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