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)