

New Poetry from Barbara Tramonte: “Tailored To Fit In”



I WAS GATHERED / *image by Amalie Flynn*

Somebody sewed me with a string

On the bias

I was gathered

And about to pop

This has been a pattern all my life

They hemmed me in with notions
Each stitch bringing me
To a false whole

(I longed to slit my wrist)

I jolted with a shock of recognition
To see that I had drifted to the wrong side