If There Is a Word For the Moments Between Asleep & Awake, That Is the Title of This Poem Or: Twilight of the Mind

Merissa M. Cope
Gettysburg College, copeme01@gettysburg.edu
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Author Bio
Merissa Cope is a first-year, who is involved with the Painted Turtle Farm, CAB, and Live Poets’ Society, among other things. She also works on the rock wall on campus and is the student in charge of organizing the Rhymes and Revelations spoken word poetry series.

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Butterfly my chest and show me open to the world
I am rib and sinew, no more
(my molten heart longs to drip free)
not worthy of the title of human, not yet allowed to die

Do not sew me up
the wind whistling through my ribs feels so lovely
chills my molten heart
(the wind whistling through my ribs is the lullaby I can finally fall asleep to)

go fight your noble battle somewhere else, child of Cain