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I Am a Softer Me

Mark Sutherland

The College at Brockport, msuth2@brockport.edu

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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.