

Authenticity

by dee Sunday, May 4 2014, 11:23am

international / poetry / post

so adept at accommodating/
becoming others
in order to facilitate
an easy exchange
i wonder at times
whether or not this proficiency
carries too high a price

it's too easy a fall-back,
this ability usually wins out
in the end
so i reach for it like a junkie
reaches for a syringe
rather
than try to do it
the hard way -
fuck the hard way
life's been hard enough
wearing my heart and soul
on each sleeve
leading with my most
vulnerable and sensitive
parts
trampled and tortured
either by design
or by accident
the difference is academic
as the pain is the same

now i close reflexively
at the slightest probing touch
like a sea anemone
vulnerable in the tidal pools
between land and sea
the indecision of the anemone
to commit to either realm
is me

between worlds,
inhabitant of none
i have lost my authenticity -

catch me at low tide
looking up from my tiny pool
but beware, my soft red flesh
hides a sting which kills
in minutes

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1125.html>