

*On the death of my youth*

All of these fragments on the shelf are not mine, signed by another self.  
The mirror does not look at me the same now that I call myself another name.  
Hid behind the bangs that now I like to push away → forehead forward thinking woven brows  
She hated, I don't hate.  
She had an eye for vengeance that I cannot taste except upon  
The back of my mother's old spoon.  
Precocious moon that knew and whom I call sister now,  
Brown eyes like the bleeding blister left behind - I take her mind as mine, and whisper  
"I can make you better" and the medication falls inside.  
It is a thief; I rob what's left of someone dead that I possess in memory  
and empty spools of sinew thread.  
She never knew me.  
I can feel her body right behind the push of tongue against teeth and I weep not to transform.  
The corpse I have since left forlorn of which I'd taken organs  
and I switch without permission  
legacies of her that for me only itch.