

**What moves the needle**

I ask my body what it wants  
and it says power. *Power*, like Barry Bonds  
in the summer of '01 lifting  
rockets to a sky cracked  
over the stadium like an egg.  
Months on the juice in the mirror  
he stared. Flexed,  
veins popping. Was he enthralled,  
in that strange way  
men worship forceful bodies?  
I understand why he did it,  
back swollen like the crowd sound  
after the long ball,  
growing thick, slow.  
Mine is a body of water,  
laps at its edges begging  
space. Not to be more  
than a man, just to have gravity:  
love for my violence,  
swinging to pry fences open.