

Lucy Alexander

1

My heavy, heavy body
exposes its sinews of grief
all its hungry bones and the
cup of blood in the congealed heart.

Floating slowly downstream,
some other part of me
measures it up:

a centimetre of love
ten litres of lust
a composition of tones
is the light a dawn at last
after a night of crying.

A mile of love
two pounds of beauty
a conglomeration of hates —
 five tiny baby birds
 wet with albumen
 their open beaks too large.

20

2

And grief, its weight blinds me,
fearing, as I must, my own secret self
leaving me.

She who keeps me sleeping
through the horror of the full moon;
who smooths my face out
— while she swims my blood navigating out
through the valves of that familiar heart;
left at the ventricle; through
a labyrinth of veins.

She cries my eyes,
she bides my time
she leaves my dreams
she hides in my aches —
I love her like a
story I never want to read. . .

But, my body knows the limits:
too far to hear
too long to reach
too much pain in the elbow joints
too far home.

20