

# This Is My Design

Nadia Lee

**Abstract:** In this free form poem, Nadia Lee, a wheelchair user and a first-generation student at East Los Angeles College, illustrates how she navigates through tribulations in her life using biblical imagery and metaphorical tales. Lee begins this ongoing saga by alluding to a frail two-headed lamb, a rare phenomenon of genetic deformity, as an allegory to herself and her disability. As this journey ensues, Lee learns to overcome bastions of insecurities and mercenaries of betrayal with the aid of friends and family. Lee concludes this chapter in her adventure by rediscovering herself and finding solace in the uncertainties of life.

Two-headed lamb, frail and meek  
Plagued at birth, none to fault  
Loved by kin, blessed by God  
Coddled and swaddled  
Praying for a brighter tomorrow

Upon the desolate night  
Young lamb lay wake in fright  
As fear and doubt plagues its mind  
A deadly disease without a cure  
Will poor lamb endure?

O Weary lamb, could not sleep  
Up til dawn, so miserably  
Stuck in thought, way too deep  
Out for a stroll, in Fiddler's Green  
As it tumbled,  
d  
o  
w  
n  
the hOle  
Broke a leg, cracked their soul

Offered that deathless death  
Didn't take it  
Body pumped full  
And shallow breaths  
Intoxicated. Medicated. Sedated.  
The bitter pill of fate...

Play the game  
Roll the dice  
Surpass all odds and try again



True or false  
Take a chance  
Prove them wrong, all over again

Past phosphorescent groves  
Stands the illustrious Nursery  
As sheep flock over in droves  
Towards its halls of ivory  
Although the Beast patrols  
Make haste, toward sanctuary

Our own Chamber of unity  
A place made for thee  
Granted great knowledge with certainty  
Promised safe haven without a fee  
Entrusted with a veil of secrecy  
Bestowed prestige in camaraderie  
Pledged loyalty unquestionably  
Given a rare gift, but tossed aside with ease

A shattered teacup  
Broken into fractions  
A bitter taste of betrayal  
Driven to distraction  
Left with star-littered scars  
With each and every interaction

O Weary lamb upon the hill  
Broken and vulnerable  
Fearing the inevitable  
Reciting old stories  
To relive dead memories

Fresh meat for the grinder  
Fodder for the slaughter  
A commodity, another maggot in the feed  
Conviction burnt-out  
Used up, thrown out  
Dead meat, let it bleed

Leave the flesh to rot in peace  
Let the decay run its course  
Allow the soul to decompose  
Engulfed in sweet release  
Content without remorse  
In a state of comatose

Can't remain the prey  
Become an equal, in every way  
I know what I am...  
Behold, the Wrath of the Lamb!

Adapt. Evolve. Become.

Carefully curated  
Meticulously crafted  
A mask for any occasion  
Perfect for every persuasion  
Brand new alters to assume  
Palatable treats to consume

Bon Appétit

Hail weary traveler  
We beckon thee  
Take brief shelter over yonder  
Gather under the Great Oak tree  
Be engulfed in laughter and joviality  
As we bond in misfortune and misery  
Canonized in everlasting camaraderie

Tinker and tweak at my design  
Twist and turn that feral mind  
Spiral out of my disguise  
Am I crazy or just blind?

Look in the mirror  
Who do you see?  
Familiar figure  
Is it still you? Or is it me?

Outlined in fear my reflection stares  
In a hall where walls lay bare  
And with this line  
Dead or Alive,  
I shall survive

For this is my design...