***The Maroon Room***

**By Roesha’ Godbolt**

When the door opens, it breaths possibilities

But it exhales the hope when it seals

The inhaled:

Broken bottles, faded labels

Cracked with jealously

Hiccupping static plots to steal rational thought

And shines obscurity with obscenity

Walls bleed memories of nights of

Blaring Country Blues, quite a pair

Hung high the lies of happiness we show strangers

The loveseat loves no more

It’s given enough and received

Only suffocation, humiliation, violation

DAMNATION

A pile of clothing in the corner

Were once shields and enticements, Now

Tools of shame, “Meddlesome things in the way.”

Stale cuisine attracts the scourge

That devours ferociously, a pair

Cigarettes stain the air morbidly, clouding conscience

Maybe reason stands to bear pains and broken promises

Maybe it hides behind the onyx eye that looks

For salvation, but bruise to devastation, a magnetism

Each drop of tears, blood, and sweat could

Flood the vale

But they are immune

To the exile of the Maroon Room.