

I'm not that skeleton they found.  
I'm not the pile of naked branches  
in which children build their second homes.  
I wasn't alive for the holocaust so  
I'm not a sallow bar of soap. I don't  
have the waxy skin of a marionette.  
I'm not the one holding Dad's hand,  
I don't have clasped white knuckles.  
I'm not stealing ten pounds from  
your dresser — or fifty, or a hundred.  
I'm not still doing that.  
I didn't call Mum a cunt the first Christmas  
she locked the door. I'm not trapped  
in the reflection of a glistening knife's-edge.  
This isn't the fifth time.  
I haven't been wading in water, I'm no  
untapped vein. The morning breaks.  
I'm not walking into the light to leave,  
I don't want to be free floating, caught  
in God's hands or a tractor beam.  
In my bed, I wake up screaming:  
I want my life; I want my life.