

Kim Trainor

Excerpt from *Ledi*

Every morning I wake at dawn and watch the blue light seep
through cracks and blinds, like water all around.

It trickles through sockets, into my mouth,
my throat, until I am filled with light and can see
the cage of bones, damp heart,
dark venous blood at wrist and breast as it scatters
through cross-hatched transparent skin.

I am clear in this tidal light.

And then it goes, leaving ligaments and thews strewn
like dried grasses. Butterflied lungs.
A residue of salt in the scraped hollows.

From *Ledi* (Book*Hug, 2018)

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