

My skin

by mazaher
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This came to my mind after reading *Human for a while* by fengirl88, at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/225038>: the story of a Selkie who chooses to become human, because he is in love, and he is loved back. Read it: it's beautiful.

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And I?
I wait.
I wait until I find my animal skin,
and slip it on it again
and leave heartbreak behind.
And return home.
Which animal?
A dog-- no more, I trust no alpha.
A horse-- maybe, but
my food is not green things.
A cat-- predator, but also prey.
Mainly a prey, among bigger predators.
Or perhaps,
none of them.
Perhaps my skin
is a bit of this Earth chosen at random,
living throbbing fermenting silex and carbon and sulphur.
Then I'll sink to the core
(and leave even my skin behind)
to the core where the pain
doesn't reach,
and there
I'll sleep for aeons.

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