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Women Are Built of Homes

Chloie Benton
Cedarville University, chloierbenton@cedarville.edu

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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.

WOMEN ARE BUILT OF HOMES

CHLOIE BENTON
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.