

A cut is cleaner than a rip.

16. in summer, I woke up torn
From breast to knee
/A verse of broken key/

I know where.

I know what.

I know who

These scars

/Their/ thin, grey, fragile chorus
So wide and purple and viciously pronounced when they arrived
Come from.

((I have yet to forgive /them/
Shamed anew by their ugly indiscretion
Every time I re-re-turn
To their clinging, cruel /re-fraction/
Their unrelenting unredaction
An unwelcome re-regression
This unwavering obsession
This re-re-remembered (dis)possession
Still there still there still there still there still
there still there still there still there still theirs))

3 months later, another tear:
Too late for planned incision
A gash of rotten, ripe division
A slash of targeted revision
Left me so re-written
So unmistakably re-figured
The nurse gasped in shock
When she came to tend
Y/our entry from wound to world

/Re-form the parasite to pearl/
/Re-make the monster in the 'girl'/

We were numb for 20 years.

At my wrist:
A sure, steady, straight silver pact
A statement of irrefutable fact
Articulated at the moment of attack
With such purpose
Such precision
Such pain
I need not re-member
Its matter
Its meaning
Its moan
Any more.

/Though I know the perpetrator well/
Poor little dear
She only needed to be held

Her cut was deeper to be felt.