

# 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.