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self-portrait, revised

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EMILY O'NEILL

SELF-PORTRAIT, REVISED

grown up
closer to water I'd dissolve
when pressed
but I was a cliff
kid on the bottom lip
of city
I'm allergic to / sleeplessness
ninety-degree corners stale heat
thermal dissection
to fall, to body
body : as the only thing I flowered into
body : what they call the page guts
body : how to movement
a flower blooming is both / a socket
& plug are both & marry & spark
had I been born
a boy they'd call me
Owen but he's my brother
now / taller than the silk
tassels
better
for us to be twin
horns
curling from
the same ram skull
had I become a boy
I wouldn't call it becoming
if a city
if a stamen
if elastic
tuck hair into my hat
knife / teeth / acrylic claw / what it takes
to inspire manners
bullshit regarding zygote fingernails / the sanctity of violent growth

to fall, to body

body : as unprotecting
body : un-pink colony
body : mother unnamed blood

blood new once it clotted around invasion blood decision automatic synapse misfire
we can wrongthink can't we can't we we can body however we wake up
city ram colony acrylic boy fingernail who does these
it's hard to get the shape right it's hard to ask for what you want when
shifting rapidly I don't have a clue who lives here anymore

Maggie in Greenpoint

Brad in Astoria I am a bus stop
nobody takes buses

in the atrium of my favorite organ
a tunnel of rope a praying
towards what flowers

body: water, safely captured
bloody: water, give or take
bitter: but still rooted

let it die in the space you won't keep
little person seedling crushed by what's dominant
I'm accidental / not a city