

## **The Inhospitable Body**

There's blood running in the west.

Moments after landing here, I

caught the fever standing

in the hotel lobby, viscous fluid

dripping down my leg, creating

a trail of crimson erosion.

When the red fluid gathered on the

gunked up white marble

ground, it sent my

stomach spinning, head

drowning in the sea

of confused voices.

I escaped to the hills where, in the

intoxicated air, my sweat fled my body and

I realized the lies I told myself

in the face of the truth I found

in the binary discovered on the edge of a cliff.

At the entrance of this bifurcation,

at the place where we leave ourselves,  
a tree's trunk is bursting open and painted red like a cunt,  
dirty tennis shoes hanging from their laces in the branches,  
the feet of a million children  
spilling out of me one by one  
and drying out in the desert sun.

The rocks bleed fast with rust and  
I know because it runs red when it rains.  
I commune with the parched beasts and  
let the world see my shame  
as it flows out of me  
like Ophelia, who floats down a  
river like the ones our bodies make,  
her truth written plainly on  
her inhospitable body, flowers  
tied to her chest like I  
tie mine with bits of cloth,  
stained red with rust.

## **cracked**

I was running  
when I fell  
and cracked my head on the pavement.  
The ambulance came and  
next thing  
I knew my parents were there, holding  
my hands but I couldn't feel them  
grasping at all.  
Out loud, I wondered  
where my Body holds love,  
and why it's impossible to  
feel it until I'm  
slain on a block of cement,  
but my silence still spoke louder.

In the clarity between  
pain pills,  
or maybe in the midst of it,  
I realized a truth that had  
been held in my body  
for a time longer than any cell could count:  
There are so many things I want to do.  
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