Face

[redacted]

My face does not belong to me.

A familiarly unfamiliar stranger stares back.

I am nobody. I am everybody. I have no body.

My mind filled in what lack.

I am a purposefully shattered mirror. A splintered identity.

The fault lines in my psyche continue to break and crack.

No one comes to my rescue. No matter how hard I plea.

I have been turned into an imposter to society. A hack.

Never free.

A unfamiliarly familiar stranger stares back.

Why does my face belong to me?