

Stitches

I was gushing blood

I guess the computer desk
hated me that day.

Sprinting throughout the house,
searching the house like a
vulture searches for food;
rummaging through every drawer,
for a nonexistent band-aid.

Screeching for help, little nine year old me.
My mother--out of breath--
races in only to find my
foot sliced open in between
the third and fourth toe
almost in a perfect line.

She turns a greenish-yellow
color at the sight of bone,
my father jaunts in,
right at the moment
my mother began to
tumble backwards, he began to
examine my foot
-- gawking at the sight--
asking "what on earth did you do!?"
I was then delivered
the worst news of my life,

I needed, *stitches*.



AAW