

Articulation

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I.

I take you home one rib at a time

femur, tibia, mandible

the little bag of metatarsals, vertebrae.

Don't be alarmed!

I only want to feel the breaches

between the bones until I have memorized

their geometry. Then I can articulate you with my eyes closed.

II.

Articulation begins with the hand

even in death a promise

of touch, a gesture so human

the way the thumb curves

into the palm. This is where

I recognize you.

III.

The body itself a glove

and your teeth are jewels.

Can you imagine less devotion?

IV.

I'm missing one

of my front teeth
the other three
filled the gap
and the cup
of my left hip socket
is shallow, my fingers
are narrow
with arpeggios and
accidentals.

V.

If I washed your feet
just once
I'd remember
the arch of your sole
your heel cupped
in my palm, imagine
water, my head bent
how I am betrayed.