

## Poem

## Initiation

Today I met her face to face  
 Her eyes were sullen, her mouth drooped.  
 My face unshaven, my hair undone.  
 Her tongue positioned to release the unspoken.  
 My forehead wrinkled, my brow creased.  
 Her complexion obscure, her teeth  
 Almost piercing her paper-thin lip.

A hyoid bone floating magically,  
 The neck's triangles precise, thyroid a butterfly,  
 Left lung poised for a handshake,  
 The aorta's pathway to Celiac, Mesenteric, Renal,  
 The legs, extensors and flexors, origins, insertions—  
 Beautiful the touch, the cut, the push, the pull—  
 If only he remembered the face.

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