

The Figure

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I am not
who I say I am: mountain ranges
still call for me to climb, assess
new frontiers, only the self can
inhabit certain end-points,
 flow of human
condition varies upon the day upon the hour
beginning when child arrives from the womb
fresh and golden brown awaiting life experience;
the border of individuality breaks with
a mother's exhausted smile, a father's relieved
shrug at the newborn,
 then in sandbox
with friends who criticize the child's voice,
or even later when the teenager touches
a hand, sees his own anatomy figured, glowing
ahead, another imperfection,
 so the young adult
minds less for bonds with similar sex
over desires to dress as the gender opposite,
this leads to break-ups,



to ingestion of
pills to alter figure, to refigure, to imagine anew
the entire birth the beginning endured,
and the hair, jewelry, the red lipstick
applied; when at middle-age
the once child now
being has birthed itself into other: woman,
she who climbs mountains, crosses rivers, breathes
air called oxygen
as the figure,
the one who says I am.

