Let’s Say

Let’s say whatever’s bled from a body is blood, whatever bleeds has a pulse, where there’s a pulse there’s a way to make it still: say you curl your fist so tight that it throbs, they’ll tell you to peel the fingers back until it blossoms, call it lotus flower, something safe.

Say you’ve spent your life making a home out of all that skin, one day you’ll find an eviction notice nailed to your chest claiming departure is someone else’s choice.

Let’s say wherever you stand there are rivers buried beneath your feet, somewhere they’re mapping wounds to make them speak but from here it’s quiet as the inside of a vein. Tell them to dig a small hole in the earth and lay with their ear inside it, to listen for what passes as breathing.