

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Stings

By Carla Schwartz

After sliding
under the blanket
out of nowhere
I feel a burn—
sharp, confusing
compared
with the sensation
I expected
when I lay down
on the couch
and placed the conductive pads
for the TENS device—
more than
the usual tingle—
my leg on fire
then waning,
then surging.

Only when
the current
stops
do I see
the stings—
four of them
like beehive
dwellings
little volcanos—
their red centers
wanting to erupt.