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## 1600 Wyatt Drive

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I loathe you little white house.  
Tucked into the woods  
Away from prying eyes,  
In the middle of fucking nowhere.  
You're the container of my worst memories.  
Like when I first considered  
Tearing open my wrists with a purple butcher knife  
Or hanging myself from my black iron bed post.  
You smell of dog shit, still stuck to my shoes.  
Mold, which resides deep in my lungs.  
So much anger permeated your interior.  
I can see it in the doors drooping off hinges  
And the fist sized holes in drywall.  
The water doesn't run,  
It never fucking did.  
I brushed my teeth with Dasani  
Washed my hands with Great Value.  
You're the place where my innocence was taken  
At barely ten years old.  
You're where my mom and sister  
Left me for needles in the arm  
And crushed oxy up the nose.  
You're where I learned to hate myself.

**160 wyatt drive**  
**brooke mims**

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