

he fucked me on the bathroom sink during my first episode

in front of the mirror

and The Matrix is not a movie

*it's a headspace*

a reproduction of bruised thighs and jutting ribs

one blue-eyed man between me—**real**

one brown-eyed man behind me—*past*

i saw them both

in the hardwater glass

with their rough hands pressed against my

nipples yellow-stained teeth lick along my

neck and

and

and and

history repeats itself, but nobody told me it could overlap

or link with my skinny fingers

or braid itself into my coarse hairs

or leave saliva on my chapped lips

or moan into my drumming ears

or stare into my dilated pupils

or become the shadow in my reflection

the amygdala, i read somewhere it could be rewired

and mine stu-stu-stutters on re-re-re

play of an orgy with a ghost