

## Painted Thin

### "Shelter Worker's Goodbye"

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It's the end of the day shelter worker's goodbye: will I see you again? For every cat that's put down, every young child's life as the return with mom to a bad situation. I was not ready for this. In that emptied out feeling your third cup of coffee gives there's a lie that the sum of your underpaid work is a freezer full of bodies of this perfect purple welcome-home bruise. This steady shelling would crack anyone. This steady shelling would crack anyone. Close the door. Let's lie on the ice-warm tile and forget why we're here. This steady shelling would crack anyone. I hope they don't hit the silence before my shift is done. This brand of solace comes on blindly, like a star-eyed loveless kiss. There's a private addiction that's kept as a crutch in the heart of every single last one for us. I long for the day when each breath has another waiting as backup. I long for the day when the door locks for good and we can climb out of this war-torn trench.

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