

## Whole and Without Blessing · *Linda Gregg*

What is beautiful alters, has undertow.  
Otherwise I have no tactics to begin with.  
Femininity is a sickness. I open my eyes  
out of this fever and see the meaning  
of my life clearly. A thing like a hill.  
I proclaim myself whole and without blessing,  
or needing to be blessed. A fish of my own  
spirit. I belong to no one. I do not move.  
I do not have to move. I lie naked on a sheet  
and the indifferent sun warms me.  
I was bred for slaughter, like the other  
animals. To suffer exactly at the center,  
where there are no clues except pleasure.