

BLOOD BATH

I see blood  
pouring  
down my body  
from my crown,  
like a red sheet  
thrown over me.

A waterfall of blood  
sluicing down my skin,  
enclosing me.

But it is not myself now  
that is bleeding,  
that has been stabbed  
to dying.

It may not even be  
in this life.

I see me  
as a woman  
in a far-off time  
and place  
in the middle  
of a war  
or as a sacrifice.

It is how I feel  
after a pap smear  
this morning,  
forced to wait  
an hour and a half.  
So violated  
with fingers  
up inside me.

Even more  
for not being  
worth enough  
to be attended to  
on time.

To be hurt,  
infiltrated like that  
on top of being  
swept aside,  
brings with it  
the image  
of being brutally  
murdered  
for being a woman  
and coming close to this  
for being a child  
as I hourly lived  
in the path  
of destruction  
that was my father.

I curl up tight  
even as I stand  
in this shroud  
of blood.