

## **Mudlarking**

### **What I looked like under the shallows**

Only the dredged part of me remains.

It smells like the end.

This period is slow like sediment

and meanders instead of flows,

bleeds like shit and sticks

to the depths of the shallows.

This is the bottom of a coffee,

a slow draining punishment,

the dull lack left at the end.

The lustrous first blood has gone,

swimming red ribbon sleek

in a costume that dyes

the departing waters

like a menstrual bath bomb.

No cider black starburst

bleeds into the clean.

The clot at the bottom is dead brown,

a pencil end, a stub, a dry felt tip.