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Disquietude

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Disquietude*

by Panteha Sanati

In a room full of life, i
stand
Alone
holding not my genitals
in shame, modesty or the confusion
breeding in every turn of the room
every fold of time and each conversation
But hold I shame itself as I mingle
with my old companion, regret
wrapped around me like a an endless trail of wool
Inviting itself to every venue
every solid space beneath the invisible shield of
chatter, laughter and half hearted compliments
and the cold draft with each arrival
In this room, full of life, i
stand
Alone
dissolved in my own voice,
is a faint sign of me
or what and who I suspect is me
uttering words clumsily veiled in prescribed civility
as the stale social clamor dissolves and returns
that which I think is me
here i stand
Alone,
but I might as well be crawling on my knees and hands
as regret secures blindfolds upon my eyes
feeling around for who I think I am supposed to be
my essence
as when it was authentic and inviolate
many nights and lights ago
if there ever was such an anomaly
here i stand
Alone
Negotiating the endless trail of wool
and the constant cacophony of ambivalence
marching closer
from within my very center
here i stand

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