

Bathroom of Sorrow  
by Kyle Webb

It's dirty again.

Dust and hair,  
toothpaste dried  
on the marble counter.

Just one toothbrush  
in the cup now.  
Wet towels gather  
on the floor.

I can still picture her leaning  
over the sink, batting  
herself with mascara.

*Old Spice* lingers  
on the air. No longer  
the mixed aromas  
of mango shampoos  
and vanilla lotions.

Her voice still echoes  
faintly from the stall.  
Her school girl giggle.

The fresh peppermint  
of *Crest* plus whitening  
passing from tongue  
to tongue in the morning.

She really didn't need  
the plus whitening.

Soap scum build up  
on the tile grout.  
Heavy water stains  
in the ceramic tub.

Partially from tears.