



RID OF ME

BY E. O'RILEY

I never meant it to happen again—
my heart in my hand, handed back in surprise.
Instead of my mark, I've left quite a stain.

My abandoned womb gives birth to this pain—
a crusted reminder left on my thigh.
I never meant it to happen again.

My mother's warning runs through my brain.
You'll be the author of your own demise.
Instead of my mark, I've left quite a stain.

Pleas and overtures are met with disdain—
ashes coat my pupils and leave me blind.
I never meant it to happen again.

What his absence does I couldn't explain.
I'll leave that for the clever to surmise.
Instead of my mark, I've left quite a stain.



Shipwrights

The Review of De-Centered English

The sharpened steel, like Moses, splits the vein
and the Red Sea parts. No time for goodbyes.

I never meant it to happen again.

Instead of my mark, I've left quite a stain.

***E. O'RILEY** is a native English speaker who holds the passports of two countries, a white belt in taekwondo, and a grudge against Leonardo DiCaprio. She is currently procrastinating.*