

## Swan Song

The flexible tissue interior to bone  
My shoulder leading my body  
in its leap to be born  
There is no celebration for survival  
no flowers for flesh cut wide  
I am their last zygote, born unsure  
If I should stay alive.

Over time, the body became;  
shrouded in fleeting strength; soft walls  
The lesser of two evils became  
a fortress called home  
Creatively estranged,  
powerful yet constantly afraid.

Shoulder first,  
I live with uncanny ambition,  
broad dreams  
And in the quiet when I remember to listen  
Something calls me home  
Something unnamed and beautiful  
separate from the sadness in my bones  
Greater than one body, one marrow, one mother  
Swooning on the verge of giving birth to a dying child  
Playing on that precipice, they cut me out  
And that darkness never settled,  
She visits still, scared and wild.

Deep inside the flexible tissue  
interior to bone  
sits the hollowed belly of my stagnation:  
I hate you don't leave me  
rings the swan song of my fear  
Sewn into my cells  
We negotiate each day  
Transactions of  
Pain, forgetfulness and reprieve.