Skin

I have taken off my skin

washed it and hung it out to dry

beside the underwear

that usually contains it

I’m sitting in the backyard

muscles, sinew and luscious genitalia

unusually cool in the sharpness of breeze

I didn’t mean to tell you all that

it just came out

I’m a slave to this keyboard, this magic box

the light from the screen

is a distorted but recognizable

facsimile of my self

different in perspective

but it tells me as much as I tell it

I will never know what I look like

if I don’t polish my eyes

perhaps I should buy a new skin, but then again

maybe not

now you’ve seen my bricks and mortar

what’s the use of changing my paint?

maybe I’ll just sit here

waiting for the sun and wind

darning holes in my feet

meanwhile, what can I get you?

soap and a knife?