

From Rinsing, [twelve years apart]

It happens that when I was
seven or so, I made a project
of religion. I never forgot
how to memorize –
that, yes, he is gone
because my mother
thought it. I prioritized
pushing – not worrying what
to do with that hiding knowledge
what I should carry & what
I was given what
I couldn't return.

first touched I wrecked my skin with water
of hurting where someone once loved
to blister the damp shame or
my body's few restrictions
& now, I'm only left
because he wanted to see me this way, I
a closed hand, a hard chest – always jerking
with a child on top, to be again,
I ran the embarrassment clean up my arms
because I was, existed. I let happen but
I didn't learn how to regret. My mind
I interrogated it all night.