

May 28, 2019

My first selfie,
taken during
a private moment
between me
and my mortality.

Am I looking straight
ahead? Upward and
inward? Ready for
battle or assuming
defeat?

My face is framed by waves
of long gray hair.
Mother's hooded eyes,
hazel brown dark-
puffy bags beneath.
Father's semitic nose.
Time's marionette lines
etched at the corners
of my mouth.

I am ready. Impatient
to awaken
groggy as Briar Rose
from a magical slumber
induced by
an elixir of IV drugs.

Changed. Armed
with knowledge.
Body bathed
with hope.

—Elise Chadwick

