

Spring 5-1-2020

From the Ground Up

Erin McLysaght

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

McLysaght, Erin (2020) "From the Ground Up," *The Prairie Light Review*. Vol. 42 : No. 2 , Article 13.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol42/iss2/13>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.

From the Ground Up

Erin McLysaght

this is what it feels like
to dig fingernails into my brain:
oil slick and heavy as tar,
every groove dragged through to create a melody,
creation's music box,
sulfurous fog and hollow bones to chew on,
dug up and consumed,
ice down to the marrow
backwards and forwards,
nothing is familiar but you remember
everything.

I want to pull the damn thing apart;
rearrange my matter until
even I don't know
which way is up.

I want to shatter my own atoms like glass
blown-out windows in a fire,
this factory for blood clutching and seizing
tearing at the walls.

I press my face to the prison bars
hold them close and
dig in my nails.

I pry them apart.

I am overpopulated
with silence.