

Pomegranate Juice

I gave you flowers – you took blood and gave me nothing.

And down down down
In a cavern beneath the earth and maybe -

Rebirth. Redux.

Ma said I should stay away from boys like you
I said I'd never like a boy like you

-Then I met you on that park bench the other side of the field.
You held me. I told myself it was springtime.

Evenings and mornings bled into each other,
Honey-thick and dripping,
Girlhood running down my thighs,

Sweet and bitter as pomegranate juice.

(I hope it's pretty enough for you)

Pearls and sea foam scattered across my floor
I rose from my bed three days gone
Made and unmade and made again,
By you.

Sometimes I wonder –

Did you come to my room one night
And open the ribs beneath my breasts,
Leaving rose petals in my lungs –

Blood red.

Rotting.

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