

The Stray Branch Lit Mag
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My body shut down

What is the message when suddenly
your body shuts down
and decides it doesn't want
to be a part of anything anymore
as sadness creeps into loosened pores?

Nobody brings sought joy
as you fake everything
like orgasms which build up into a dead end
as you wonder what you will become
and what will sustain you.

This feeling paints confusion and fear
in my chasm of lingering discomfort
when hair color becomes snow
and zest buries itself in life's armpits.

Where is light in the night
as migraines sweep across foreheads
and compromise well-beings.

As a young girl I never expressed my needs,
crushed and locked inside of me
until it erupted as controllable cancer.

I am not blaming anyone, but life does take its toll
on more gentle souls who rescue all but themselves.

At this crone age, what is life's recipe
to shelter us from more pain?

I think I'll write a book
It expands souls.