

Soft Coral Siren

by Elizabeth Kate Switaj

I didn't feel when you cut out my spine
I'd been throwing up all night
couldn't even smell the rust

until you told me hold your hand
or make you leave
and I just rolled in setting stains, ecru sheets

Creatures bendable as me only safe in sea
& still devoured Every night

I rise to breathe
& hear you
drop fire on my vertebrae
You do not hear me sing you

I do not smell singed bone
or whatever sort of tear you give
to keep my nerves encased in . . .

