

Anna, Pt. 2

My mother hit me;

so, so, so hard;

across the cheek.

My mother hit me;

so, so, so hard;

across the cheek.

My mother hit me;

so, so, so hard;

across the cheek.

And I,

well,

I

just

sort

of

laid

there

and

I

just

sort

of

lay

my

head

anywhere I might find comfort.

She feared: location ,
 love ,
 travel.

She longed for: escape ,
 travel ,
 escapism. -----

The escapist
could always
find joy
at any time
of any day.

In 1915 my great-great-grandmother threw rocks down a well she just sit there with her back facing the riverbed and threw rocks down the well the well was endless and the well wasn't made of stone but plastic and my great-great-grandmother could see right through it because my great-great-grandmother had a thousand eyes because my great-great-grandmother was a strong woman my great-great-grandmother was a perfect woman the type I'd always dreamt of and my great-great-grandmother just sat there with her back to the shore throwing rocks down an infinite plastic well knowing perfectly well it was a useless task and knowing perfectly well that it was a true waste of time but she hadn't a worry

in the world and this was true joy in her eyes my great-great-grandmother was a happy woman my great-great-grandmother had a thousand eyes my great-great-grandmother had eyes on the back of her head my great-great-grandmother was a pacifist my great-great-grandmother loved the sea my great-great-grandmother looked nothing like me my great-great-grandmother is everything I'd like to be.

In school I studied science

- I studied DNA,

I was determined to find why my mother looked just like me

and all I found was confusion

and all I found was a need for escape (escapism)

and the realization was sickening;

and suddenly I was cold.

Cold holds its own inside and out,

More than a mere matter of degrees,

As if zero were an absolute.

Si Momentum Requiris – Daryl Hine