

Red Bones / Golden Blood

I stopped bleeding red

when I ripped my skin

apart, piece by piece.

Gold spills out of me;

Lakes flowing into rivers,

flowing into oceans,

flowing into night terrors,

flowing into church pews.

There is nothing

waiting for you on the

other side of destruction.

Golden mountains forged

on the maps of my skin. I leave

a trail everywhere I go,

of hot summer evenings, and
afternoon rain showers and the
smell of banana leaf wrapped
rice, with subtle hints of old newspapers
and fresh notebooks. I am always
trying to fill my open gaping wounds
with the flesh of material things.

Now, I fill it with the red clay of the earth,
let it dry and mould with the coral of
my bones, create veins and arteries to carry
my blood (black) to my heart.

*Nothing matters if you no
longer taste the bitterness
of forgetting where you
came from.*