

In Which I Learned to Arrange Flowers

Hanna Davis

The first time a man threatened me,
I was a coiled half-moon inside
My mother's womb.
I had no mouth of my own,
And still I was too loud.
The boughs of my house reached inward,
Leaves covered the hemorrhaging sounds of my cries.
I learned my lesson years later,
Wrapped up into a sticky gray veil
Of silence;
A kitchen without my mother in it.
My father smiled at me when he remembered I was in the back seat.
When he removes the tape, I inhale, and
Small white teeth blossom
Into a beam of baby's breath.
The smell of rot is still young and sweet.