

# Inscribed

*Andrea Witzke Slot*

You—dictionary—say there is no word  
*inscribed*, but I know your pages lie.  
I know my child's existence is furled  
not on but in my flesh: scrolled designs plied  
on the pockmarked skin of mother-love.  
Look closely. See the words of needled tattoos  
snake through muscled veins of daughter-love,  
her voice encrypted in bone. Oh, I know *inscribed*.  
I know patterns of night-fired furnaces,  
when my daughter would disappear for days, riddled  
by legions of need. Years passed. She returned.  
Did you know courage means *joy* when stitched in scars?  
So tell me—how can your pages claim truth?  
When I open a body inscribed with proof?