

(No) “ROOTS”

Camden Whitlock

I’ve spent the last three months visiting purgatories
Got tattoos of your name seared deep in my skin
No desire nor hunger consumes this tight waistline
Roots choke out the memories of places I’ve been

But meaningless answers are worth weight in gold
My back was assaulted when I thought you had it
Home once waited for my sick spirit’s return
Was bound to be bad—was bound to be tragic

Never again will my steeled heart stumble
On this earth not again will I fall
The victim of such an unmoved undoing
Ground this sweet soul through it all

Song: “No Roots” by Alice Merton