

Sinews

What if I removed all my skin
and started over?
Would I become someone else?

What if I rearranged my face?
Restructure.

Could I redefine myself?
If I scraped off my tattoos
and broke all of my bones—

if I laid out all my organs,
reorganized my chromosomes—

if I stretched my mind,
ripped out my heart,
realigned my crooked spine,

would I stand anew
or fall apart?

Can I clean the sin from each sinew?

Can I alter the art that's presently displayed
and repaint what's hanging to my dismay?

O, why won't this disaster cease.

Where is the eye of my Beholder?

Let Him come claim this exasperated masterpiece,
this stained and beaten beauty in disdain,
who wants to break the mold for reasons unexplained.

But do I want to change the picture
or just replace the frame?

And why?

With traded muscles
and retied tendons,

I would try, but could I resurrect?

Rebuild a self that I respect?

I suspect that—even if I proposed
to walk against each past path I've chosen
and change my ways,
the preferential webs I've woven—

I would only remain
a mess of a man,
distressed at that,
and that I am.