

Skin

By Jasmine Ecer

Please don't shrink me,
don't make me feel small,
the loneliness cuts through me,
a deep, gaping hole.

So tug me from the edges,
peel me away,
unwrap the case of me,
it's alright, it's okay.

Take my skin and wear it as a cloak,
let it drag on behind you,
the stones bruise and the dirt fills my blood
and still I reach,
desperate to feel whole.