

Debriefing

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You confess all. Even the truth.
You recount what you dread. Exile.
The face of disbelief. The fear

of what you are in their minds.
Then in your mind. In the mirror
the fluorescent light is harsh.

Sadness in your stare.
This is not you, they will say,
but nevertheless take photographs.

Your left side kept in a file
for their eyes only about you
who are their eyes. And their voices.

They read the small lettering
again and again. Question
whether you reveal all you know.

You never wanted to speak out.
You place a hand over your lips,
protecting this mouth like a wound,
like the dirtiest part of your body.