

The Bruised Reed

Anathallo

Are you a bruised reed?
A smoldering flax?
Are you a broken branch?

Oh, and do you love it?
Do you love to forget like I do?

One will sift as wheat,
But one has come with robes.
One will slice your ankle.
Love, love, love.

There are these sharp gold knives
In this space meant for affections,
Where the pink skin baby once belonged.

When I speak, "I cough them out,
Gather them up in my arms,
And swallow them back down.