

My Little Balcony

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“Gradually [they] started to realize that it is normal to simultaneously experience conflicting feelings or thoughts, which gave [them] more confidence to face the task ahead.....”

-Bessel van der Kolk

You stare at me on my balcony,
Sipping coffee.

I watch you on the side of the street,
Rubbing dust on your cheeks.

It makes me uncomfortable,
Guilty even.

All I wanted to do was enjoy my coffee.
You keep staring.

I wonder what you're thinking.

I wonder who you think I am.

I wonder if I am an intruder in your mind.

I get scared of the off-chance that you don't like me.
I get scared at the off-chance that then I won't like myself.

I consider offering you some coffee—
And, quickly remember that that doesn't make sense.
That wouldn't make sense.

A few minutes pass, and
I watch you get up to beg for money.

You look up and steal glances at my little balcony.
The guilt rushes back to my insides.

So, I take a sip of coffee,
“Ahh,” a light morning release.

Normalcy perhaps.
But, not actually.

If I go inside, I'll know that you're still there.
I've seen someone like you every day since living here.

Sometimes I give money, sometimes I don't.
Sometimes you follow me, sometimes you don't.
Sometimes we stare at one another
 Wondering who we are—

Perhaps equally as frustrated that
We're acting as invaders
In each other's
Homes.

Quietly, you stand.
You get up,
You walk away,
Then leave.

And, *finally* I can finish my coffee.
And, try to sit comfortably in your
Home.