

when the hole defines me

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This is a poem about how one is taught to dehumanize themselves simply by existing Almost an origin of the idea of self as "sin"

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there is only this greyness

i can not escape
a wall made of mist
forged from mistrust
who am i to exist
tiny bit of dirt that i am
what are my thoughts
but sand in the wind
my laughter has abandoned me
there are no cents
in the wishing well
of my sanity

you who read me
am i but a blot of ink upon a page
an unrecognisable name
a flame that does not burn bright enough
or perhaps reminds you
of that time you were burnt

if i have legs why do i not dance
if i have arms why do i not grab
at this or any other chance
at escape or freedom

there are places
where they say
you have no form
no reason for being
you are less than object
and worse than subject

once

someone told me
i existed

that is why
i wrote this

Vashti Puls

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