

SAGE RAVENWOOD

## Scraped from a Boning Knife

We're multi. Sum parts of homo sapient.

Seven layered skin suits, the topmost layer  
Stratum Corneum composed of *dead* cells,  
Shedding barriers of pretend reinforcement.

Fillet knife the first three epidermis layers,

Pause the blade when you accidentally nick

Dermis the middling layer, *feel*;  
Where nerve endings are housed.

Sense pain. Mounting pressure Anger

You will require a boning knife here in cutting deeper.

Stratum layered down to *bone*, scraped raw;

One on top of the other sandwiching Rage.  
Fury. Wrath. Madness. Call it what you will;  
I have suckled blood vessels and sweat glands,  
Worried hair follicles thin, but fed well.

Inside what Germans call my *haut*, my *skinned hide*,

Will and Hope bloodletting as if they were  
Wrist sliced vertical in suicidal bludgeon.

My abuser, you with the five fingered  
Closed fist of house broken Love.

Feeding child me, woman me too many doses of pain.

Did you know if you swallow enough it burns,  
Boiled down to a feverish pitch.

If you siphon hatred through skin and bones

Long enough, if you gut punch your heart  
Hard enough, in between all the layers of  
Who you are, you find

The will to live.