

Twisted

Kathy Mar

I am the one who is different.
My body's distorted and ugly to see
My voice is a croak, not the trill it should be
They bend over backwards in kindness to me
Because I am the one who is different.

I am the one who is broken.
My reach is too small and my hands are too thick
My skin is like sandpaper, not silky slick
My wings never grew and I'm heavy as brick
Because I am the one who is broken.

There's a cringe in their eyes when they look at me
I can tell they're avoiding my touch
But the saddest of all is to look at their beauty
And know that their care is an unpleasant duty
I wish I was like them so much.

But I am the one who is twisted.
They promise someday I will go to a place
Where everyone else has my body and face
On a world at the edges of black empty space.
I'll live with the rest who are twisted.

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A nightmare of none but the twisted.