

## Self Portrait

by Leon Fedolfi

Over time, the pulse beats consideration for other bodies.  
An etiquette, and also a tourniquet wish. It's about finish.  
And broader rhythms that lead up to it.

Sight runs gamuts of electricity — insect wings. Beating eyelashes.  
Until reflectiveness follows a  
white milk —  
viscous color — like skin over a frog muscle throat.  
A tabacle page.

Imagine moves — even this through gravity — like the light.  
How many beats should it take? My tongue taking fly. My smile.  
To create a word with sense enough to feel some weight.  
Not like scribbles  
— my body from scribbles. A self-portrait.