

After the Hibiclens

by Rachel Tanner

O, how godly
the first shower after surgery.
Water rush down burst of
blue black brown purple
remnants of 7 failed IVs.

Scrubbing the surgeon's initials off
whichever part they cut
is like praying. Is like getting
me back into my own skin.
Is like watching a flower
unbloom back to its
original parts.

Cascading off
the chaos of my body,
all soap and suds and slick.
I ache but I'm clean.