

Corrine De Winter

Original Sin

I have come in the morning
Smelling blood and forgiveness
On the sheets.
You have called me Angel
Although it rhymes with hell.
I have listened to that echo
Of dirty words.

When waiting dissolved me
And the bones pushed closer
To the skin.

But call me Grace
When I forget all the strangers
I have tasted before you.

Boy, I take these butterflies
Beneath my skin
And they flex their wings
Stiff with confession.
You do not speak.

What is broken already,
Half music, half human,
Cold rhythm of your leaving.

Three times you awoke
Asking where you were.

Pilgrim, I said,
You are nowhere.