Curling before me. As my breath eldsinebnU .9n6q wobniw A Like trost on ine cold truth, I want bare bones. **Unspoken power.** Or hold , sizzeb oT For tool anyone I do not want

Bare

.nemow e gnied rot tqew l Brinnom to thgil transferring My collar bone. With purple bruises against Only to be the one But I woke, as I always do .9m fznisgA belggunts onw en sew ti bnA .nwob miH l was strong enough to hold His neck. I had my hands around In this dream

Not even an echo. Receiving no response, Arctic wind. Crying into the Would be like ti edicv oT Frowing that Useless to speak of. si tedt nied sl strud tedW

ssələsU

You are never alone. :92imorq A .səmit əldarəmunnl She has traced The outline of a heart You will find there Breathe on the glass. At just her height, If you stand at the door

For being a woman

Tracing hearts

## What is yours

This is it The trick is simple: Be honest with yourself. And never ever settle. If you can hold true To these two things, The world will follow. Not just the world, But a world you can claim. A world belonging, Solely to you.

inspired by the beautiful and sometimes devastating honesty of life.

They are for realizing the beauty that can be found in being alone.

These poems are for learning to stand on your own two feet and have been

By Erica Knowles

All the World

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## Origani Poeny Project

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