

A Reflection on Destined Humanity

Amelie (year 9)

Hands, turning over and back
in fluorescent lighting.

A fear that digs
deeper and deeper.
How can I know who I am if
I always want to become greater?

My ideal is not yours.
I would be bitter if it brought fame.

And there is an inherent incomprehension in my words.
Even to those who claim,
“dnatsrednu I”
I do not believe you.

The memory of her remains, wrapped in shadowed nostalgia.
I was not great then,
but a goddess in my simplicity.

Now the deity
watches,
and nausea digs in its veins.