

I feel indignant
that my life was taken from me.
Why would someone
with so many lives
take from me
the only one I had?

She puts hers on like shiny new masks
of endless variety,
letting her slip
into whatever setting
she pleases
and fit in
with whichever crowd is fashionable,
while I wore mine like an old,
threadbare, and
coveted
dress
that hung alone in a wardrobe,
the only article
of clothing in my possession
but nevertheless
a trusty one
that somehow covered and protected me
in the depths of winter
and the height of summer
alike.

It may not have been pretty,
as lives go;
maybe a bit dirty,
maybe stained and
probably fraying on the edges,
with a hole or tear here or there.
But it was mine
and only mine
and I cherished it
like the ocean does the shore,
the earth the sun,
the birds the sky.

But she took it from me,
adding it to her collection
not to be used,
of course,
because she has so many nicer lives already,
but rather to be scavenged for its better attributes
and then sit
discarded
in a rubbish heap,
amounting
in the end
to nothing more
than
a worthless, moth-eaten trophy:
a reminder of her conquest.

Identity Theft

Sarah Fowler

What a life mine must have been
in her eyes.
so precious to me and yet
to her
so worthless.

But perhaps it wasn't as I remember it.
Perhaps the holes were
more prominent, the tears wider.
Was it falling apart at the seams
or had it already
been ripped to shreds?
Was it over before she claimed it or
was it just so meaningless
that it wasn't worth
the breath I breathed
to begin with?

I suppose it could have been,
and if so,
it's probably for the best that it's gone.
We do have a tendency
to cherish the things we own
simply because
they're ours,
don't we? I valued my life
because it was mine,
and the only one I had,
but who else
would have seen value in it?
It wasn't
new
or shiny
or fashionable.
It wasn't in season.
It wasn't pretty.

But it also
wasn't hers
to take.