

On the Occasion of My First Erotic Piercing

Et ta blessure, où est elle?

—Jean Genet, 'Le Funambule'

No, I wasn't always good to you
he wreathes his hands in latex

Anyone can see that
purple—color of kings and contusions

See all those marks on breasts and hips?
his heavy rings swell against their rubber sheaths

Ate my way to some
"Quick breath in long breath out"

Starved my way to others
world lights up wind roars

All kinds of lines like tree rings date me
blood tang alcohol reek "one two three"

Like those scars under the heavy watch I wear
pliers twist flesh reels

Like that raw bald spot fresh stripped of hair
but my purple-veined darling see what you've done for me

But someday I'll hurt you beautiful
so beautiful

Joanna Grant