

Just a Phase

Aroha Witinitara

'she'll grow out of it'
I have waited
and waited
but my soul is still as small
as the day I buried it
"it's only a phase"
where does the phase stop and I begin?
with my bare hands
I claw at my chest
excruciatingly scrape away layers
beauty is pain
handful after handful I throw away
underneath the mess
Is more mess
the rummaging becomes frantic
I am beginning to worry
I will never find myself in here
only now do I realize what went wrong
I have torn a cavernous hole in the fabric of myself searching for something
that never existed in the first place I have wrenched chunks from my
essence And I can never get them back

