

## Catheter

Its vinyl tube insinuated  
between intimacies, between gapping

thighs and labia, between  
vagina and anus, into

the urethra. A rubber hose, dangling,  
bladder to bladder, leaking

acid and waste, drop,  
and particular, drop.

This conversation between  
self and polymerized, vinyl acetate.

the difference between  
this reservoir and this reservoir dangling

its bulb, a swollen tumor.

Cut it. Deflated, the tube loosens, slithers,  
bearing its forbidden knowledge:

we are water and salt, saline seas.  
Our words, our meaning spill

and spill, sour and strong-smelling,  
bitter because we have not thirsted enough.

The world awash in glory and we swallow  
only the smallest drops. Cut it

and fall again, cast out or unable to bear  
the irritation: that we are

vulnerable and always open, that we cannot close  
even this small part of ourselves.

This tube, its itch and invasion, its gravity.  
Pull, bear the pain, bear the wrenched

open agony. Freedom hurts, yes! Endure this.  
Pull. It will come, with blood, with pus,

with amber urine. This tube, rope,  
tongue, clapper, this plastic

calligraphy still dangling  
our determination to be separate.