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La Cicatriz

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La Cicatriz

By: Mark J Sutherland

Oppression never shows
her teeth before she gnaws your last
decade away. See how your trust drips
from clever fangs finding your aorta of youth.

Her shovels are the Earth's pencil scratching
m e t a l o n m i n e r a l,
rewriting crust you can't see from space
but still, she has man by the throat.

If you drew me, draw me as close as I to you—
I would dimple press into the flesh
of ground. Make me a crater,
I'm your depression.
A low shadow from a
rainless cloud overhead, constant—
friend.

Dry eyes wash everything *We*
but wind ruminates and you find
new ways to blow kisses

of kicks and scratch out my ears
with the manipulation of innocence.
These dust floods are my dear
Pegasus losing his footing. We're
hoofing it,
these souls of mine.

Dig in, dig in, dig in—

Move some earth around
and all that inward diggin' leaves scars
no one sees. Found my worth in writing

la cicatriz.