

The Oedipal curse comes at conception.
Soon, after the flush, more flesh.
Small at first, but gnawing.
A father pats the stomach never knowing
what a daughter can do.
He will discover as she is uncovered,
released, relinquished.
Photographs and perfumes,
a few dead dolls, and always
a constant but subtle contortion,
dull ache, strange cramp
in the body of the mind, in the body.
Freedom is forever forsaken
once a wife is successfully taken.

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