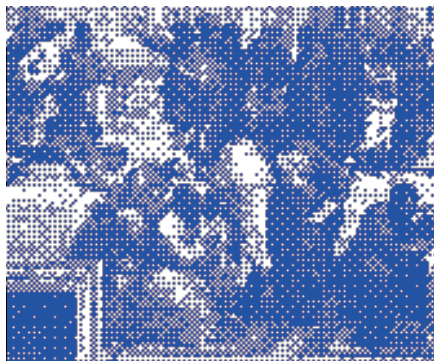


i trace the shape  
of myself  
with tongue against  
tooth & cheek

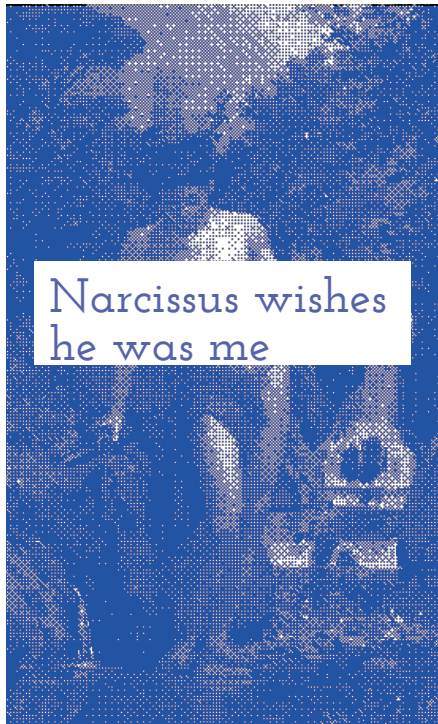


tasting  
the bitter-sweetness  
of every syllable  
of my soul



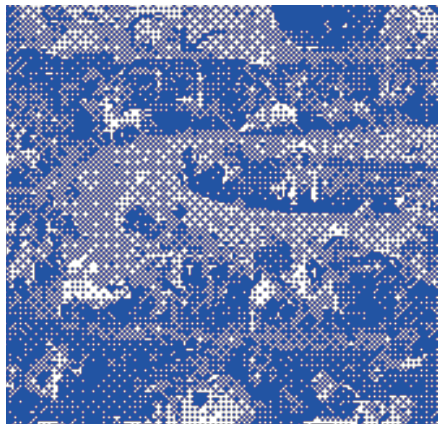


Narcissus wishes  
he was me

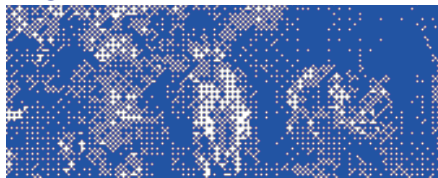


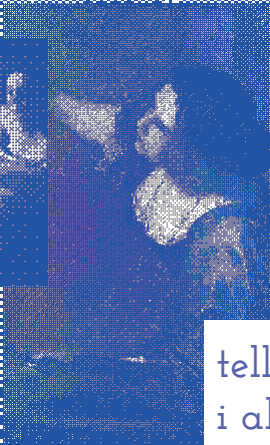
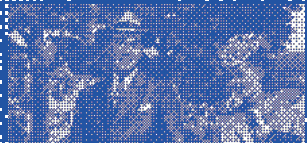


seducing the very  
reflection that  
fragments & obscures

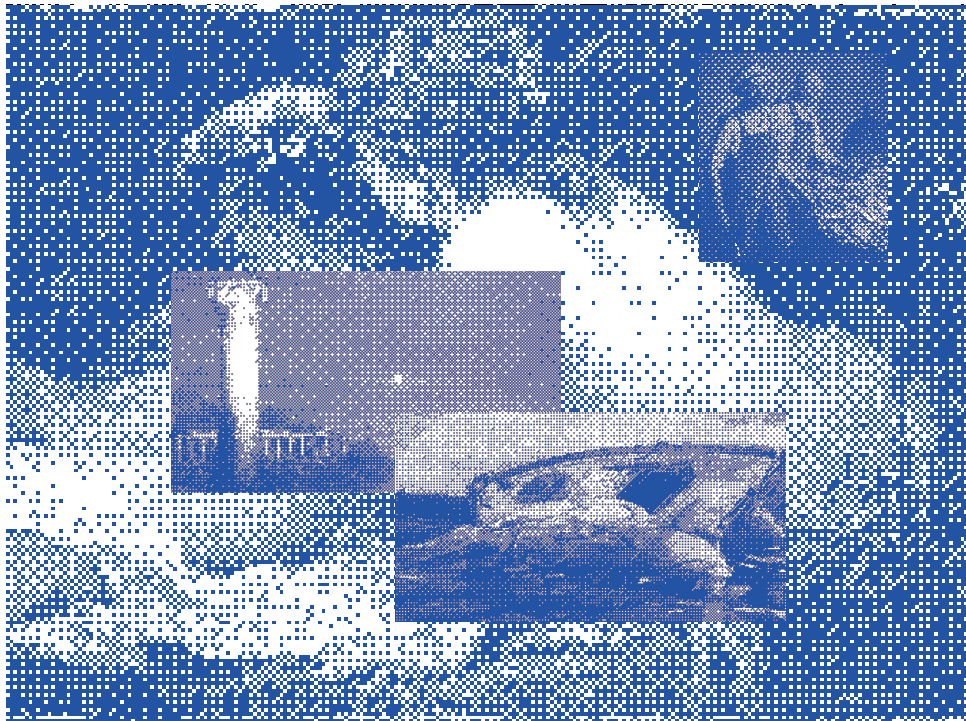


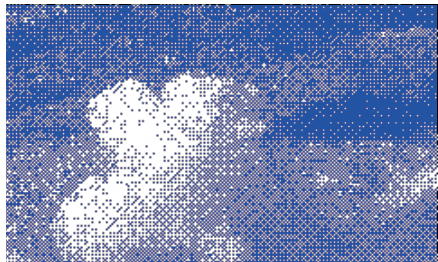
under the names i place  
upon its surface  
only now the Echo  
calls back the names  
i gave them



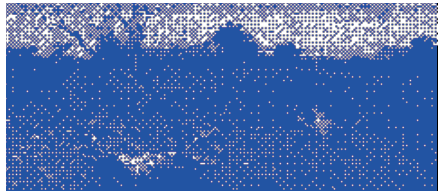


telling me the things  
i already knew





like that i own myself  
in the way the  
fisherman owns the sea  
the storm owns the rain  
the moss owns the dead







**@flatvnd**

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