

# P o i s o n

The crucial fact is that I was poisoned.  
Every time I puked I tried  
to retch it up,  
each day without eating I knew  
I didn't feed the crawling sickness in my bones.

From the place above my head  
where I escaped like dammed water  
it was all clear;  
with enough blood lost I would be weak enough  
to be protected.

My body was forgotten  
as poison choked me out of my skull,  
blood was real,  
blood was creation,  
the animation of life in a corpse,  
proof of my inhabitation of skin.

If I were a church  
my central miracle  
would be the reluctance of bones  
to release me.  
For blood has its own doctrines, and preserved me.

-Selena