



Karen Britton

Decalomania

Doppelganger

—DeeOnna Denton

The flesh on my
knuckles cracks
apart as I pound

my fist into
the mirror,
falling back with violent

breaths until
the word *crazy*
squeezes past

my lips,
and I must cradle
my glass-bloodied

fingers. Burning
tears plummet
like asteroids,

red-streaked with
each day
passing by.

I have no
appetite, and I'm too
quick to anger.

I remain
divided, yet
my past

self is dead.
But shall I
grieve the ole

bastard? Stages
of my life
hang on a wall—

a god-damned smile
frozen in each
piece. I can't

remember
where I stop
and a picture begins.

The ground
strewn with sharp
fragments.

Crimson footprints
leave a trail, a
bleak indicator

I've lost my way.