

## In Result

*by Rhet Licklitter*

**At the risk of avoiding the outside,  
the sunlit environment that is your nightmare,  
you climb back into your unmade bed and  
turn into a crumpled up piece of paper.  
Shut your swollen eyes.**

**Forgive yourself.**

**Take advantage of your own good nature, until  
the glorious security of night arises,  
laying waste to the coil of the visible.**

**Hide from the uncensoring critics,  
existing in pairs,  
double-imaged mirrors,  
forcing you to recognize yourself and  
confirm their accusations.**

**You want to remember.**

**You never want to forget.**

**The torturing vulnerability surrounded you  
and waited.**

**You stood up straight,  
still, motionless and stiff like a behaving statue,  
as the camera pulled away into the sky,  
the world revolved  
and you prayed the movement of your eyes would  
go unnoticed.**

