

Fragmentation

In the nineteenth century, Princess Alexandra Amalie of Bavaria— a writer and German royal— developed a delusion in her early twenties that, as a child, she had swallowed a grand piano made of glass. She was convinced that the object remained inside her body from that point on, fearful that it might shatter and puncture her organs.

Who knew, that my body would become a crystal ball to catch & release/ opulent and rare/
a sack of daisies with their petals like loose screws strewn all over my doorstep /

as if there was a risk I would mishandle my own faith/ mishandle my own fate/
Wet as wine & screaming/ revolution scrawled in red blood all over the bed/

& still/ my parents named me an Irish princess/ polishing my marble skin/
predicted it into existence/ as I stared back slit-eyed & steamed like a fish out of water/

but I am not/ I am not/ I am forever in my life's early spring/ so goddamn expensive/
when a baby becomes a breadbox for all things unfamiliar & many-headed/

Did you know/ caked in all that white flour/ I cannot even speak the mother tongue?/
The music is inside me/ & the song is incomprehensible/ so goddamn fragile/

comical/ some tune drenched in dry air that you'd play for a known-nothing cinephile /
who believes there are carnations underneath the Gobi desert/ growing hidden/

so/ so/ so hidden/ look at how I float across the screen/ so hidden/
afraid to admit I was born to fulfill some kind of promise/ except it's gone now/

that's it/ even my auspicious eye width & fists built from sponge had to watch it leave/
all these things filled with light leave no room for real flesh I leave no room in the lungs/

caramelize a delicate crust over veins that only the dirty rich will ever understand/
& only dirty-mouthed poets will ever dare to document/ canaries between teeth /

a sharp/ sharp/ staircase up to heaven that ends much closer than you'd think/
I balanced my weight on each black & finger-sized key from then on/

shifted gallbladder & kidney to the shape of oolong leaves at a scam psychic/
became adept at the art of circular breathing/ at swallowing every writhing solid mass/

at this metaphysical preservation of shard in service of our slower death/

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