I/They

Sean Rys

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Rys, Sean (2014) "I/They," CutBank: Vol. 1 : Iss. 80 , Article 46.
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss80/46

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
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.