

4-30-2019

## An Accusation of a Vacancy Sign

Emily Solberg

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval>

---

### Recommended Citation

Solberg, Emily (2019) "An Accusation of a Vacancy Sign," *The Oval*: Vol. 12 : Iss. 2 , Article 12.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol12/iss2/12>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Oval by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@mso.umt.edu](mailto:scholarworks@mso.umt.edu).

# AN ACCUSATION OF A VACANCY SIGN

Emily Solberg

I blame the mirror for reflecting only what i want  
to see I blame the nails for not being long enough  
to claw my way out of this I blame the wind for  
keeping me awake at night because its only  
supposed to blow in the daytime when i can  
let all my hair down and not give a single  
fuck about whether it wraps itself around my  
neck or not I blame my neck for refusing the  
strands of hair and I blame the bathtub candles  
because they never light the room enough to drown  
out all the darkness that seeps into the orange  
citrus bath water and I blame my skin for letting the  
moon lose grip of the only color it's ever known  
I blame the two hands that hold my body because  
Now I can feel the weeds in my backyard and  
it's true I will never see the green grass again  
I blame the sun for drying up my paint I blame the  
sound of keys on the piano and a red album cover  
for making me pick up the phone because in my house  
we don't lock up kitchen knives I blame her for gravity  
and how the two magnets inside us know nothing else  
but the surface of each other

I blame Wyoming street for pulling the heart out of my chest  
and then shoving it back down my throat and I choke on the blame  
I cast upon the body who gave me this body

I blame her lips no my lips for becoming wilted poppies after  
we've exchanged all the life that once bloomed there inside us  
I blame sweatshirts and candles and lavender for smelling like  
her

I blame every empty soda can and every rock that's engraved  
it's existence on the bottom of my feet and I blame  
the bend of the sidewalk for slowing down my pace

I blame door locks for being too loud and

I blame pillows that aren't thick enough and walls that are as thin  
as I am I blame the rain for soaking my boots and holding  
me down as I try to swim but the rain already filled up the

pond past the shore line and there's nothing I grab onto so  
I blame the sand for being too deep and the dock without  
a ladder and things are assumed to have homes but not in me not this  
time so I blame the vacancy sign on my lips for not illuminating  
the no but I'm holding the cord and I'm standing next to an outlet  
so I blame the fuse panel and  
the fireplace because its too hot it's too hot its too hot  
for the protruding icicles on the end of these arms that can only  
hold you for so long before you freeze just like me and we no  
longer know what it feels like to be warm because everything  
around us is suddenly frozen so I blame the sun, again, for not  
opening my bedroom blinds and for instead thawing the dinner that's  
been left for dead in the kitchen sink because in my house we  
don't lock up the knives and so I blame the click of my  
finger on the button and I've been waiting for you to show up  
But click last time I checked you were there five minutes ago  
click  
click  
click in my chest there's a bomb somewhere in there and  
I've been waiting for it detonate and send all the pieces of my  
heart to everyone that deserves whatever is left of me I blame the  
hardwood floors because when the blood drips it collects like the  
filled pond instead of it transuding into the carpet where you step  
and something feels wet but it's only a cold penny because  
someone wasted a perfectly good wish by throwing it in but usually  
by then all the blood lives in the floorboards and the  
only way to make sure is by lacerating this home that I call my  
body so I blame the doormat because it wasn't supposed to  
say welcome but everyone assumes it does even though it  
doesn't say anything because I don't need an introduction  
so I blame every mouth that's ever said my name with one  
exception I can't explain because there are lips I dream of  
kissing and the same lips I blame for sleepless nights because  
I can't stop dreaming  
I can't stop I can't stop I can't stop make it all stop but it  
won't stop so I blame the only thing left to blame and it's  
the person standing in the mirror only reflecting only  
what she wants to see.