

THE INNOCENCE OF BLOOD

Ann K. Schwader

All blood is innocent: mere method only,
a messenger, a river through the dark
that links our organs. Blood is not a spark
for blaming holocausts on; not what lonely
imagination elevates it to.

Not family, nor race, nor indigo
assurance of superior breeding—no,
just simple liquid, carrying those few
essential nutrients our lives require.

Yet electronic winds grown shrill with war
cry blood's demands as though this silent stuff
spoke epics to us all; at least enough
to justify a logic which once more
forgives the arsonist, condemns the fire.

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