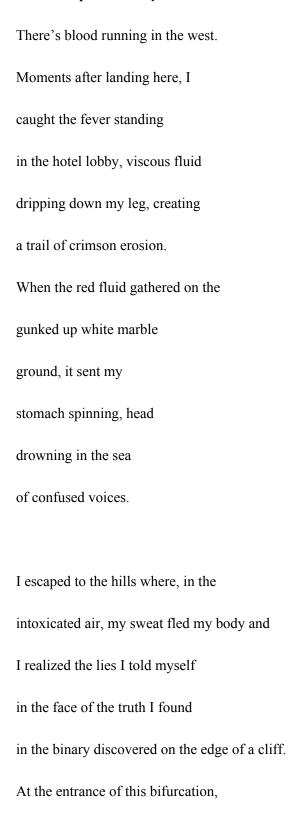
The Inhospitable Body



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

The rocks bleed fast with rust and

and drying out in the desert sun.

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.

There are so many things I want to do.

There are so many things I want to do.

There are so many things I want to do.