

## UNTITLED

Janna Brown

Venturing through Saturday night fluorescence, I arrived at an emergency room more bare than bones.

In deadpan pitch my earnestness was washed over with a perpetual understatement.

Puzzled at the logic, a baby faced intern shrunk my story to avoid lingering interpretations.

My madness did not abide, compliant in diagnostic corners.

How undignified for both of us?

I wish I could have shared my entry to the deeper layers, this gathering in tangles.

Instead, I witnessed my story In another person's hands, trapped in boxes, checked and recorded.

With a ragged sigh. I treaded from a verge and back, to assemble this collection of knowings, self addressed, unchecked, unearthed, unfettered. The threads remained in tangles until there was space enough to weave them.

The fire in my belly, drawing clay as my bow emptied, emptied...

To wholeness.