

## She is Him

By Laura Katherine Clancy

In the cold 2D he sits and waits.  
Desperate, a lost beggar,  
He cries for you.  
The vibrations of his voice  
Find their way to your ears,  
Though you tried to hide them with your draping locks.  
You do not save him,  
Instead you hate him,  
You always have.  
That reflection slicing your breasts.  
The light bouncing back, crushing your waist.  
Eyes flooding, you wish it was all over.  
His words circle as vultures  
Every second you live and breathe  
He is there.  
Picking the pulp of a person you remain,  
Haunting, invading, corrupting.  
Until one day,  
You are him.  
You always have been.  
You are awake.