

OPEN



99
CENTS
BY MICAH
FORLANI

How I love to stand still,
 or at least still
 where I am not moving.
 But I am moved
 by the sky, wind, and eyes
 that change me.
 Waiting to make me turn,
 switch
 into something thicker,
 harder
 stronger than this.
 I have nothing more than this,
 these pieces
 parts I have been handed
 I took as much as I could carry.
 My hands were smaller then compared to now,
 but I am adjusting them
 to your liking
 to please you and I.
 And I am
 watching,
 not you
 but me,
 trying so hard to keep the things I like,
 the sections that are raw
 unfinished
 not bought
 or sold
 to the highest bidder,
 but looked over and nodded upon.
 And how I hide my eyes
 soul
 footprints (I sweep behind my steps)
 markings of myself
 so I won't be captured,
 tamed
 trained
 into a cheaper version
 of me.

Sculptures by Micah Forlani

CLOSED

