

P I

In my heart,  
I know there  
is no way  
to stitch  
and to sew  
back  
my unraveling  
body.

there is no  
point to singing  
what my heart  
aches,  
there is no  
point in trying  
to fix  
whatever's inside  
of me.

I am a  
figment of  
time-  
the hand on  
the hour,  
the minute-  
to the very  
second.

there is a foreigner  
lost within me-

someone is under  
my skin.

someone is  
*itching,*  
*scratching,*  
*pulling.*

someone is  
*wailing,*  
*shouting,*  
*sobbing.*

i am gently

tapping on the  
glass  
of my clockwork  
being-  
knocking  
on the  
stranger's door.

i tell it  
to stop.

but my heart  
never stops  
*ticking,*  
*ticking,*  
*ticking.*

## P II

I am not  
who i ought  
to be-  
something within  
me is churning  
my flesh-

It is searing,  
It will blister-  
soured with  
the thought  
of who  
I am.

the plastic skin  
that seals my  
knuckles,  
has turned a  
cold purple-

I am not  
the color  
I'm thought  
to be.

everything in  
me,

is something  
I should not  
be.

the thought  
of who i  
am to be,  
is who  
I am not.

*Who do you suppose I'd be?*