

She is her

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She is her
And not her

Mouth half-open in surprise
Once soft and padded, her skin lies like a
silk sheet over bones
Spine folding over, involuting
Consuming itself
Legs disobedient, stuck to the floor

She is here
And not here

But love
Still so much love

It's as if they've come to destroy her home
Demolish it, brick by brick
But no one has told her
She's still inside
Kettle on the stove
While the walls come down around her



Alison Riann Dixon BJ MD

Faculty of Medicine, Dalhousie University,
Halifax, NS

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