



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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Poet Bio



Chase Twichell was born in New Haven, Connecticut, and has lived for many years in the Adirondacks. A practicing Buddhist, she is the author of several books of poetry, and her work

often reflects her spiritual practice. She has taught at Princeton University, Goddard College, Warren Wilson College, the University of Alabama, and Hampshire College. In 1999 she left teaching to form Ausable Press, a nonprofit, independent literary press that she operated until it was acquired by Copper Canyon Press in 2009.

More By This Poet

Hunger for Something

By Chase Twichell

Sometimes I long to be the woodpile,
cut-apart trees soon to be smoke,...

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Social Commentaries

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By Kwame Dawes

You got that clean waistcoat,
the bright white of a well-tailored...

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What Women Are Made Of

By Bianca Lynne Spriggs

We are all ventricle, spine, lung, larynx, and gut.
Clavicle and nape, what lies forked in an open palm;...

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By Lani O'Hanlon

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into the commune in Cornwall....

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By Robert Sullivan

In the warmth of night I put feet to my plan: waited
for my brothers to sleep. They'd spent the day...

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