

## **Deconstructed**

by Aishwarya Javalgekar

i pack  
my bag for home.

i fold  
my queerness into a square  
hide it my bra.

i let  
my rainbow hair fade  
now it matches my skin  
now i blend in the crowd.

i disassemble  
into little cardboard sheets  
to be put together  
by a steadier hand  
someday.

Deconstruction is an art i learned as a child.