

## Venus with BIID

the surgeon gives me a story so  
the nurses won't be suspicious  
bandages the leg gives crutches  
an accident happened while I  
was overseas on my holiday is  
what I'll tell them back home

I remember as a boy I watched  
you pass in callipers stiff-gait  
clicking acutely focused private  
you transfixed me I recognised  
myself in your complete beauty  
everyone else seemed ashamed

I've limped from room to room  
in my home that stinks of tears  
outside I hide this limb they  
call healthy or tuck it under  
my body for the cold relief of  
numbness but feeling returns

so I'm here because pills god  
meditation they're all useless  
I learnt precisely where to aim  
the gun to ensure the least pain  
how to immerse a limb in dry  
ice but I've never had quite

I don't expect you to  
understand most think  
a broken body is un

liveable many only  
disability is that I don't  
have the one I need

look closely at a mirror  
(even yours) smashed  
any shard

can become a scalpel  
a key to set your  
body map free

enough courage or painkillers  
caught myself staring at train-  
tracks but I don't want to die

soon while I'm anaesthetised  
he'll make a precise and deep  
incision cauterise saw suture  
I don't care what happens to it  
now the leg has gone I'm whole

when we  
lifted the  
venus de  
milo out  
of her n  
iche we  
gaspd at  
her beauty

## After being examined again

that's enough now  
I've had if there is  
standing in front of mirrors only here there is  
breathing in and holding the way skin breathes  
lift that leg thoughtless  
wait here and read this I would  
questionless bury my head in air  
(dare I say it) for us  
everyone (else) an expert there's no need  
for signs  
that's enough thought  
seriously weighs on us from the inside  
forty five years  
medicalised shame  
wrong each appearance another layer  
I can't tell you  
heart a fist  
what pushes me seed or ceding  
onto the ceiling decay  
to watch and mulch  
if I if there is  
could be unre mar kable anything but being  
something burnt on  
tested the memory  
under machines let me be  
not yet enough enough  
not quite here

brought		this territory six feet high
to a small point		and infinitely
a meeting of axes		defective
	in the cavity of the chest	
		I would bury
	pleas	these feet in earth
		know I'm unknown
these	ruins to be	
	failures	tenderly sketched or
what gift		held
		so me one

## Instructions for client restraint

to minimise disruption for others and in order for us to get anything done around here sometimes it has to be cobbled together with wooden planks and chicken wire you can't call it a cage it's more a withdrawal space with padlocks on the outside and a warning this report contains bruises can't say unreliable testimony what happened restraint difficult behaviours marks on the wrists and moaning complex needs ankles for their own good no other options codes of practice expert care these strapped into a chair or burdens are tragic this bed or toilet seat unable construction a space where to consent or speak who he might quieten down or would believe her anyway scream into exhaustion the work may attract a few bad or maybe try extra medication apples access to vulnerable cation adrenal fatigue non-verbal or immobile low pay high turnover people either way how to lack of training no doubt make a complaint against it can be distressing for the person who cleans family members to hear you clothes you is about every single incident there while you sleep a pacified body is a pacified mind a space of restraint creates a strange peacefulness at the centre as if there is no one there as the funding evaporates or is siphoned off disability always is other people the oversight challenged a report is made and filed again it won't be accessible