2018

My Blood You Shed: A Gay Man’s Libation

Carder Venable
Western Kentucky University, joseph-evan.venable708@topper.wku.edu

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My Blood You Shed: A Gay Man’s Libation

My blood you shed, even after you take it
From my body, still pulsing with the life
That will never heat another’s veins.
I see my A+ turn black in its plastic container,
Growing still and limp the moment it sees
Its negative fate.

The screech of metal on metal—
You raise the lid of the trashcan.
You would throw it away,
Like a gallon of spoiled milk,
And with the same look of
Disgust
Upon your face.

But before it reaches the bin,
Your gaze pierces the bag,
And that lifeless, inorganic liquid
Moves once again.
It spills.

This time it has a purpose,
And it wastes not a moment.
It gushes down onto your hands,
Slipping in between your fingers,
Melting beneath your sterile gloves
That protect you from your guilt.

The heat of it sears your skin.
I was wrong before;
My blood will heat another’s body.
And it will burn it.
Running your hands under the cold water
Of the sink, you say “Out, damned spot!”
But I hope it sinks in.

In the next room a patient is dying,
Searching, hoping
For just a drop of blood, but mine is dead.
And I am bleeding out just the same.
We both could have been saved,
Yet we were both denied.
Quickly, the little girl is running out of time,
But you are too busy trying to wash away my grime.