5-1-2009

Poison

Indu Shanmugam
Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean
Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol17/iss1/11
strong wind of cool air surrounds your emerging head and relieves the incessant heat and pressure. The relief is only momentary for a cruel being surrounds your war-torn cone-head with his heartless latex wrapped hands and yanks the rest of you free. He grimaces and holds you vulnerable and exposed in midair like some kind of trophy. It’s so bright, you begin to worry. It’s cold, it’s loud, and your head is shaped like a cone. Slap! That devil’s minion latex-gloved hand connects firmly to your behind. How dare he. Your head throbs and your face involuntarily contorts in protest. Quite unarguably the most disturbing detail of it all is the gory slicing of your beloved umbilical cord, by the one person who supposedly values your life beyond his… your father. Without consent and without a second opinion he grabs the surgical scalpel and grins menacingly. You hold your breath, anticipating the horror of the slicing of your favorite tubular shaped extension. As you lay naked, indignant, and with a chip bag clothespin over your bloody belly button you wonder why we could not all keep our umbilical cords. We wear gloves on our hands, hats on our heads, and could just as easily wear umbies on our umbilical cords. Alas, the development of your trachea, and consequently the vocal cords, will not be complete for another three months and you are unable to protest.

But finally, when you are on your last straw, one minute from demanding re-entrance into the birth canal warm, soft linen surrounds you. You are deposited in two loving arms that curiously mold exactly to your exhausted body. She coo’s into your ear and you melt with the smell of lavender comfort and an uncanny sense of familiarity. One by one your tensed muscles relax, the angry forehead wrinkles are smoothed. A sense of peace and belonging floods your senses. Some man sticks his face up next to yours and he tells you he’s your dad just a little too loudly, but you ignore him. Because once again you can hear the steady settling rhythm of your mother’s beating heart.

---

**POISON**

*Indu Shanmugam*

Venom was once injected,  
At an unknown time  
Rapidly saturating the soul.  
Staining the blood black,  
Bitter passions flame,  
Dominated by hate.  
If I ever nurse,  
I will kill.