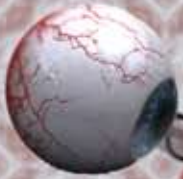


Self Portrait

If I could make a self portrait



Out of my gnarled hands



Out of my scared eyes,

Out of my scared eyes,

Out of my bent mind,

I think it would be a masterpiece of

confusion

I would have two marble eyes, for the **HARD** truth.

My lips would be a golden smile, for the silence.

And two **BLOODY** ears, from all the constant, useless babble.



My skin would be made of clay; you could mold me the way you want me to be.

My hair would be strings of numbers: combinations of death tolls, social security numbers, bank account totals, and bills.

When I was done, you would stare. You would say, "It could be good, but Too bad your fingers don't bend into soft lines. Too bad your eyes couldn't capture the right colors. Too bad your mind has no entrances—only exits."

Sincerely,  
bridget fee

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