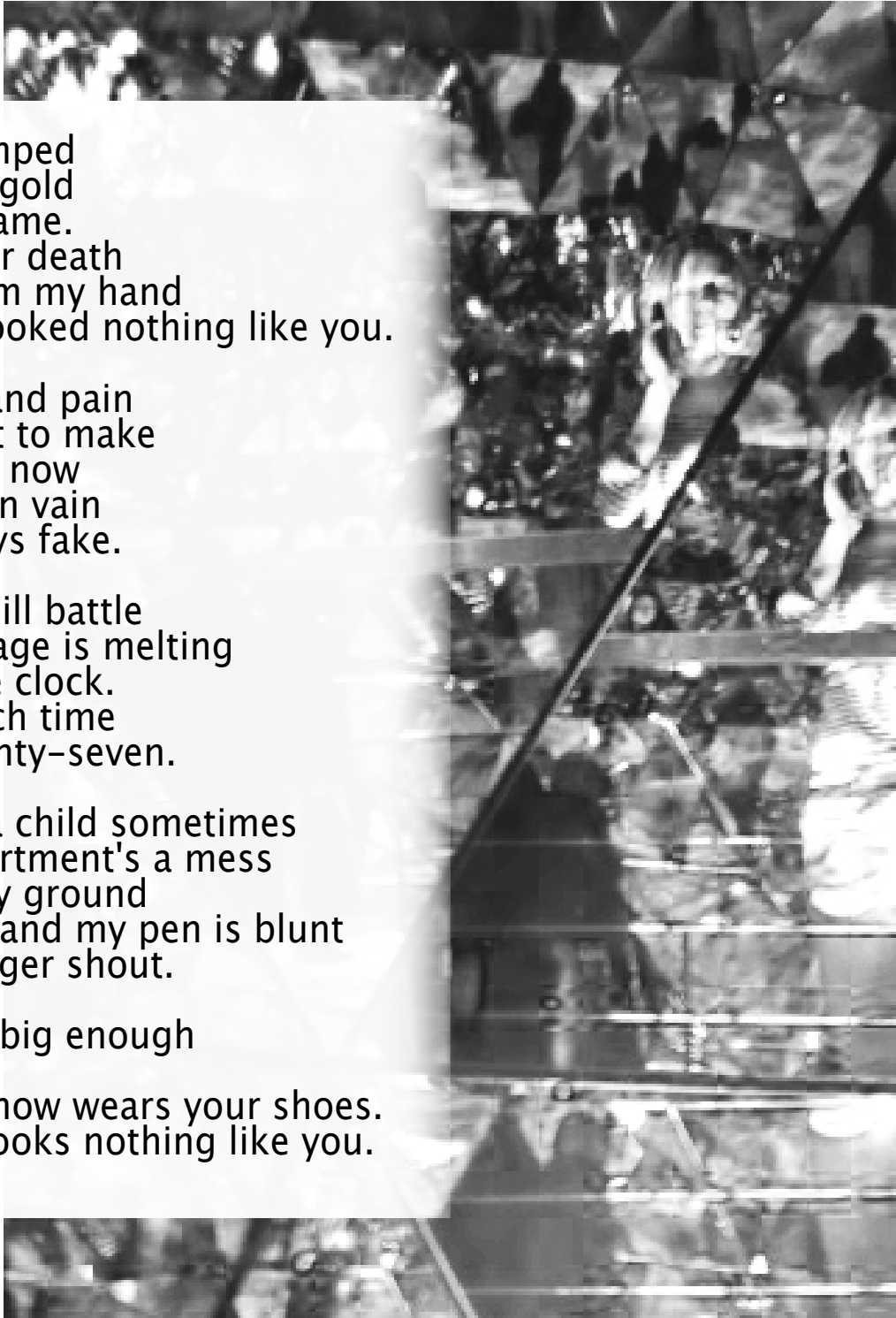


hey there monkeyface



You're glad Kira jumped
to join diminishing gold
in a river close in name.
As I stood above her death
treasure flowed from my hand
and my reflection looked nothing like you.

I know you can't stand pain
and anger is easiest to make
but four years from now
monkeyface is not in vain
my grin is not always fake.

Your road is an uphill battle
the northwest passage is melting
every drop ticks the clock.
There's only so much time
to make it past twenty-seven.

They treat me like a child sometimes
and I forget my apartment's a mess
as I calmly stand my ground
never held a sword and my pen is blunt
but at least I no longer shout.

My hometown ain't big enough
for the both of us.
A stronger woman now wears your shoes.
And my reflection looks nothing like you.

Julie Craig Burkhardt