

A visitation

We enter through the ribcage.
Through our held breath.

Hold still.
I need you exactly
this still.

We are the pinned specimen, and
we are the weight
on your sternum.

And we are the almost word
caught in your
wet throat.

Watch me
speak that word,
and the word made flesh
and the flesh fills our lungs.

Your mouth opens.
Nothing.
Your mouth opens.
I taste it.

This is mercy:
I let you see me
before
I let you breathe.