

I Tell My Uncle Thomas About The First Time I Was Touched

Thomas tells me that trauma is trite.
That to open up wounds is to bleed yourself out.
Snow, in Wisconsin, blocks the front door of my cousin's house.

In the north, the foyer has stairs up & down.
The basement, in broad daylight, is a grey sky. A groaning
fly by my ear: the only other noise besides

the flinching of my arms.
My cousin's breath,
heavy on my neck.

||

Heavy on my neck:
my cousin's breath,
the flinching of arms,

a fly by my ear. The only other noise beside
the basement, in broad daylight, is the sky groaning grey.
In the north, the foyer has stairs covered up & down

in snow. Wisconsin blocks the front door of my cousin's house.
It opens up wounds. *Bleed yourself out,*
Thomas tells me. Trauma is trite.