

Chimaera

I am all scales and speed—
ostrich legs drumming the floor,
leaving you exhausted mid-sentence.

Each scale is a locked door.
Your grief slides off.
Mine can't get out either.

I'm too terrified to hurt you.

But my eyes—huge as a lemur's,
swinging from ecstasy to extinction,
two wobbling pupils.

And this grin, always:
gold teeth flashing through
my Cheshire smile,
even when I'm dying inside
these mirrors I wear as skin.

I'm the joke running away
from its own punchline,
here and gone,
faster than you can ask
if I'm okay.