

# My Back Hurts

*by Rhys Nixon*

There's a room  
Full of white  
And it smells  
Like bleach and  
Iron, I hate  
This place, but  
I have to  
Be here or  
I will regret  
Not showing up.

Dust has been  
Collecting on old  
Papers and CD's  
And paintings that  
Weren't hung up.  
A few pictures  
Of the family.  
It smells musty  
And the sun  
Shines beams that  
Reflect on the  
Dirty glass table.

My back hurts  
From not standing  
Straight, but it's  
Hard when you  
Don't feel like  
Standing up anymore.  
Boxes of plates,  
Bags of clothes,

I strain to  
Help lift them,  
And it hurts.

