



Hematopoiesis

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As the sea takes the shape of its anger,
blood's form is its motion.
It is a moment and not a thing.

Silty like a river's bottom, a million globes
grow into a breath, bear electric stone,
and bloom in the coral of our lips.

Not by your bidding, you have healed.
The green weeds between knuckles are
the purpose of our heart's creation.

Its abundance is what we fear – salt droplet of our thumb –
should it turn the weapon of its making on us
and drown us in ourselves.

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