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## Paradox

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## **Author Bio**

Katie is a sophomore English Major with a Writing Concentration and a Spanish Minor from West Caldwell, New Jersey. She is the Event Coordinator of The Mercury, a member of the Catholic Campus Ministry, a tutor at the Writing Center, and a Resident Assistant. When all of that's done, she enjoys attending Broadway shows and extensively quoting The Office over text message.

# Paradox

Kathleen Bolger

I'm sorry that we are completely the same  
and nothing alike:  
same green eyes that look best with brown mascara,  
same looped handwriting,  
same wrinkle of worry etched into our foreheads.  
We each take the weight of the world onto our shoulders  
and climb mountains every day,  
neither of us complaining about the pain in our backs.  
But I'm sorry that you're scaling Everest  
while I'm struggling with my anthill.

We are not a mirror image because I know  
that if you held up your right hand,  
I wouldn't meet it with my left  
but defiantly contrast it with my own right.  
And I hate that about myself,  
hate that I'd rather grow a forest on my own  
and then burn it down  
instead of saying, "I'm sorry."

I'm sorry that I don't talk to you anymore,  
but all of my inane excitements and fears die on my lips  
at the sight of that worried crease between your brows.  
All I can think of is your full plate:  
How could I give you my mashed potatoes  
when you're struggling to get through your steak  
with a butter knife?  
I'm sorry that I'm asking you to fill a bathtub with water  
while you're still trying to unfreeze the pipes.  
I'm sorry that you hold out your palms each day  
allowing me to pick off every last bit of skin.

I'm sorry that when you broke off a piece of your hot soul  
and tried to place it in my cold hands,  
I shuddered away because I was afraid of melting.