



4-26-2019

## Women Are Built of Homes

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### Recommended Citation

Benton, Chloie (2019) "Women Are Built of Homes," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 19 , Article 16.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol19/iss1/16>

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## Keywords

Cedarville, creative writing, poetry, Chloe Benton

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# WOMEN ARE BUILT OF HOMES

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CHLOIE BENTON

A glance, out of the two-story window  
Into the backyard  
Where a wishful wood swing sways back and forth in the  
wind.

She floats down the halls,  
Peeking into cavernous rooms  
Brimming with emptiness.

In the kitchen, a husband's zippered lunch box,  
A note scrawled on a yellow post-it,  
A weighted sigh.  
An abandoned coffee cup resting idle on the counter  
A ring of brown stain muddling the bottom.

She stops,  
Gazing out the kitchen sink window,  
Straining to hear something other than  
Silence.

Perhaps the pitter-patter of feet,  
The morning routine of Tom and Jerry or  
Curious George.

    A complaint  
    A whine  
    A cry  
    To turn her life into a song.

She is built of a home she does not have,  
She is carefully created to fill, but remains empty.  
She flounders through days,  
    And prays through nights,  
Imagining a life  
    Where her voice is a song,  
    And her home is a home,  
And she is a woman.