

Pain-a-trait
(revised March 31, 2014)

Sharp pricks hit my abdomen,
a burning pull on the left fallopian
tube as the cyst is twisted around it.
My heartbeat throbs, pulsing blood
to my monthly cycle.

Some of my fellow sisters
do not have this much pain.
We each have a conflict
with our power to create. Creation
brings suffering, joy and fulfillment.

I pale, in the beginning,
when the blood rushes out of my cheeks
to the source of pain. Smooth concurrents
of fire steadily burn and subside,
burn and subside.

To defeat this back and forth trial
placed upon my sex, I use methods
of comfort and medicine
to ease the ache of this cursed blessing.

I fight my pain with electric heat pads,
chocolate ice cream cooling my insides,
a beige, bunny soft, fleece blanket outside
as Pain-a-trait crème mints my skin;
the battle creates a stalemate.

Letting temporary dullness
lay across my stomach
in my cramped position. Yet
this war will all be over in a few days,
not having to worry for another month.