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Blood Signs

Christine Redziejewski

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Blood Signs

You eye me askance because I am losing my sight
in the droplets that are gouging my face.
You do not realize that, for now, I do not care
what happens to you and I will not until the
marquis that bears the outlines of my name
stops dripping blood onto the pavement.
It is drizzling into the cracks of the sidewalk
and I am trying to blend my tears with its ooze
but I cannot seem to make them fall on the stains.
My nose is abrading the asphalt now as I chase the
streams running toward the curb but my face bruises
as it hits the gutter and I rise holding my eye.
I can see that the sign has dripped its fill and
that the copper trails have spelt your name.

Christine Radziejewski
WC '90