

Tamed

I want the tongue to earn its place
on the clavicle. And the palm

to form the shape of pelvis, of forearm,
of shin. I want the body to disappear

under tremble. And the heart
with its golden petals? If bone
was infrangible, and eyes

not such delicate recorders—
but no. I want the bite, and the raking

nail. Body, can't you imagine
the arresting scale, the spine's

tense arch? I fight
your hum, your perpetual want.
But the frame, but all my cavities

unplumbed and quivering.