

# I Bleed When I Fear

He's attached to me—  
Like stone embedded in a bloody knee.  
When removed my body bleeds;  
Taking away what my body needs.

I bleed when I fear  
The fading of our love;  
The loss of pecking lips-  
Against my flesh at 3 a.m.  
A feverish bliss—  
That kiss of the lips.

His obsession lingers under my nose  
And I can taste the bitter wine—  
His sweat mingling with mine,  
As his fingertips tip toe  
Up and down my heaps and mounds.

Succession of pressure  
Heating our veins.

Then all stops.

The memory fades  
And I'm bleeding again.  
I fear the intimate will disappear

When we settle into our attached state—  
Embedded in each other-

Like stones in a bloody knee.

As our love becomes more than an abstraction,  
I will no longer fear, I will no longer bleed.

—*Mindy Smith*

