

Here I am on your Birthday  
looking at the disjointed version of myself

in the rippling water of this pinpoint of a pond  
thinking I like the way she looks better.

All faceless and bronze,  
like she doesn't have anything to forget.

And she doesn't.

She is made up of light and shadows  
and a depth beneath her she never sees.

Little silver bullet-fish dart  
through the clarity that she exists in,  
as if from one barrel to the next

without a sound or after-smell  
of gunpowder or blood.

They hope to find little clouds of bread  
floating down from her skin  
but she has nothing to give them.

Their fins flicker the color of oxidized copper,  
if it could hold that penny's shine.

Her hair does.

I wonder what you would see,  
just that shock-wave of perfect gold,  
probably.

It's a pity.

All the times we spent here when the sun was set  
just so in the afternoon sky,  
I never let you see her.

I suppose I thought  
you'd like her better than me

so I drowned her here  
before she could become heavy enough  
to sink into the depths,

before she could become anything at all.