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I Am A Rib

PJ Bentley
Concordia University - Portland

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I AM A RIB

PJ BENTLEY

I said yes to the snake wound in the tree like a question mark,
not my nodding partner, but he will get all the credit. The bastard—
if I hadn't let him have a bite he would have remained a naked,
brainless monkey tromping through the bush and dropping

names, not the first romantic hero, not the spirited individual
who wanted to be God, the man with guts. Yet, since my thin hands
passed the fruit to his thick hands, young lovers will forever bless
his name in damp sheets as they try to keep quiet. And when a man

under oath grins at the genius of his lie, the credit will go
to my husband, wrapped in a goat's skin outside and flirting
with our wifely daughters on the grass, as I touch my tight belly
that holds a murderous seed, forming the mold for my particular role.