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The reason I'm not writing

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The Reason I'm Not Writing  
By Dana Sweeney

Silver husks of cellophane skin stretched thin—  
buried deep some kind of Styrofoam soul,  
carried throughout whispers for blood,  
prayers for cells,  
one photograph heart to one photograph brain.  
Always black and white.

Standing.  
High or low up on spaghetti string scaffolding  
dry and brittle, just add water,  
And a sun turned to oceans churning at  
the center of the sound.  
8 minutes to downpour.

Voice like a leaky faucet,  
always in need of fixing, never fixed,  
drip, drip, drip  
go words and worlds  
spilling out one piece at a time.

Together, an avalanche.  
To all strung up in time’s lace watching, snowflakes.  
To all beyond the known universe within my bones,  
drops and only drops.  
So all.

The universe within my bones known,  
but unexplored, uncharted, undiscovered.  
My little boat sailing from hip to elbow  
pushing against the current in the marrow  
here, there, and everywhere.  
Each joint a checkpoint  
in discovery.

I’m sailing through my bones,  
spitting up hurricanes,  
falling in the rain,  
and sifting through my skin.  
This is who I am.

But I don’t feel that yet.