

Our Blood Holds Secrets

by Jenny O'Grady

they took the blood
of my shale-backed
daughter,

took it in a tube,
pooling blue and copper,
legs helpless in the air.

they cradled her in rubber
gloves, and it felt like
the universe stopped:

and here we are with my
mother's mother's mother,
calm in the family

armor, calm and fearing
nothing at all, not
the monsters of the Triassic,

not the unforgiving surf or the
rough clasp of her mate,
nor the unceasing pull of

time. time means nothing to
the ocean.

today, they took the blood
of my daughter, slipped the
needle neatly past the plates.

our blood holds secrets
that will outlive this
rubber glove,

this boat, this man
pitching her into
the salted sea.