

# I am soft tissue taken out of his ribs

Hay Howe

tugging at my hips  
sharp-wired threads  
hung at palms

a shell  
of a marionette  
destined for string

this part;  
I've received handbook to  
exist in

I exist in

*internal softness*  
*tracing of fine skin*

and my love that resides in a table of context:

1. right vs. wrong
2. taught vs. learned
3. accepted vs. not
4. vs. vs. vs. etc.

oh and those same dwelling questions

what is sex if not reproductive?

what is a woman without existing  
through ripped flesh of internal man?

how is it existing

out

in a world

I chose

to be harder?

I look down and roll up my sleeves

*I'll wear my heart here*

*I say (despite)*