



My Name

Jade Chandler-Haag

You say my name,
I feel uncomfortable,
as if you've slipped
through the cracks
and invaded my soul.
I am Mommy.
I am Honey.
I am ma'am.
No one calls me
by my name.
No one calls me
Jade.
Hearing my name
is almost like
an intimate
caress.
It leaves me
uncomfortable
and exposed.
I want to turn
and run away,
but I stay
from desire
to hear it again.