

# **A Fading Clarity of Identity**

by Sam Coffin

I look in the mirror, a person staring back at me  
The mirror cracks, confused on what it sees  
The reflection is fuzzy, am I nobody?  
The clarity, fading of who I want to be  
Is this the struggle of finding identity?

My earrings shine with illumination  
I look at my hair, it looks long, I see  
I look at my jeans, pink like a carnation  
But, does clothing define me?  
A stifled interpretation of who I long to be