

My Orphanage

Rasputina

I have been held in this orphanage for longer than my years.
I am made to eat this horrid porridge.
They box me on the ears.
How often I vow to flee, to go.
But this is the only home I know.
My stammered speech, my one suitcase,
My Orphanage, My hateful place.
Like that case, this place I carry
Inside of me.
It's not so very heavy for a stocky child. They said my mama's loose.
They said she was wild.
Though I never knew or saw that woman sent with me this fatal flaw.
My strange and puffy moon-like face,
My Orphanage,
My hateful place.
My stringy hair, my lack of grace,
My Orphanage,
My hateful place. I could have been lucky like them
Happy families
Look in my
Dark, rotted heart and you will see: The downcast glance, the empty embrace
Of my orphanage,
My hateful place. I'm an evil thing.
I am way full of something
That was left by the side of the road.
I am chipped, curly-lipped.
Never any kindness was shown. No one else is here,
My Orphanage, My Dear. It's in me. It's a part.
My Orphanage, My Heart.

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