

Presenceless

I turn all my mirrors
so their flat backs face me.
I wish to have no perception of myself.
No idea who, or if, I am.

My anxieties are a bird,
circling overhead,
floating in shades of grey and brown,
weaving its crown of thorns.

“What is there besides remarkability?”
I ask my skin,
pink from excitement or the sun,
stinging like a throat and gin.

I bite those bullets -
swallow them down slowly -
and open my eyes with a gulp.
Vision feels crisp like glacier water.

The sensation hinges,
like the second before a tickle-laugh,
so I hold it back.
And then, with all my force, I fade.

Never to be heard, nor seen.
Presenceless - no fame
In spite, remembered
All the same.