inside my head
Life's a fabric
But when I grabbed it
All I got was a handful of threads

There's a stairwell
I know so well
It gets cold out in the street
A crumpled dollar
To start a fire
So that I could warm my feet

Police stations
Investigations
Of a fire burning bright
They showed me pictures
Of those children
And told me I was there that night

Conversations
Medications
All my friends have left me now
No one could see them
But now I need them
To help me figure all this out

Why do they feed me
Give me T.V.
And a blanket for my feet
But something's workin'
It starts hurtin'
When it all comes back to me

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