
POETRY | SPRING 2020

Heal

By Rhiannon Weber

Maybe it's not so bad
Forgetting things.
The bounced checks, the hungry bellies,
The alcoholic arguments.
A simultaneous lockup and release.
Release from the stares,
The beer on his breath,
The carousel of boyfriends.
Maybe it's not so bad.
A simultaneous burying and unearthing.
Burying the years of therapy,
The dysfunction, the adjustment disorder,
The instability.
The best therapy money could never buy.
Gone are all those sleepless nights,
Living in cars, the highs, the lows,
The never enoughts.
Slowly erased.
A simultaneous theft and return.
A theft of memory,
A smile returned.
Maybe it's not so bad.

Rhiannon Weber wrote her first poem when she was 9 years old. She went on to earn her BA in print journalism and has held writing roles on all ends of the spectrum, from editing to closed captioning. Her poetry has appeared in Obsessed with Pipework, Blue Collar Review, The Storyteller, Iodine Poetry Journal, POEM, and The Orchard Street Press. She hopes that one day her acceptance letter pile will reach higher heights than her rejection letter pile.

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