

Sang Yun Jee
Awakening

I see myself in the mirror.
I prefer the bookshelf
in my room's books
because I can see others, not me.

In my home, my womb, my mother says, "comb your hair," because it's like a sea anemone waving.

But my mirror image looks like an enemy,
something that's not me, bloody mary,
bloody mary,
bloody

mary. I see an oddish building, and think it's gaudy,
like narcissus, like the poisonous colors of boisterous peacocks, standing out;
while not looking at myself, but at books.