

Drawing Blood

She sifted through the costume jewellery
at the Value Village
like she was panning for gold.

She hadn't witnessed her
throwing it out.
It landed in the box
in her mother's mad dash
to wipe clean all traces of
the old woman.

But Baba had promised
the gaudy purple glass brooch
to her,
behind the Christmas tree
with the vent blowing hot
and the windows leeching cold
that year she turned 12.

"This one" Baba grasped the glass cluster
her hand pressing the pin
through the suddenly too thin Snoopy pajamas
and into her chest
drawing blood she didn't notice
causing wounds she never meant
to inflict -
"This one is for you."

BIO: Christine Harapiak is a poet and playwright living on the footsteps of a national park in the Canadian prairies. She has or will be published by Wingless Dreamer, Poets Choice and Beyond Words. Harapiak has new eyes for the world since hanging up her judicial robes a few years back. She is an unrepentant literary vampire now, finding inspiration in her own life and the lives of others every time she leaves the house. Speak quietly. She's listening.