

Gallbladder

You come from
what's left of what holds
the world together.
From bile, from bitterness,
from breaking down.
From small things—
a soft purple fig, a wasp inside,
an egg within it, and a whole universe
inside of that. Folded, tucked, consumed
by quiet geometry.
A cathedral of ribs; a phantom thing.
A tendril branch; a teardrop bud.

That nameless, churning ache
sits silently behind the liver,
and curves beneath the chest.
It aches of what must break
before it can be whole—if we
had not been wounded,
there would have been no pearl.
Move and remove, turn and return.

The gallbladder, my sour
steady witness, churns again.

Green knots wait, and wait,
and then unfold—the held breath
of a thing pressing itself
into the right place.
The wasp's body; the silent visitor,
gently absorbs itself
into the fig's fruit.
You swallow what you are given—
what holds the world together.
Fold and refold, give and forgive.

Gallbladder—churn again