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I/They

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I/THEY

They amble until noticed. They point to familiar things in the room & this means whatever it does to them. Whose antagonist are you they ask. What arc does your anger trace. I hold my tongue in an effort to feel nameless. A man needs his heroes they say or why else would we hold you here. I am reminded of things as they looked in bad lighting. Was I the mistake or the motive. The fact in this instance is nothing remains sacred. Neither the heart nor its metonym. I wait with the others for some sense of an ending. They cite my deficiencies. You are waxmoon yellow they say. You're the unloved remainder. I set my teeth the task of deboning. The room makes amends with me. Our rituals I want to say determine our legacy. This feels Republican. This feels a little like stomaching glass for want of a window. If I am my best self am I merely mimetic. The mirror says yes. The mirror says no further questions.