

## WITHSTANDING TOXCITY

By Liz Waterman, St. John's – Junior Division Poetry

There is a cult in your stomach, and a complex religion in your lungs. There has been death in your kneecaps and there are flowers that grow along your legs. When your heart beats, a spider quickly crawls away, and when your eyes blink a record starts to spin.

There is aurora borealis in your esophagus and a sweatshop in your larynx. Black Friday resides between your fingers, and Remembrance Day settles on your knuckles. Every fight happens in your cerebral cortex, and every drink is drunk in your cerebellum. Your lips are bursting with raindrops, and your iris' glow with uranium.

Corrupt cops live in your clavicle, and married couples live in your mandible. Your teeth are scattered with polio, and your tongue is supporting the plague. Your veins had a one night stand with your kidneys, your arteries were heartbroken. A local store just opened up in your bone marrow, but the Wal-Mart in your intestines is stealing the business.

Industrial parks and strip malls float up your nervous system, and picturesque houses row up your ribs. I bet you don't know where your post-central gyrus is, but sadly, that's where your happy ending lies. Cosmological consistency flows and roars. The world inside your body fluctuates, inflates, dilates and finally evaporates into the ethereal spirit, releasing you into your very own solace.