

**Self-Portrait as the Love Child  
of Kurt Cobain and Emily Dickinson**

From him, I inherited a translucency of eyes and complexion, which, in the arena of stardom, means I'm constantly haunted by the glare, his blue veins creeping up my arms like lichen. From her, my Puritan obsession with recycling and a closet full of house-dresses. Naturally, I'm an introvert of the most introverted sort. I keep versions of myself under glass where I can occasionally do experiments on them, as the mood strikes. Unlike my parents, I didn't drop out of school, though they did engender in me a certain distrust of authority, a punk sensibility in some ways seasoned by their deaths. I won't say I miss them, though sometimes when the wind blows through me, I can almost hear them sing.