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The Fight Issue

by Elizabeth O'Connell-Thompson

I cut my finger making dinner, and the jagged edge of skin I'd left to heal and harden wound new red paths across my cheek as I dreamed of the rising sun, a hornet's nest.

I am becoming a weapon unto myself.

Hot water is forgiving to tougher skins, like candlelight when the dark won't do. In the beginning

I would soak before you came to me.

You'd say. "How warm you are. How sweet to touch." And Het you.



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