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I think I broke my toe

I think I broke my toe  
because it is now purple  
like a half-rotten blueberry  
of unusual size,  
that I would always feel  
too guilty to throw away.

I think I broke my toe  
sneaking up from bed,  
traversed through the darkness—  
black as the eye of the camera  
that adults tell you to smile at  
and pose for a picture.

I think I broke my toe,  
wanting to hear what they said—  
Mom and Dad's voices so pronounced,  
like a spinning washing machine  
squeaking out of harmony  
with loud but dulling car engine.

I think I broke my toe  
because I didn't see the wooden door,  
shielding me away  
from the cacophony and  
from the den's glaring white light.

So I kicked into it  
with my pinky toe.  
But I didn't cry.  
I sat in the blinding darkness  
behind the wooden door  
in midst of silence  
but background of the raised voices  
with a broken toe.