

the mirror

Amanda Blake

remind me
who do i blame for my
maladaptive sinews
and resuscitated veins

who do i blame for my
sentience

i know that spines contain
deoxyribonucleic acid mixed with
familial lineages

and that sexual trauma is held in the pelvis

i can't help but wonder if that is why
i ache when my mother weeps in a different city

i call out to the ghosts of my dead aunts
did you make me?

or did i make myself?
how do you sleep at night? *do you need melatonin too?*

i trace my family's shame
in the freckles

across my bulbous nose
cartilage constellations *does rhinoplasty work like duct tape?*

the strobing pressure of
my complexes
tether me to my deepest fears one small push

and i unravel

spilling innards on the floor

i suppose

i'll hang a mirror around my neck
so that when my relatives want to critique me
and maybe

finally

they'll leave me the fuck alone.

like a noose

they'll see themselves instead

Cracked Beauty by Belle Villar

