**Room With Windows**

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Walls not bare with rooms not empty,

with clothes strewn across the floor and bed,

What’s keeping me from leaving?

Was it the silence of my head,  
or the agony and all my dread  
that only kept me inside?

The windows around me,  
covered and extremely dirty.  
Sometimes I just can’t hear  
behind this two-sided mirror.

Could it be family?

I’m afraid of what it might be,

because they can’t see me.

I could yell and scream all I want,

but we are divided.  
The words you speak, I understand,  
but I can’t say those words.

With a thump! The covers are thrown off.

Blinding and shockingly bright,

I want to look away but I can’t,

again I avoid the light.

And yet, when I pull the window apart,

I opened my eyes for the first time.