

Distortion (An Ode to My Journal)

by Kate Burke

It's frustrating being the person I am not
Because somewhere along the way I became disconnected
And as hard as I try, I always return to the blurriness
Squinting at a map, knowing that I'll never make out the words

It's almost fine, usually something I can hide
Until my tongue missteps and swipes across the razors of my teeth
And jumbles splash from my mouth, much faster than blood would
Then it becomes obvious that my body is doing something it shouldn't

Which is why loose ideas fit better between gray guides
Calculated placements can help me avoid the cuts
An eraser for the wrong, and solitude to shield my tongue
It has no part in this, and my hand is closer to my head anyways

Sometimes distortion persists, even in graphite words
I'll look into the back of a spoon rather than a mirror
But I embrace my collection like they are polished silver
Because in the convex imagine, at least everything is together

