

wearing my mother's makeup

Before the sun tosses the blinds upon the ceiling,
I search for her in the turquoise mirror.
Her hollows and her hairline,
Her jawline and her jaundice:
I get goosebumps.

She is motionless in between the two walls
I move my lips, silently
Resuscitate her.
If my eyelashes grow, I will be able to blink long enough
To blind myself from who I regret seeing.
I have already weighed myself twice.

If my cheekbones cast a shadow I will be able to turn away,
Illuminated by a life I don't need.
She is too passive.

Wearing my mother's makeup,
I cannot tell who is more alike in the mirror.
My past and future corneas widen to capture her resurrection,
While the present asks why I am not a painter
Or an architect,
Or a gravedigger-
When I am routinely capable of conjuring
A foundation over skin
Never destined to be mine.