

Sonnet to knee scabs

by [Shelby Poulin](#) in the [February 9, 2022](#) issue

Dark scab, ruby gem, dragon egg, scarab  
body, round and bulging—a current runs  
under the blood cage, pink flesh of cherubs.  
We are baby-skinned wielders with shotguns.

Porcelain warriors that kill for fun  
makes good TV, yet one rusty nail will slice  
a toe in real life, skin spread butterfly, sun  
will cook people to lobsters—skin is thin ice.

But the body craves old paradise.  
She speaks a maternal, native tongue  
that heals and binds, that crystalizes vice  
into a throbbing pact of blood, air, and lung.

Scabs are amputations, itching  
for the garden. Scabs are the body, stitching