



Reconstruction

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Alysa Cummings

for B.G.



She stands on a low stool
 wearing blue surgical booties
 and a dazed expression,
 limp cotton gown at her feet.
 Plastic men with purple magic markers
 (permanent pointy tip)
 circle her, chatter in matching mint green scrubs,
 slowly map the scalpel's winding path
 with purple spots and sketchy lines.
 They connect dots, front and back,
 mark pale skin sorely branded,
 burned and scarred.
 She senses their plot and plan
 from a far off distant place.
 Her hands first flutter nervously at her sides
 then clutch and clench,
 open closed, open closed
 pushing shame and anger
 in hot surges, up to stain her cheeks flaming red.
 Naked and fierce, no pockets hide her fists.
 She poses on her pedestal,
 spins around slow,
 no twinge of fear, no prayer of hope,
 mute - a block of damaged marble
 impatient for an artist's sharp blade
 to set her fighting spirit free.

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