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Homology
A Human Rights Poem

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Conceived from a homosocial bond, born into oppression,

I traversed the symbolic boundary leaving behind an identity that was not even
my own.

My story is not mine you see; it is yours.

The illusion you hide behind with your revisionist history is but

a fragmented delusion you WILL into being at your leisure;
the tapestry of *my* identity is woven together with
fraternal imperialistic thread you spun.

No, I silently scream, I am not an agent of nationalism; I am the subject of patriarchy.

Hybridity will not define me; I am not a blend, an object to be manipulated at
your whim, I am *me*.

Me. A child of that place;

I come from a long trail of blood; but I tell you so do you.

If I am not free though, *nor are you.*

The diaspora renegotiates my identity without my consultation.

Traumatic memories are fragmented morsels that live on the vapor of EVERY breath I take; they form the identity I know, the identity of me you fashioned so that *you could be you;*

Yet, I am a paradox. My, yes, *my* lived experience is painfully inaccessible by day. The only way I know I exist *despite* your attempts at eraser, are in reference to the grimaces on the faces of those who peer at my now deformed, disgraced and reimaged body. By night, however, the hallucinations of my experience that you say do not exist, terrorize me, I am paralyzed. I am, yet I am not.

I can no longer associate my physical pain and mental anguish with reality; I, like the voyeur, leave my body to watch the horror the inanimate object below endures.

Is this real? Only my bloodied, deformed body overtly evidences the intrusion yet I cannot access the proof you demand that I have been violated.

A threat am I you claim. A threat *am I* you claim. Me, a threat to *YOU?*

My battered body, bloodied face is a necessary consequence of your fear; because you are afraid, I, it appears, must be scary.

The fantasy of my elimination informs your identity and fuels your imperialistic prowess; I am your prey. I am object; I question, "Am I though?"

The words I cannot, nay I say *will not* utter, you command from my lips. Yet no beating, no threat, will compel me to succumb to the insanity of your pustuous infection that demands I prove who I am,

That I prove, prove who you are not.

I am only foreigner so that you cannot be foreign.

My story, sister irony says, may be revisionist with your words replacing my experience; but the horror that you struggle to reframe and to deny is not just my story, it is also yours. Peer deeply into my wounded being and you will see yourself, bloodied and beaten; if I am not free, nor are you.

Much to your chagrin, homologus are we.