

Woman

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Blood clots grow
Around my uterus
Clutching it in a violent embrace.
Creeping up
Twisting my ovaries,
Tendrils of ivy curling
Unfurling around a tree trunk
Smothering the life out of
Me.

Slice me open with a paring knife.
Gut me like a fish.
Cut it loose and yank it out,
Like the dandelions that
Choke the grass.

My uterus is useless
Sits there like a tumor
Does nothing but cause me pain.
Cut it out.
What do I need it for?
A womb does not make a woman.