

Focusing On:

Cultural Identity and Globalization

VIRTUALETHNICITY?



HANDS

Sometimes

A contorted length

Of tangled cord

I sit in a corner

And sob

Emotions overlapping

Energy flowing in circles

The tears pull my insecurities

To the surface

With their tangy salt

A comforting hand

On my back

Burns with the lack

Of understanding

Of perception

They just don't know

My mind hurts me

So badly

Their hands can't fix

The internal scars

I dream of rough fists

Brutal lips

That press like wet irons

On my swollen mouth

Demanding kisses

Hands that invade my skin

Force themselves within

Tear my insides

Furious carnage

Of sore pink places

Waking screaming

Clutching for security

An absent blanket

A loving caress

A firm hold of reality

The nightmares never stop

The hands infect my dreams

Attack my waking hours

Never letting me pause

In a moment of soft silence

Sometimes

A spool of fragile thread

I hide in a corner

Bury my mind

And weep

— Nicole Diamond