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Sarah Good, Imprisoned, 1692

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REBECCA DUNHAM

Sarah Good, Imprisoned, 1692

—to her daughters, Dorcas & nursing baby

I never set some broken knife’s steel blade to the afflicted, even as teal tight, they flock the pews, twisted eel-like & crying. Milk daughters, I harbor you, my own two yellow birds. Burr my flesh, my familiars. Suck the meat or sweat from between my fingers & spile me. Dorcas Good, I forgive you your pile of lies, the suckling snake you claim I gave you, its flea-sized bite’s red mark. Listen, little nameless one. Do not arc & squirm away. I am no more a rock for woman to pitch against woman than witch or hag. Motherhood’s an omen that pricks & pinches, a needling in the gut, drenching us all in blood-soaked rags that we change in a privy’s oak dark shame, & oh, we are all afflicted.