

Feeding Tubes

Heavy limbs lay low,

yaw perturbed; it scratches bone.

Digging past skin, vein, and artery to find its home.

Restricting movement with promises of stinging kisses shrewdly kept.

Amplifying turmoil brought on by fumbling of naive hands' neglect,

twisted and scraped into place as patience leapt.

Etching a half-moon mark into memory, writhing in place at my newfound accessory.

Giuseppe Gillespie - Apr 2021