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Life Fuel

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Life Fuel

Alanna Chait

We are a people of loss.
Umbilical cords sever like freshly cut grass;
fluid evaporates as quickly as these words;
hemorrhages pilfer life fuel;
hemosiderin-laden ecchymoses burst like fallen sunsets;
arteries and ardor retreat with each battle;
leaky membranes displace ions like Adam from the garden;
neoplasias obliterate self;
bodies dwindle with each cut;
disoriented immune systems cloud illusion and reality.
We are a people of loss.

We are a people of replenishment.
Undying receptors cling like desperate lovers;
protein transporters home as pigeons to their nests;
bone springs from primordial roots;
zymogens save us from ourselves;
souls emerge from finely sculpted blastulas;
ATP pumps birth energy and motion;
liver cells replace defeated neighbors;
vessels vitalize broken hearts;
despair breeds strength and conviction.
We are a people of replenishment.

Within loss, gain;
within death, birth.