Child of Child

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Abstract

in the morning there’s a shadow creeping darkly over your bedsheets you pretend that you don’t see it but your body knows and feels it...
child of child

—Joseph C. Desy

in the morning there's a shadow
creeping darkly over your bedsheets
you pretend that you don't see it
but your body knows and feels it
and the child inside your stomach
claws helpless at its mother
your blood is flowing through it
and you're sorry that it's poisoned
you cry unto the daylight
though the sun has not yet risen
and the prophet on the corner
lifts his hands up to the planets
he tells the fatherless child
that Mary too was once raped
by her god