

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Louisa Schnaithmann: Two Poems

Louisa Schnaithmann · Monday, January 13th, 2025

The Return

with a line from Frank Bidart

It's easy to write about illness.
The long, damp hours spent

inside a darkened room, shades
slit shut like little knives. Sweat

pours off the body, makes the bed
wet with what is not desire, only

a sick stench. God, what rot.

I wanted a poem about my life.
Instead, I got shut doors, told

to look at your hands. I wait,
bide my time. It will come,

I tell myself, hearing the full-throated
Carolina warblers sing with a might

that may shake the foundation
of my room. I turn towards

the closed window. What you love
is your fate. What you love

keeps you alive, ready or not,
blossoming into yellow daffodils,

the cold air turning towards the sun.

I open the window.
I let the light cover my body—

it damns me to live.

*

Shame

You come in, a wolf
dressed in black, a cloak
of hurt around you.
The door opens with
your claws attached to it,
a creak, a moan. You call
upon me, wrap
your furry limbs around
my sick body, crush
my fingers, my toes.
You smother me, tongue
thrusting inside my mouth,
unwanted. I hope for less.
I begin to take stock of my small
life –
its chagrins, its dreams, its despairs.
I make myself into a small rabbit,
fur bloodied by you.
I contort. I reach. I crack
my bones into impossible shapes.
All for you.

*

(Featured image from [Pexels](#))

This entry was posted on Monday, January 13th, 2025 at 5:36 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#).
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a
response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.