

Defilement

Dania El Abyad

Poetry

Although you've scrubbed until
your skin turned red and raw
your fingertips all puckered
you feel the dirt still
tucked beneath
the oval nails
you've grown
and clipped
and filed
for years
on end.
Even
though
it is subtle
pressure
inside you're
always amplifying.
A ritual prickling
and stinging spreading across
the midline of your chest like you've just ingested light green disinfectant bleach and scorched your
throat in instants.

*(Disgust has likely always been
your favorite guise for discipline.)*

Dania El Abyad is a Ph.D. student studying liver disease away from her home in Beirut, Lebanon. While she does spend a large chunk of her time conducting experiments in the lab, she also enjoys experimenting with form and meter in her down time.