Packaging

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Severely dismembered into fragments of a stereotype, clichés tagged on our limbs. Processed, sold to the public, generations solely remembered as a certain type of wrong. Tightly packed, I breathe. Smells of cigarettes, cannabis, the alcohol permeating and placing words on each lip that doesn’t care to look for a source.

I wanted to be something more than just a tag on the face of America, where we are suddenly known for the roundest of bellies, in debt with our own morals. I haven’t managed, and although my lungs have tasted each fume, as a second-hand smoker, and a silenced liver at the sight of alcohol alone. Gone bad from waiting, among the prime cuts that have been pumped with hormones and experience. Still mixed among each product, mass produced, ready for consumption. I have no composure, hysteria loosely tied around the edges of sanity.
There are no voices, but
the silence that beckons change,
that asks the impossible from me.
To conform to the ideas others have of me,
holding my breath as I’m processed with
the rest of my generation.

**Here I am!**
*Hanadi Azaiza*

Blood shot eyes
Repeated lies
Trembling lips
Continued tips
Feeling low
And alone
Never imagined
I’d be here
Damaged