

# CREATION

*Atticus Dale-Haigh*

I'm flooded with the pain of birthing myself,  
Bone snapping, muscle ripping pain  
Numb to my toes,  
I want to cry.  
I need to quell the stampeding herd beating on my back,  
Throb of a thousand hooves.  
Skin on fire,  
Eyes stinging  
"Wiggle your toes. Are you wiggling your toes?"  
"I'm wiggling my toes."  
Fire ants crawling up my neck,  
Walk through hell to reach Creation.  
Limping victim through the street.  
Humiliated, in pain, bleeding.  
I will be my own God.

