Anemic

I am not gushing out the blood of my abuse.
The compound fractures of my childhood
aligned,
metal-rodded
and sewn up almost seamlessly.
The scars of bone and skin now so faint and thin,
even I forget they are there,
except sometimes,
when I am waiting at the red light on sunny days,
hands on 10 and 2
absently starting at the tattooed sleeve of my left forearm,
shading not entirely hiding the even lines I cut
back then
when a razor was the only howl I had
to drip the red tears my eyes
were unsafe to yield.

I am not gushing out the blood of my 6-year-old.
She’s safe, here,
with me now.
Along with the 7-year-old, the infant, the zygote and fetus
the all my little ones
playing safely in the lake on the beach.
or sleeping softly in comforted beds or on padded moss carpets.

I am not gushing out the blood from decades long gone.
Instead,
it is leaking out in a multitude of tiny smeared drops.
The microfissures of microbetrayals, bleed into the micro
abrasions of microaggressions.

Once my heart was strong as steel,
it is ironless now.

I need the healing sting of
a salt bath of meditation
for a
    good
    long
while.

I need a cauterization of silence and solitude.

This white-knuckled heart needs nothing more than to
Sleep
on padded moss carpets with the
reclaimed innocence of children.

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