

## Seated

At first glance you are white,  
But up close between every bump in your lining is gray;  
Sweat from careless fingers sinks  
into each imperceptible crack,  
Every day it gets deeper,  
It is through  
and through and through.

Your outline is so human,  
Your arms attached to your waist  
to your back to your legs,  
A fossil of nothing,  
Not even a remnant,  
Barely a mold,  
You were made to imitate me,  
You do it freakishly well.

Aren't you angry?  
I get to sleep and to love and to cry!  
I get to pity or envy you!  
You are soft  
some would say,

But next to me you are rigid,  
A mountain  
of stepped on snow,  
Has a part of you never been touched?

The blood is flowing  
through my veins,  
I think of it rarely,  
But it flows even when I don't.

You remind me of my first boyfriend in Fourth grade,  
You remind me of my grandpa in his funeral,  
Of a stick figure,  
A skeleton,  
My reflection in a lake,  
My sister through the phone,  
My shadow,  
You and I are opposites.

I think I'll stand up now.