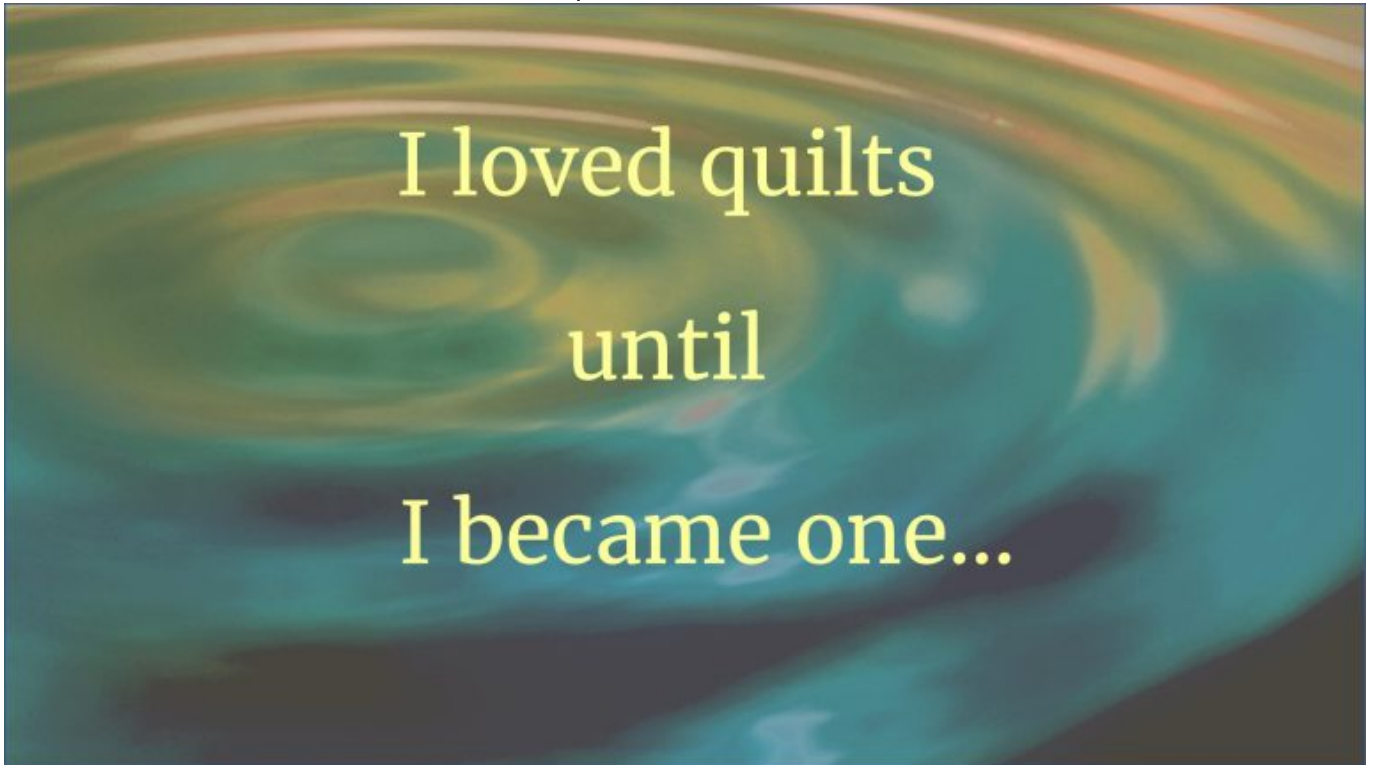


Quilted

Category: Poems

written by Robin Bradley Hansel | September 27, 2024



Vit
il
I go.

I loved quilts until I became one.

With impunity, my immunity
Attacks. My. Melanin.
Patchworks my face
Neck, hands, and wrists.

(But I've always worn my heart on my sleeve.)