

## Duality

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I always thought I'd be a pro  
at living a double life,

at taking meetings in new york  
and holding hands over dinner in chicago.

I dreamt of slicing my body in half,  
one side neatly allocated to each city,

but the universe had a different idea.

she granted my wish, on one condition:  
she would make the cut herself.

instead of a clean line  
from my head to my toes,

her blade went from my left ear  
to my stomach to my hip bone,

trailing down my right leg to my pinky toe.

I hear her laugh as my brain sits  
in a conference room in midtown

while my right foot runs on  
a trail near logan square.

splitting time is more akin to splitting fibers,

carefully allocating each strand.  
my feet are never in the same location.

most days I'm skeptical they're even wearing the same  
shoes.

my body is as fragmented

as a picasso sketch  
(although hopefully not in his blue period).

my limbs are out of order,  
uncoordinated,

but as I sew each part back in place,  
I dream of adapting to my new proportions.