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TransforMation

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Transfor Mation

Jen Conmy

Some people see me as innocent
But others know better
Children see me as an adult
While adults think I'm yet a child
And so, as this face on the wall,
Her eyes just like mine,
Stares back at me,
I frown, not knowing that face at all.
The face that looks like mine,
Feels like mine, and moves like mine,
I fear is not mine at all.
Rather, a transformed me.
Made up of all the opinions
Of transformed faces
Which study me,
Just as I do them.