

Cameron Barnett

## **I cut a sprig from a rosemary plant**

and two more sprigs bloomed; I cut one  
of the new sprigs, and out came a thumb  
a lot like mine; I cut the thumb, and out  
spilled blood; I cut the blood and out came  
a flag; I cut the flag and a firework emerged  
with a smoldering fuse; I cut the firework  
and the Bill of Rights came spilling out; I cut  
the parchment and there appeared my face;  
I cut my face and out came thumping my teenage heart;  
I cut my heart and out came my mother's murmur;  
I cut her murmur and a blade sliced back at me;  
the blade cut my hand and my own blood spilled  
into the rosemary pot; the blade cut the soil and Aquarius  
sprang up and into the sky; the blade cut the Water Bearer  
and a flood came down; the blade cut the flood  
but the flood cut back, sharpening itself until  
the blade and the water merged and became a needle;  
I picked up the needle, poked it through my palm  
and heard my father cry for the first time; I sewed and  
sewed and sewed, but the thread kept cutting a hole  
in my hand wider and wider, and it sang as the thread passed  
through and the song was a heartbeat filling in the pauses  
in between my own; I cut the thread and the hole closed,  
and the crying stopped, and the water dried, and the only thing  
left was this song—it cut me open; it made a subwoofer  
out of my chest; even now when the doctor lays  
the stethoscope on me she says there are two hearts  
talking over each other.