

SUSAN ADAMS

Slow Bleeding

Thin air takes.
Drift, and hallucinate.
Pain moves to slow places,
my fingers start to freeze.

The face in the mirror
wax yellow lips on a parchment skin.
I'm staring at my grave.

Surgery has taken much blood,
didn't consent to it being this way.
It's hard to breathe, each step is weak,
waves roll through space in my head.
I feel the distance.

I can hear a cut goat bleating for hours
get slower and see him again in Pakistan
tethered to a stake
brutally purified by slow exsanguination
the red circles getting fainter.
We totter with the frailty of beasts
and I know he is a brother.