

Me Inside Myself

By: Trinity Tullous

If someone were to cut me open,
to break me into fragments of a once whole human.

They'd find a fumbling farrago,
a twisting prism
me inside myself.

They'd find resplendent diamonds of thought,

They'd find a deep longing,
a mourning swan,
floating on a river of ambrosia,
or what is thought to be so.

They'd find beauty if they peered deeply into me,
a world of it.

They'd find happiness,
though bits and pieces are starting to rust.

They'd find rose petals and wishes,
daydreams and nightmares,
me inside myself.

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