

Get Bent, City

The city's such a crowded place.
It forces us to look at the way we look at ourselves,
because who I see in the mirror,
and the picture I have in my mind,
isn't always the same thing reflected in stranger's eyes.
Make a catalog of all of my actions.
Write it down, fold it up, and keep it in my pocket.
Hold it close until I can answer the question.
What do I represent in this context?
(A history of centuries of oppression.)
Because I don't know who I am,
or what it looks like behind the veil,
and I've just become a little more aware.
It's a sign of my privilege,
that I've never had to deal with this kind of labeling.
Take a train ride 100 miles north,
find the same situations as before.
It's a socially created relationship about domination,
and a subordinate.
And I don't want any part of it.
But everything plays a part in it.