

self-portrait under duress

listen to the waterfall. i will never fit into my mother's wedding dress. she says we can have it altered, but i don't know where we'll get the fabric. *listen to the bird calls.* i will never have the chance to pull words from the canyon of my soul into my partner's mouth. not in front of my family. not in front of my friends. *listen to the children laughing.* my body is a barren landscape. half-full of sand and dust. the other half, sky. *hold my hand while we walk back to the parking lot.* i am so afraid of being alone.