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## Rooms (Re)Visited

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## Rooms (Re)Visited

### **Keywords**

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### **Author Bio**

Megan Hilands is a junior from Johnstown, Pennsylvania, majoring in English with a Writing Concentration and Music. She is a violinist and participates in various ensembles in the Sunderman Conservatory of Music. Megan is also currently spending the semester studying in Vienna, Austria.

# ROOMS (RE)VISITED

MEGAN HILANDS

A child's room is a drive-thru of youth,  
a box of memories  
where seashells glued to paper are prized  
artwork and a plastic Snow White cup sits  
on the night table.

Here are the same soft white curtains whose billows  
become phantoms without light.  
Curtains were the first true terror of my youth;  
they coiled my veins into spirals even tighter  
than my mom's 80's perm.

I once read a story about how in India people believe  
death comes  
as a dark wimpled woman,  
and I saw her ghastly hump  
on the midnight walls for months.

Toys and trinkets never help us  
glimpse the truth.  
If I could imagine what this girl is like  
from her room,  
I'd picture her wearing  
soccer cleats  
while riding a horse  
with twenty-six pet turtles trailing behind.

In 1993, my room spelled my name  
in misshapen ballet slippers  
though I never danced.

I wonder what she thinks  
in evening's slow drawl.  
In childhood my thoughts turned to God,  
my prayers as pure as the ice crystals that danced

on my winter windows.

I caught thought demons in Jesus-fish  
style nets, and used them as trampolines  
to climb towards heaven,  
Catholic school girl style,  
singing with the crickets and God,  
yet I closed my eyes humming Disney.