

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.