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Self-Justification

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Self-Justification

John Van Rys

You made me, I am
certain
do it.

Occupied clothing lilies and counting
fated sparrows, sand grains, stars, hair (head
and body), carbuncles, cancer cells—your attention
lapsed. The moment ripe, I grasped it,
two-handed, raised fruit to lips, tasted now
two-faced, tongue twisted and tied, serpentine.

Great gardener. You grew me
crooked in your soil with soul
just jutting thorny branches
no point grafting.

Old wielder of needles. Knitting me,
fabricating my cells' self,
womb-warm in woman, you dropped
a stitch, let snap a strand in
DNA's cord, now frayed
forever and ever, a man.

So be it. You willed me (now
willful) temporary insanity
regular as clockwork—not me,
my self justified, defiant.

But come now, come now—no need
to argue. Come, let us bargain
together, my plea.