

Hero Song

by Emily Bertholf

This page, fresh canvas invaded
by black ink stink of written words
swimming in smeared blood of labored
paper cuts, an old film unraveled
from its reel, risking exposure.

Emotions pollute objectivity—
right, wrong. Poems reveal what he did,
the scars I bear under trendy
cargo pants and knitted sweaters.

Lines document the black, beady-
eyed crow perched on my shoulder
picking yellow blades of grass from my hair
after he left me alone in the park.

How the crow looked me in the eye
and told me songs of heroes gone,
revealing the me I will not hide.

