

# Altered After Too Many Years Under the Mask

By CAConrad

I feel you  
judging me for  
becoming agoraphobic  
in someone else's house  
I forget how I learned to stroll through  
grocery stores as though there is no crisis  
my elbow cannot touch the middle of my back  
my fingers though have found every part of me  
soon no migration of wild animals will  
be unknown to humans we will chart  
film record publish archive everything  
it gives us something to do while we  
annihilate beauty poets shoveling  
a quarry that is really an ongoing  
crime scene investigation  
a study in vomit imitating  
vast chronicles of the face  
whatever world we can hold  
we will never agree our  
neglect was worth it  
whatever amount of  
crazy we can imagine  
coming at us double it  
I found the perfect  
listening chair nothing  
but listeners who sit  
I am sitting in it now  
listening to my friend  
the photographer  
whose self-portrait  
I find reflected  
in eyes  
of her  
every  
photo

Source: *Poetry* (January 2020)