

**LOVELY** (first published in *borrowed solace*, 2021)

**by Dinamarie Isola**

The voice I long  
To hear  
I spent my youth  
Railing against  
Wishing it would stop  
Trying to wizen me  
before my time

No magnifying glass  
No microscope  
I liked  
an impressionistic view  
lovely at a safe  
distance  
where I lurked,  
plotting my escape  
to shadows that  
swallowed me like a  
snake with an egg

You were the scalpel  
tearing back flesh to  
examine all that  
pulsed beneath

You were a cymbal  
Beating against my head  
A cacophony  
Of prophesy

How I wished you were wrong  
that lovely was enough

Now I know the truth  
The veiny  
blue mess  
vivid  
beneath the surface  
is in us all