

**Camille Christian**

## The Wreckage

This thing is like a wreckage  
and I am standing on the sinking remnants  
of my ship  
    which, at once carried me,  
    has all at once collapsed  
into a wreckage  
and I am standing on the sinking remnants

I clutch in my hands a broken piece  
one retrieved from the heap surrounding  
you are all I have  
    the only witness  
    who can confirm  
that it was real.

The water wraps around the wood where I am standing  
threatening to pull it away  
I am afraid to go in the water  
to drift away to who knows where  
    away from my ship whose bones surrounding  
    the sinking platform where I stand

I clutch the shard of hardwood in my hands  
splinters in my grasp  
    they bite my flesh and tell me  
    this is real  
and so am I  
They leave behind the stinging truth  
evidence

proof

Hot and wet my cheeks are singed with tears and flush with  
broken capillaries  
vessels bursting under pressure

like my vessel burst upon the rocks  
I do not want to live and die on this wreckage  
I do not want to hold this splintering stake

I do not want to go into the water  
It is cold    And deep  
And I don't know where it will take me

But I cannot stay here

The water crawls over the boards beneath me  
    kisses my feet with icy sensation  
        enticing  
I place the wood upon the surface  
    and watch  
        as it floats    away

The boards beneath me give

Ready or not

The water  
    takes me  
    and I relinquish control  
    and I too

I am floating

    away

## Dawn

I am bathed  
in light

Dust faeries dance in the spill of sun pouring in through my bedroom window  
my curtains are no longer drawn

Instead, enveloped in the warmth, I stretch my limbs and lay  
exposed  
to the light

My heart is open  
to love

The pain of the past bleeds through like wine staining the towel, you have to  
make a mess to clean a mess or whatever it is they say

A stain is a memory,  
    ugly, deep, nostalgic  
    - saudade  
Sordid.

Can I in forgiveness let it go.

Allow the shuddering exhale of grief to be carried on the wind,  
    the very same which stole my breath  
    to take my spirit upon it  
    so that I could know  
    the feeling  
    of flying  
To fall over and over into the ocean of love,  
    and be drawn from the water like salt raked upon the shore

I am healing and I am whole

I am seen and I am known

And it is not so scary  
    as I had thought

## Mortified

I press my palms to my solar plexus, pushing so hard as if to reach within and hold my pounding heart to keep it still.

Lacing my fingers through my ribs, locking them into the grooves to better pull my chest apart in the cracking snapping breakage of bone and the squelch of organs rupturing from within me, I pour myself out onto the concrete in a heavy sack of human tissue like

SP-LAT!

Ugh, stinky.

The putrid stench of blood of shit of piss of gas and bile, lathering into foam and boiling over like sudsy waterfalls gushing over the stones of my innards- soft and squishy membranes like anemones in the tide of blood that filled me, now a puddle - or an ocean - spreading out across the pale concrete, another stain to add to this collection of human refuse ground into the stone by the constant trample of foot traffic in the small town we call a city.

Overcome with the humiliation of consciousness, mortified.