

THE BLADE

first appeared
in my heart, a thick wall
of muscle, accustomed
to beating. It hardly hurt.

Then I began to feel it
in further regions, sloped
liver, the coastal spleen.
I knew it could maneuver

and multiply, laying waste
to my forests, making camp
in the gravel and fear. I tried
to explain: tent after tent,

a sharp army. Everyone
thought I was crazy. My brother
begged me to write it all down,
imprison my deserts on paper

we'd burn late at night. Then,
my body stopped being able
to contain all the heat
and the metal. There were blades

in the earth, in the sky, under
everyone's feet. We struggled
to locate our voices. *Come,*
we said to each other. *Pack up*

*your pillow and teapot. We
must travel even further inside.*

