

and for my absent reflection.

for people who will not see me

I cannot see.

beckons me

that I must remind myself to hear

I brush my hair

on an axis

quietly spinning to the window to the world

Every morning the birdsong

Every morning

Every morning

I remake myself

shape myself

Wake

I mourn.

a zine by violet for QPL
quarantinepubliclibrary.com
violetkitchen.com

from the shrapnel of yesterday.

