

The Stain

Emily Roy

The stain will not come out.
Blistering hands scrub at alabaster cloth,
A desperate attempt to remove any trace of
The previously tarnished blotch that sits;
Staring.

The stain will not come out.
Wring out the sheer cloth,
Dripping water murky and tinged;
It licks the shallow steel walls.
Taunting.

The stain will not come out.
Bodacious, big and bright,
Drawing attention to all the wrong things;
in all the wrong ways.
Judging.

The stain will still not come out.
Tired eyes scouring through google results,
No solutions, no avail.
Maybe you can buy a new, un-stained shirt.
Maybe you can send the shirt to get cleaned.
Bargaining.

The stain will not come out.
Secretly developing a fondness,
The splendor leaves a sweet taste
On the rim of your tongue.
Pretend not to notice.
Yearning.

The stain will not come out.
Relinquishing from the effort.
Sitting in the dark corner of the closet,
Shrouded by dust and snapped plastic coathangers.
Leave it where you can't see it.
Disregarding.

The stain will not come out.
Re-discovery proves you guilty.
Glance at the dust-caked fabric;
It's rough but radiant, a rocky peninsula edge.
Undeniably, you like it.
Realising.

The stain will not come out.
As methodical anyone may be,
Cream cotton remains partly pink.
Some love the shade, others insist it's covered up.
But it's far too hot outside.
Acceptance.

The stain will not come out.
And you don't want it to.