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Made of Things that Aren't Mine

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Made of Things That Aren't Mine By Hadley Adkison

There is nothing of me That is solely me Each crinkle of my eye And knowledge of each bird Comes from my family I harbor in me Their hopes, dreams, and desires Made up of their love and obsessions My laugh belongs to my mother And my sneeze to my grandfather I was imbued with my aunt's love for books And my uncle's infinite thirst for knowledge I speak to every person I meet Like my father before me I am a collection of other people's parts I was shaped by many people Like my unwillingness to back down from a fight Taught to me by a woman Who wandered into my life My thoughts are at home in other's minds

And each eyeliner wing was hard won By watching my sister's skilled hands I am not my own But I was shaped by the people I love

My toothy smile is mirrored on my Mimi's face