Adaptable

Paula Jones

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I’m layering a thicker skin
to rhinoceros the cityscape

When I cry it’s only dust
no need to waste clean water

My feet grow longer and wider
just to keep me on the ground

My ever frantic fingertips
have shrunk to keyboard small

Peering eyes accustomed
to ghostly fluorescent lights

And my nightmarish dreams
no longer thirst for rain

The heart has gotten hollow
there’s little need for love

My lips have grown skin over
as my palmbook tells the tale

It seems I’ve given up my soul
released the bird of song

Faith I packed into a box
and buried it out the back

I pray that in my next life
I look like Meagan Fox

Which could be fixed for a fee
if I’m willing to adapt

Paula Jones is a teacher and writer who spent 10 years living in Japan, Vietnam and Singapore. She currently teaches creative writing to kids at the KSP Writers Centre in Greenmount, where she is the chairperson. She lives in the hills with her family.