

Heartsblood
Cara Carroll

Oh, this is the real thing, all right
The other was thin, like water
Or like a cold fog

This is different.
It's tangible.
It has thickness, length, breadth, material
It's yielding but as firm as the flesh of my heart

It's viscose, like heartsblood
Heartsblood oozes from it, in fact
Giving it life

It is heartsblood.
And heartsblood doesn't scab over
When you're wounded
It oozes, creeps on out

Turning blue then black
As it is deprived of vital oxygen
And then you die.

But this is real and
The heartsblood is warm
It courses through me, through you
We share it.

It is ours and we belong to it
It gives us life and love
Because we reciprocate

It takes on shapeless forms
In the night
We grant it this power
Because without it we are nothing

We drip with heartsblood
We are saturated in it
It is in us and of us