



I thought I could heal it.

This pain, I mean.



But when the pain wouldn't heal  
(THE PILES AND PILES OF PAIN)  
and the bodies began to pile by the door,  
(THE PILES AND PILES OF BODIES)  
I turned to POETRY in order to survive.

But I found no way to survive.

In one poem I read, Persephone is raped so many times  
the emptiness she feels creates a new season.

In another, a woman's body spills out of herself  
and becomes the Gulf of Mexico, oil-soaked.



Everything is called

*DOMESTIC VIOLENCE*

or

*LAND RAPE*

or

*ON LOSING HER INNOCENCE IN WINTER, 800 B.C.E.*

and

I'm told I can learn a lot from these poems.

How easy it is  
to sprawl a body across a literary landscape.

To pry open a victim's mouth  
and force your own noise into it.

The violence of creating narrative without consent.

