

I Can Smell Blood

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With closed eyes, my nostrils
fill with a metallic perfume.
warm sweat. earth. a dampened cave.
Morning Blood,
rising up from the crotch
of my sweatpants
with every reposition
of my legs.
Asserting through the air,
this bodily declaration
a long awaited remembrance.

No blood for
nearly a decade,
nearly long enough to think
I'd forgotten how.
Like a ball jar on the table
containing dried flowers.
their cut stems suspended in air.
Alas, "The Period hath returned!"
Cue the trumpets!
A bleeding miracle
is still a miracle.
An erratic cycle
still sacred blood.

Some vestige of wildness
that can't be broken.
A flowing reminder
that I contain rivers.
I am a vessel for tides
older than time.
Inhaling deeply,
past the dried flowers and through the sweatpants.
Behold the smell of the living.
It is ancient,
it is mine.

runner