

## Anemic

I am not gushing out the blood of my abuse.  
The compound fractures of my childhood  
aligned,  
metal-rodged  
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.