

shame turned inside out



Sisters of the torn shirts.

Sisters of the chase
around the desk,
casting couch, hotel
room, file cabinet.
Sisters dragging
shattered dreams
bruised hopes
ambitions abandoned
in the dirt.

Sisters fishing
one by one
in the lake of shame;
hooks baited with fear
always come back empty.

Truth dawns slow
when you've been beaten
and lied to,
but it burns hard and bright
once it wakes.

Sisters, drop
everything. Walk
away from the lake, leaning
on each other's shoulders
when you need
the support. Feel the contractions
of another truth ready
to be born: shame
turned
inside out
is rage.

-Laurie Halse Anderson, *SHOUT*

