

Breaking the Bloodline

The day I was born
I called the bloodline's bluff
kicked their gifts of glass slippers and gowns down the stairs
and robed myself in their wrath
the day I cut my hair
crooked as the belief that
family knows best
rest assured I'll find more comfort
in the thicket of my exile
than in a life built in their vision
more comfort in a body I call my own
than in their palace-fashioned prison