Hemorrhage

Emily D. Pierce
Gettysburg College, emicadoo@yahoo.com
Class of 2018

Follow this and additional works at: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury

Part of the Poetry Commons

Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.

Available at: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2016/iss1/24

This open access poetry is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact cupola@gettysburg.edu.
Hemorrhage

Author Bio
Emily Pierce is a writer by choice and a dreamer by design. She is a sophomore English major with a writing concentration, simultaneously pursuing a minor in Cinema and Media Studies. In the words of Lin-Manuel Miranda, "I wanna build something that's gonna outlive me."

This poetry is available in The Mercury: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2016/iss1/24
I was thirteen
and they saved me,
one week after I’d
faced my fear
of routine procedure
and hobbled away
whispering, “That wasn’t so bad.”

I was thirteen
and my mother did not cry
in front of me,
because when your daughter goes pale
and insists she is fine
but you know she is not fine,
you can’t let her see.

I was thirteen
and we were watching the ballet
from our living room.
I tasted blood—
my blood—
so they cauterized me
and took me under
and I remember saying,
“Mama, just so you know,
Giselle dies at the end of act one.”

I was thirteen—
was that all?—
and they saved me;
my voice sings on,
my spirit sighs,

and I am not Giselle,
for my heart beats a steady dance
even as you broke it,
even if these pages drip red
and I run to my mother’s arms
when you cross my mind;
please do not dance yourself to death
for my sake.