

Division
by Jess Walters

I am divided.
Thick black line down the middle
 of all the stuff layered
 to make me whole
–with a seam
Like, you could run a zipper
 down
and I could open, revealing
 familiar shapes
 (in pinks and greens)
both separate from
and a part of me:
 A paradox of boxes
and circles
and abstract scribbles making binaries
 beneath a surface
wrestled into being.