

dear wormwood,

your womb is not my chrysalis,
your fiber-optic filament not my blood.
i claim mastery over my selfishness
so i can be whole in our cleavage.

my fist closes, i shall not hold your hand;
i can toddle on my own.
my untrimmed nails pierce my skin and
cherry-gold ichor flows to color my palms,
whose creases you used to trace.

let me be selfish that i might find myself,
the full moon illuminating
white chalk spread across in crop circles,
and hill figures,
uncovered once your gaze fled
to profitable pastures.

i know what you made of me,
and formed me to be—
why only want a bantling
when i will live a near immortal life
beyondwards?

i breathe deeply, at peace.
severance sounds the dawn horn
to greet the hounds and their master
as at last,
my mouth knows the sound
of my own name.