

Chrysalis by Kaitlin Fitzgibbon

The butterflies in my stomach have clipped wings  
they start to scream as they regress into their pupa state.  
The wet humid chrysalis swaddles them so tight  
they slowly lose their ability to move  
suddenly blinded and unable to breathe.  
They are suffocated by their dismantled evolution;  
a creeping demise induced by  
mutative transformation

atrophied muscles  
thick yellow patches of dandruff  
stringy greasy hair  
five-day-old soiled clothes  
tear-streaked pillow cases  
scabby acne sores  
sunken hollow eyes  
accumulating bedside waste  
pungent sour perspiration  
body moulded to the mattress.  
I am failing.  
I am rotting flesh.