**Hiding Strategies**

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My mother told me

not to touch my face:

it’s bad for the skin.

Oh, but I couldn’t care less;

all I want is to hide it

from the CCTV that’s hanging

in the corner of the room

like a wasp nest.

I want to touch my face,

to feel it slowly

like blind people do in films,

to learn it anew,

to reclaim it

from the girl in the mirror

who gets up too early

looking discontent

and treats it

as but a surface for make-up.

Which is just another

hiding strategy,

like headphones,

or running after dark,

or writing in your second language.

*You can’t see me, can you.*