

# I AM THAT

*Serena Spinello*

*(inspired by Anne Sexton's "Her Kind")*

I permit exile, an ambushed sensation,  
Seeking asylum, confident of gloom;  
heady woe, I permit no salvation  
to infiltrate, my buried tomb:  
hidden deep under all the dirt.  
A blister, malformed, dead from womb.  
I am that so be alert.

I confess liberty in the heart of a maid,  
dainty, assured, pretty skirt,  
titter; obey, join the parade;  
lovely, slight, uncorrupted with hurt:  
accordant, and whole, not jade.  
A blister, malformed, completely betrayed.  
I am that so be alert.

I permit misdeeds, when you are near,  
sad, forsaking, unable to resist,  
severe, sharp and won't disappear  
trying, begging we can't coexist.  
Thoughts are too much I can not resist.  
I am that so be alert.

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