

Rubric

We breathe to feed the blood that would kill us
if we breathed it. In this way the body
is made of many bodies, of the sea's
blind permutations that we, our species,
crawled out of. Our privacies are old,
our colors of emergency and pounding,
the bright sail that blossoms in the cold.
Blood letters return us to the wound
we see in them. But they do not return.
They were meant to be a little open,
as bodies are, and the books that matter.
We read to feed a mind that is neither
here nor there, when we, alone, are reading.
To fall in pages on the great red sea.