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blood clots

Julie Gray
Cal Poly Humboldt

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blood clots

Julie Gray

Content warning: this work contains
reference to abortion

It has been two weeks since

I was

it was

we were, six weeks.

Six weeks and four days.

That's 6mm long. That's the size and shape of a baked bean. That's real.

That's tender breasts. That's craving sea food after vomiting.

Since then,

I sit with ten pounds less.

There was two weeks in bed.

There was painful crying, the kind where your jaw starts to hurt after a few hours. There was secret loneliness, the kind where your stomach loops in the absence of compassion. There was stomach sickness, the kind where your mouth starts to sweat. There was physical exhaustion, the kind where you wonder if it's your body or your mind that's shutting you down.

There was psychological fear, the kind that makes you grind your teeth, not only at night anymore but in the middle of class, surrounded by peers.

There was a grain of hope, the kind that made taking a deep breath feel like a big step.

There was pain

so much pain

So much was physical. Real.

A gunshot to my gut.

So much was mental. Agonizing.

An artery ripping separation.

I was stuck with only a trash can as a best friend

To give my all

my new everything.

I was stuck with myself.

I had no escape from my mind.
I had no escape from my own body.
I had no escape from the life blossoming inside of me that wasn't mine
but still somehow a life that belonged to me.

Since then,
there has been blood
so much blood.

There have been days and days of blood clots.

So many
blood clots.

The doctor said,

"The growth and development has stopped now. Starting tomorrow, there will be
dissolvment. It'll come out over the next few weeks in the form of
blood clots."

I can't wait for the day when the bleeding stops
when the blood clots stop
when the blood clots stop reminding me.

It has been two weeks since I was
we were
since they were six weeks

Six weeks and four days.

But today marks two weeks since six weeks

today I smell
today I am still bleeding
today I am still crying
today I am still hurting
today I am still mourning
but today I am grateful

that I ever had a choice, and chose a future for my freedom.