

Scrapyard Blues

“Upon those who step into the same rivers, different and ever different waters flow down.” - Heraclitus

I.

Even when we take the bus
my father is always still. I lurch, often,
into him. Towers slide past,
so many windows,
like his body weighs heavier.
After years of watching, the skill
still evades me. I exist in relation
to a faraway grove and a red pine
that never shakes, even
in harsh wind. No branches,
telephone pole skinny.
On winter nights I can feel it freeze, rain
sluiced down the sides and sticking.

II.

I pulled my legs from a scrapyard. On which
planet doesn't matter—just that dust coated
the dust, and accumulates yet in my knees.
What I mean to say is that I am to myself
as sourdough starter was to my mother
for those three months in the spring, before
she threw it out.

III.

Part of me thrills when my palms glisten
open like dropped fruit. My mouth
needs reminding of hands rice paper thin.
I move to fissure, I orbit sweetness.
Finger bones stay misaligned. Death
arrives as a skin grown over:
in the meantime, lest my visage settle,
I'll bear down on something rough, and
the earth will take me back saying *this one
knew something about having a body.*