A Body of Poems

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Available at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol17/iss1/32

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Sarah Emma Rose Stiennon

Appendix

I wish for a moment
that I had even half the glory
of your daily grind.

You will never know the apprehension the fear
the disappointment
of being cast aside for a minor mistake

While you are given the tasks of a lifetime
I am condemned to sit unnoticed

low and enflamed
with the burn of injustice.

You sit in the center of it all a queen on a vascular throne,
and I lie here in your dungeon
never to taste the honor of duty.

Mouth

They say the brain is the quickest organ,

that it thinks and works
at double time.

But I’ve come to find,
that I often open,

before the brain has time to act.
Heart

I spend every moment with the weight of the world resting on my every beat
I do not have a chance at freedom.

My veins are chains
my rhythm a prison

if I am broken in two, it is still my duty to go on.
I am impressive and large and heavy and huge,
you mistake my power for hubris.
So, go on moaning like a bone-saw
I do not have the time to commiserate.

I must beat and beat and beat.

Breasts

Here I sit,
doing my best to be perky
Although,
I am pretty sure,

one is bigger than the other.