

## Matryoshka

foreign folds in lined paper  
creases where it meant to bend, but broke instead  
red pen marks like the garden of love

i swallow concrete rubble  
shards of glass in my palms  
should keep my hands to myself but i can't resist

reaching out  
tearing myself from the inside out  
searching for the reason why

looking in the mirror, i can't see my eyes  
searching my heart, i can't see my soul  
parallel blanks dissociating into kaleidoscopic fractals

matryoshka floats past me  
always identical  
broken down, a small thing made smaller

so the papers begin to plaster the wall  
maroon forces my head to spin  
drips form a puddle by my feet

matryoshka jeers  
taunting me to swim  
to rearrange and rip open fresh stitches

and ink can't stain water  
so i exhale and dive  
i'll dry off soon