The Propaganda of Cells

Four of Five Pieces

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A crescendo of panting to her stiff-lunged years
pressed in on her for three days and a bit before the
succumbing
no word could be wedged between gasps.

A knife twist in her life's two year tail two years'
witness to others' ministerings at her flesh-raw
chest
turned outward to the air
enforced fluency in the language of lint.

From nests of treason in her breast
at night the insurgency pushed out
into the bloodlines

outriders of a black host
the dreadful propaganda of cells
bridgeheads locked down in bone and brain
a Reichstag fire flowering in her back
herstory crumbling
midnight dominoes along her spine.

At the end
at the panting post
in the room curtained for death
her body spat and crackled with a foreign fever
even past the last breath and her eyes drying.
In the bare room a malignant hum.
When they came for her a thin smoke hung.

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