

from Clasp, a hypnosis project



Danielle Vogel

Collapsing. Through the hood. Pass
off into me. A strap round the wrist.
An arm pulled out of socket. A nurse
yelling, *shut up, girl*.

And then I fall. More underwater than
ever in light. I slip again into arms into
blankets. The skin endures after the
bucket is poured.

Blow on me. Lick me clean. Put me.
But first feed me. And then. In sound.
The milked lip. A rubber glove.

We cry together. And I can see that. A
million births beside. This one here is
your grandmother's. This one here is
hers too.

A hand. Hired. So. A gesture. A hand
me down. A hauling in of nets. Hold
me.

The baby is a beggar. A handle. To fly
off. Easy. Empty the baby out. And
then fill her up. Little fool. I am a
napkin.

We must have been so tired. In vapor
or in steam. Heat me up with kisses.
Kiss me. You kiss me. Now name me.

I'm so tired. Even before we begin. All
this time I imagine I'm in your arms.
Even as I'm wheeled down the hall.