Sister, I

Erika Saunders

We were never meant to hold it in. Once I walked the rainforest wet with blood smeared thighs, without shame. Blood dreams seep into tilled field rows dripping generation we were never meant to hold. Cauterized harp strings zing. Still the uterus continues to dream. Slicks of blood smear your thighs, without regard to civility. Overflowing genes, a viscous prayer we were never meant to hold against teeth and tongue fleeting as a meme. Womb weary, still we clutch these blood smeared thighs tight, closed. Until blood compresses to coal, compresses to diamonds – erupting, which we never thought to hold hidden between these blood smeared thighs.