

## Here is An Illusion of Choice, We've Made it Very Pretty for You

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I think this is a Life Juncture, or what might be a teachable moment  
(if falling onto the train tracks had actually made a difference,  
if spending every Sunday alone weren't motivation enough).  
What does it mean "That was then, this is now", does it mean  
"believe in yourself"? Most minutes I feel sick.

There's a diligence to having a body I might not ever master:  
my face is always slipping off my face.  
Most of the time I'm believing there's a false panel in the armoire  
and behind it the bear skin, personal credentials, the uncut  
diamonds of future peril. I've discounted marriage

and begun to dream of someone who'd just lie down  
in the snow with me and die. I have taken  
to carrying a dagger inscribed with *How should a person be?*  
There's a daydream in which I'm kneeling on the bridge  
trying to fit a you into the photo (an angle I'd never allow).

Though I've mastered the aesthetics of aloneness  
made it pristinely melancholy,  
I'll not be remembered for how the crystal bird box  
makes pretty the wall when the conditions are right.  
I'm just standing up as though this never happened.

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