Jigsaw

Volume 2015 | Issue 1 Article 11

2015

I Am a Softer Me

Mark Sutherland The College at Brockport, msuth2@brockport.edu

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Repository Citation

Sutherland, Mark (2015) "I Am a Softer Me," Jigsaw: Vol. 2015: Iss. 1, Article 11. $A vailable\ at:\ http://digitalcommons.brockport.edu/jigsaw/vol2015/iss1/11$

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I Am a Softer Me By: Mark Sutherland

I am a candle waxing-Moon? Not as much. More shine the closer fire consumes my melting head expanding as I shed us to find me in the traces of light peering from those shadows. Scars of ash, your burnt face up to the demons smoking nostrils flare without snarling darling, and the sting in this throat tells me I need solitude. I'm terrified of melting, done with being hard a softer wax suits me even when I know I'm melting away.