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Gall Bladder

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## GALL BLADDER

She said the gall bladder stores bitterness,  
imagine its stones something of heavy pain.  
And the burning as if an organ were to burst.

The way a fireman looks down upon a face  
all a grimace. She said, an animal is your totem;  
find your guide. Damn the sea gulls' beauty

over the iced parking lot, squirrels play as Maple  
leaves fall along damp winter ground. The cold  
came in thick ice, the way a woman breaks into it

with a plastic blade hoping to clear a view. Blades  
of grass flower like small white cacti. The word  
"gall" sounds appalled with something askew

in the world. As if nobody cares for the bitter  
escalation of a dark heart. She said, never use  
the word "dark" or "gall," but I was dark gall,

my acid deep within. This my healer, her tale  
dreaded truths, her hands felt fear that never cries.  
She said the gall bladder stores bitterness. Even

after it was removed, the small incisions cut  
through and through, and now the scar beneath  
my heart mauve.

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