



but now I am only trenched in a land neither home nor enemy.  
I drop a black cloth over every mirror in my heart.

I am ashamed,  
and also cannot stop,  
cannot make myself even want to take back everything  
glittering on the kitchen floor. I understand now,  
what my friends mean when they say *hiding in plain sight*.

I feel my skin unravel and open up like a rotting peach.  
I expose myself to light  
as the drumming in my head slows  
and I begin to come into focus.  
Like a photo in a chemical bath, I appear slow  
and shaky. Blurred around the edge, but this  
is only the negative.  
This is only the first draft.