

However

Amelia Smits

The moon shines
Through my curtains
Down onto my bed.
Proving once again, I am not me;
My body is not me,
My legs are not me,
My arms are not me,
And my chest is not me.

However,
I can't change that
So I accept that;
My body is not me,
My legs are not me,
My arms are not me,
And my chest is not me and I live,
I live knowing nothing is going to change.

I look up at the stars blinking,
They are waving hello to me,
And I wave back.
Because when you don't recognize
Your own body,
It becomes hard to know
What is real and what is not.

