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Amorphous

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where you drew the borders, my body dissolved them
the conglomerates cliqued, clumping like hydrangeas
i remained solitary in the middle, undefined by divisions
and lines and the silence of the caesura

amorphous, i glide above stone walls, built
from years of hostility and the fear of crouching below
others, a war iced in interspecial cults and dynamics
that are hysterically real and therefore fiction; they
exist in all dimensions but my own; amorphous, i
take no sides and have no real home, and it seems
like i'm always missing out on an inside joke.

my contours are invisible, amorphous, like slippery
water that assumes all forms and satisfies them with
the accuracy of a solid, a natural Proteus; maybe
because i started where i thought i belonged and
realized i didn't. now i'm trapped between the
walls you've built; what else am i supposed to do but
climb?

amorphous, perhaps not so much a strength as
an evolved deficiency, the lack of a better place to be;

a void filled with the question that darkens by the day–

does anybody want me?