

Looking Glass

By E. Paris Whitfield

Little pieces of me,  
yearning to be placed together.

A million little stories of mine, many untold, some others yet to unfold, all  
craving to be woven  
into something worthwhile, better.

Myriad of thoughts swim around my mind like a pregnant fish too big for her  
imprisoned glass  
bowl.

See me...

Travesties have.

Inequalities will,

Even while power won't.

Even as injustice still does.

See me, we are we...

Who am I becoming to survive? What path am I gingerly walking through only to  
find fragmented answers,  
while striving to become whole?

Where will these shimmery shadows lead me... Why ought I continue to awaken  
from my dreams to be  
reminded of someone else's nightmare?

How do I breathe, if there isn't any air?

When will Nina Simone's truth allow the Sun's rays to find "My Little Valley"?

A million little pieces of me dissembled,  
fearful I will be forgotten,

potentially threatened by the slightest winds to be scattered.

Even as I implore you to see me my voice is crackling, fragile.

Some one see me--we are we...