

Lefty

I woke one morning missing my right hand.
She'd gone away, I guess,
repulsed by Left
or else seduced
by dreams of gloves and glam,
drawn to another's arm
to schlep another's flesh.

My bleeding stump
lay inking just-bleached sheets.
What happened
in the red?
And when I reached
to wipe my sole palm clean
I found my body woven in the bed.

I tugged,
I thrashed,
I wrenched to pull free
from a choking grasp
till I lay subdued,
stilled,
and then

one bloody,
wormy
hand
twirling circles on my chest.

I died that day that bitch left me for him,
and then came back to rub it in.