

POETRY | FALL 2021

Bleeding

By Drea Burbank

Blood is good
It brings
Nutrients to a wound

All bleeding stops eventually they tell you in medical school
Or was it paramedic school where they see more death
And have better humor as a result

I think it was the surgeons
When a young black man would not stop
Gushing
And they would not come to help me in the night
With his dark skin and
Dark clots and
Dark eyes
And my eyes were round with his pain

In *All Creatures Great and Small*

They bleed a horse
And it sobs blood
Into buckets
And then it is better.

I am bleeding
Not monthly, although sometimes that is also the case
Modern women have more control over that
Even though the moon still makes our legs
Sway like a
Soft salsa song on the beach

No, I am bleeding

Words and Ideas
from my
soul
And I think that

It is extra, and I had it built up to shed
So
It will make me
Better

Drea Burbank is an MD-technologist, who runs an international consulting group specializing in preventive medicine products and prototypes. A digital nomad with a yoga addiction, Burbank has a propensity to profanity and only pretends to live in San Francisco.

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