

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
flecting 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.