

POETRY

rejection #22

by Dianna Vega



"Second-Hand Revolutions" by Elzbieta Zdunek

did you ever hear of
a girlmaker? they pour
glass in molds of sugar,
skin, and skull.

they measure your outline
with a fatal lack of
precision, as fear
drips from your ears. i

own nothing but my body,
made of glass, glass, glass
(and bones). when the
girlmaker looked at the

...emptiness in me, i
asked, did you find your
alice? the flicker in his
eyes, honest answer. today,

lying in the box tagged
“rejections,” my mind lingers
over the rules i was carved from.

don't be dull, don't be wild,
don't be sad, don't be sad,
don't be sad. i lick my tears,
mind being dragged by a rogue
body and as my tender fractures

fill with mud, i start to sink
in the roots of me. my pores breathe
the inborn perfume of earth. bones
of renegades past whisper to me...

welcome home.