

**meander scars** by Mandy Shunnarah

so much silt in the river of my body  
collecting like an underwater curio  
a shipwreck in my double helixes  
pushing into valleys  
where once i was whole

r e  
r o u t i n g

p u l l i n g a p a r t

and

d  
o  
w  
n

what if i'm not who i think i am  
spit into a vial and a lab coat  
will know more than i was able to figure  
in three decades in this body  
searching for clues

when identity is a balm  
—one for meander scars  
answers heal with a sheen  
glistening in the right angles  
the right light

perhaps none of us are whole  
wherever you wander—*meander*—  
will mark you wherever you scar  
will give you a story  
worth the winding rivers