

I,

I cry a lot.

Every day at least an hour.

And for the whole world.

Now I don't even feel relief,

I just feel the need to cry.

To wash away their guilt.

If they cut you in half, which part hurts more?

The one you lost?

or,

The one you lost?

My face and body are no longer my own.

They never really did belong to me.

I am losing my beauty together with my interest in beautiful things.

I did not have time to look.

At me.

Now I do.

You could be me.

I stick my tortoise-like head out of my shell.

The shell could also be a hump.

My eyes and nose are like that of a wolf or a fox.

I don't have eyelashes, just thick eyebrows.

But I also have a very small jaw and teeth.

My neck is furrowed like that of a cow.

I have some crop and I chew it like they do,

My nose is perhaps bird-like, so are my calves and wrists.

My legs are skinny. Firm skin hugs them like a crane or a flamingo.

I only put on weight on my stomach and face.

*Sometimes that face is like that of an owl.
I tilt my face to one side like a bird,*

and I can turn my head without tilting it like a bird of prey.

But I do not move as quietly.

I gallop.

With my head bowed like a wildebeest.

Actually, I was really never human.

When I get older I will completely become an animal.

Though I still don't know, which animal I look like.

Butterflies are often bred or live by their own in humans.

While in humans they signify the initial stage of love,

In their own life, being a butterfly means coming to and end and die soon.

Both in human and non-human butterflies this stage lasts only a few weeks, no longer.

What is the sound of their wings?

More restless than birds, more appealing than birds.

They wear their faces on their wings. You look at them through these eyes.

My eyes are asymmetric just like those of Dürer were.

Or the bill of wrybill or crossbill.

I look in the mirror, I have to touch the scrutinized side of my face.

I am a confused hypochondriac

Mummy, your eye is drooping, as is the corner of your mouth.

A pair, not a pair, both are real possibilities.

123 and 123 and 123 and 123 and 123 and 123 and 123

I repeat, I repeat.

Sponges are either radially symmetrical or asymmetrical.

A living sponge can change the shape of its body.

Most cells in its body can move around;

a few cells can even change from one type of cell to another.

We would have to look and to be like one-another.

I am not here. Though I keep checking.

I don't know where to huddle up to become even more invisible.

Like the turbot, just the two eyes on one side of my body,

because I have been down for too long and I somehow got used to it.

Or a sea anemone with lots of friends on a hermit crab,

whose claws are so different and in the shallow part I will ask.

I have to and I don't want to.

I don't want to and I have to.

For a defense to be effective, it has to be unexpected.

Also for me.

Hydras are immortal.

But the ones who reproduce die.

Maternity brought me closer to death.

Butterflies don't have mouths, they don't eat,

Their only purpose is to lay the fertilised eggs and then die.

I spend my time observing changes, which cannot be observed with the naked eye.

Gradually retreat from the world.

Do butterflies really only live for two weeks?

