

THE WAR WITHIN

As I scan the surface of my reflection,
I lack familiarity in my reception.

A distorted echo of who I was meant to be stares back at me.
a mutinous form, one I cannot flee.

With no choice but to betray my own kin,
I face the war destined to begin.

Branded traitor by hands once my own,
awaiting the verdict in marrow and bone.

I am both soldier and enemy,
fighting a self-war, trapped in dichotomy.

To attack is to survive. To hesitate is to fall.
Yet in the wreckage of my own destruction,
I wonder if I ever truly knew myself at all.

Author's Note

This poem delves into the raw human experience of inadvertently losing one's sense of self, drawing a striking parallel to the concept of autoimmunity. This process is sometimes referred to as self-destruction, where the immune system mistakenly identifies its own healthy cells as foreign invaders, turning against the very body it was destined to defend. Through a depiction of internal dialogue, accompanying a moment frozen in a state of unfamiliarity, this poem explores the feeling of being so disconnected from one's origins that the very essence of who you once were feels lost.

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