

Rebecca Edwards

BIRTH OF THE MINOTAUR IN A PUBLIC WARD

Lunge for the matador's mirror
gas-mad, butting the mattress
until sheets bleed.
Your face falls off
snatch it back on upside-down
suck thin high atmosphere
through plastic teeth.

Until the next pain
takes your spine apart.
Pelvis gags
some kind of thing with horns
in its throat.

Scalpels snicker
at stinging-fly reflections
in spattered glass.
A surgeon is stitching you back
to your shadow

matron sponges your blood
from the matted head.