

6.25.1869

10.15.2020

**T**here's a second head that grows from my collarbone. She's very wise and covers my lips from saying regrets. She reminds me of those other parts of me that float onward, so far so, I can't see them anymore. I think they made it to the other side of healing paths. I'm jealous of them. That they don't face more rapids. My arms have grown tired from lifting my own spirits. From waving to strangers that wear my clothes. How many different pieces of me can there be. I wonder. How many more versions can I kill. We held two funerals this week. I wore all black except for a purple ascot. My arms are tired, have I mentioned? They are sick of holding and want to be held. It's an impassable passage to face. The loneliness of my hands tied to myself. Of caring for this child. I'd rather care for anything else. She's sick. She's loud in the night. Such a strange bedfellow.