

Stigmata

By Thomas Harris

Karma kissed the curse,
And now, I am humming
To these sounds I never knew.
I belonged, but it did not come to me.

In mid air, I wring water, fire, earth.
I find the burn and dig the chest.
I gather parts of me
And spill out the dark, wide infinite.

I lay down my past for this present,
Sinking like my skin is the enemy.
I pierce trillions of atomic relevance
Because it is there, and I am nowhere.