

*Panic*

It goes like this:  
the mistake—left instead of right—

trips the wires in my brain. No one knows  
because the detonation is

internal. No one knows  
because they are all in

their tiny worlds,  
Very Busy, under

A Lot of Stress. Next,  
the rabid howling,

the great aftermath of decades-old  
violence. Several acquaintances

whose middle names I don't know  
witness this carving out

of myself at the bottom  
of the stairwell. Trust me when

I say it is a carving—  
a re-interpretation of the violence

of my father screaming at my brother  
screaming at the hole

in the wall that my mother  
tried for years to

fill and sand down and  
fill and sand down and

back in the stairwell the truth  
admits itself—

*I am not human and now  
everyone knows.*

The spectators are afraid  
so they call in reinforcements. I lie

to the police officer when he asks  
my name because he is a man

with a gun.  
I say the right words, the ones

fear taught me at  
a young age, words like

*yes and thank you.*  
I re-embody my limbs

and become trustworthy again,  
not like the kind of girl

you'd find hanging in a closet,  
un-pretty and blue.

If I must be exceptional,  
I will rail against you

and prove you right.

Exceptionally

the Trauma Olympics  
And swallow the

in this absurd position.  
Asphyxiated,

psycho. Exceptionally  
tragic. Watch me win

gold medal. Go ahead,  
try to revive me

howling,  
mad.