

Pimple

1.

My explanation is simple – who wouldn't rise
after being pressed for so long, who wouldn't blood
and pus.

Ugly name, passed from a foreheaded mother
to a nose-born son to say:

be thankful for your bacterial past.

2.

I once thought this is where we keep our secrets,
in the pronounceable words we give
to everything that stares back.

The mouth growing with thin air
as scaffolding. The index fingers going
towards the peak. Then, the light.

What a gorgeous, empty animal am I.
What a gorgeous, bloodied mirror I leave behind.

3.

To herd. To pattern. To utilize the tunnels
underneath the skin. Even now, I hear them,
kin communicating with kin, standing on
the bones of their ancestry,

laddering up
to reach for a hand.