

# 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](#))*

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