

Hungry Inside

Hungry inside, my father eats
his way out of my flesh.
When he is free of me,
all that is left of him within
is a rough, brown scab,
like a surgeon's wound,
along the left of my abdomen.

Hungry outside, my father tries
to cut back in. He cannot.
Beneath the scab, the scar is pale,
lifeless, but firm and tough.
It lets nothing back within-
his hunger unable to do more
than scratch at my flesh.

I love him as I love each wound-
They are so hungry
to be still inside me.
But I remove him from my flesh
as I remove the scab,
stand back, admire the whitened scar,
paled, nerveless, hardened.

Sometimes there is a little blood.

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