

bonsai

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Honorable Mention, Poetry

My soul is a bonsai,
twisted by wires
into a stunted version of itself.

My mind is a bonsai,
forced to be smaller
than nature intended.

My body is a bonsai,
trained into shapes
foreign to my own DNA.

I live in a bonsai garden,
testimony to the skill of the master
who has shaped a world small enough
to fit in his own backyard.