

DICKINSON AND ME

Emilie Horsfall

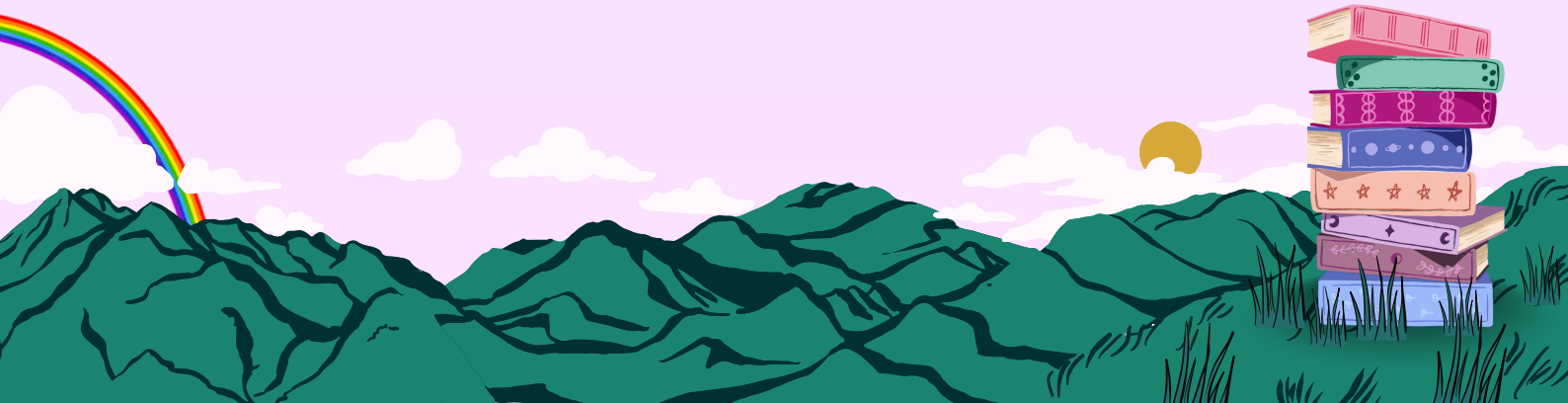
I don't want to write again—
because I don't want to need to.
Hiding behind the truth has be-
come a lie
encumbered by
what I've pushed myself into.

I woke up and thought—
I could change if I could want to:
No longer poetic parasite—
Goodbye Dickinson, from a shattered Emilie—
But you never forgot me
did you

?

I might. I don't make art,
I stand outstretched grasping
for remembrance of my identity that
flaps its crooked wings overhead since—
The grass pricks my feet— covered —
in half-curved feathers.

Dickinson's words ease
but mine could heal—



If not for the
hollow
where my gut once had been.

The brightest parts of me
burn fiercely in my throat—
And I'll stand beside the mirror
wipe the words I yearn to
say
from my mouth.

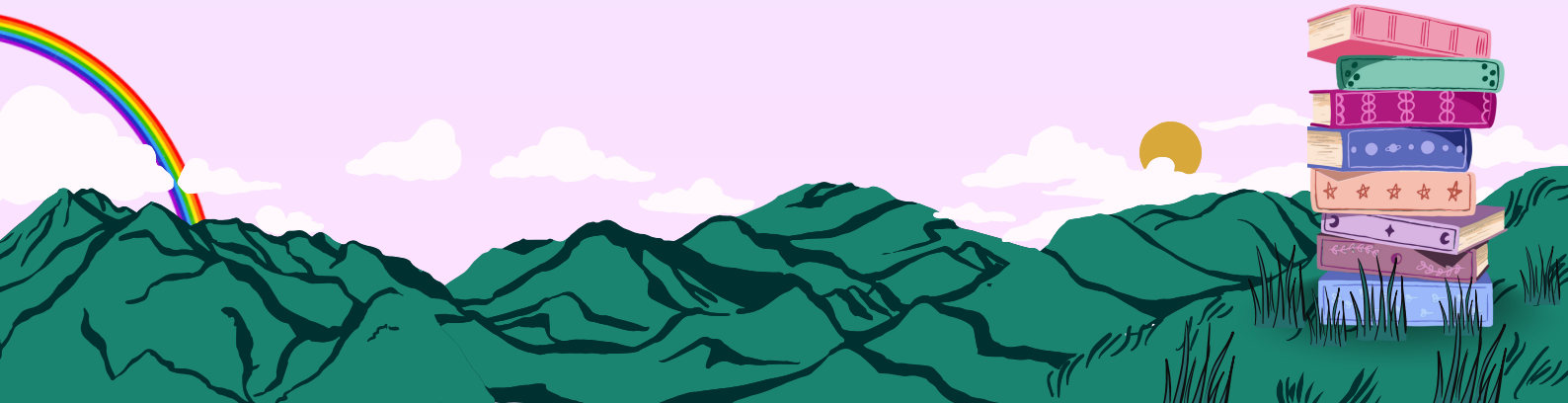
leave my makeup in the drawer..
practise quiet smiles—
All the solidarity in the world
and I still chose small, alone;
Still I was coming out of *some* gloom.
Guess I was coming into my own.

And still

I let the hollow feed on the innocent hopes of a nerdy teen
— soon turned obsession as the hollow was grown.

—

Longing, Emily, doesn't go away
when you glue your hands to your hips—
I think you knew this—
but something said whilst utterly
Still is an utterance of truth



Not the ramblings of a girl on fire, with split lips

and a tight chest—

I let your words guide me—
my friends' too— trusted you all knew
what words dangle from your own lips,
the foundation to rest your soles upon—
Even as I think perhaps none of us do. I confess
I read myself into your poems, for I presume this to be true.

&

This is what I meant—
When I said that Dickinson taught me;
And my tired half secrets, once
impossible to keep, they pushed me.
I could never 'win'
but I cannot mind.

don't you see?

A year I wrote on Dickinson—

I woke up to a flutter within the hollow,
Because my hands and clothes are a mess of sharp blue ink
And my heart is alight with the words of all I love—
So Dickinson, from a renewed Emilie,
Hello.

