

Wrong

by Fran Duffield

I have grown that way
now, all wrong:
stretched, distorted,
blustered into this twisted shape
by the prevailing wind

I have grown callouses,
carbuncles of ossified hope,
sprouted gnarled limbs, sick
with grasping for things
they can't reach

I put out new leaves
with an ironic smile,
so no-one will think
I'm sincere

I long to unfurl and turn
new whip shoots to the sun,
but I am so afraid
my bitter roots will snap
and I will die, unforgiven