

## Green Skin

As a child, I was told not to get green skin  
From the jewelry I wanted to wear.  
But how was I supposed to know the consequences  
Between imitation and the authentic.

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We went to the market with heartfelt intent,  
My friend and I;  
It was overgrown with ludicrously luxurious vines.

We had problems before  
Which I did not plan to fix;  
He was almost a burden as I was to him.  
But he thought treasures were sure to redeem our lost relation.

My friend bought me a bouquet of plastic plants  
And flowers made from fabric.  
I accepted the green gifts  
Even though I yearned for the smell of fabulous blossoms  
And not the phony scent of plastic.

I, ever so greatly gracious, gave him a pen  
With the hope of letters in return.

My friend assembled a set of jewellery  
That he hesitantly handed me.  
It contained charms of crimson mirrors,  
That I pray is intended to reflect,  
And a silver mouse bracelet that hopefully does not.

I was devoted to wear them like a preacher is to his lord,  
But time doesn't cure my desire for sincerity  
And by the second sabbath, it started to wear.

It dug into the creases of my neck  
Scraping away any affirmations that could've been conceived.  
The bracelets were scratching my wrists like relentless rats;  
Blood covered them blocking my reflection in the mirrors.

My raw skin was quickly replaced by clots that dried within hours.  
Purple clumps immersed and popped before reanimating to green.

Like weeds, the green spread to the corners of my body  
Making my skin emerald and my hairs resemble pine.  
My bones blossomed and grew,  
Unlike those fake plants,  
And stretched my skin to the capacity it was able to.  
I look grotusque  
I feel repulsive  
Was this the goal of the friend who I had?

I wore heavy clothing to cover my ogre-like appearance;  
Hoods conceal my face leaving only a vague shadow.  
But the metallic scent radiates from my body  
Warning others of the barbarian hiding beneath its shell.

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After weeks of isolation  
And no soul seeking out  
I get a letter from my friend:

*I've been informed regarding your situation  
And I wish I could say I was more remorseful about your condition  
But I know of your wishes to reflect.  
So I urge you to look in the mirror that you have been given  
And start to compare yourself to the rat you've been wearing.  
And then maybe, after some time, our friendship could rekindle.*