

Me, After

Cassidy Lewis

Please note, this work includes content related to violence and abuse.

Body darkens, has been
dyed to blend with night. Skin
marbles, sepia
seeps through the folds of her hair,
she is first ashed
then mottled. Her deep whites
spoil with fig curls, she is shadow
on a sidewalk, creature
her father scorned from her bedroom
closet while she looked on.
Her flesh drips from the ceiling,
there is nothing good
left here. He picks and prods
to find her cause of death,
she watches from the window:
eyes black like beans, hands
soft like wedding veils.