

Self-Portrait

By Chase Twichell

I know I promised to stop
talking about her,
but I was talking to myself.
The truth is, she's a child
who stopped growing,
so I've always allowed her
to tag along, and when she brings
her melancholy close to me
I comfort her. Naturally
you're curious; you want to know
how she became a gnarled branch
veiled in diminutive blooms.
But I've told you all I know.
I was sure she had secrets,
but she had no secrets.
I had to tell her mine.

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