

after the thaw

the sting arrives all over my thighs in bright pink patches / my chest strains to expand
and my clothes are soaking / while rain coated my hair and decorated my fingers / all I
could think about was how you were feeling / could you hear the spring from my jaws /
trying to wake what was beneath the surface / with my body numbed / I knew / nothing
here was ordinary

This poem is featured in my first book, [sisters in this ritual](#), available now.