



Michael Haeflinger

Regeneration

My left shoulder, lost in a snow bank,
reattached itself in the shadow of the new year.

The pinky on my right hand, shattered at a carnival in Berlin,
turned up in my luggage at CKY.

Shut the left hand in a car door before a trip to Jackson,
it grew back while napping in the backseat.

The burning wax that splashed over my thumb
magically became my skin and no longer burns.

The separated halves of my right collarbone strained to be whole again.
A bump proves their love was unparalleled.

The mountain that took the small bone in my right hand
acquiesced when I demanded it's return.

So many cells offered up to fermentation
leave me forgetting what I was going to say.

My spine, broken in kindergarten, then in fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grade
now a scepter holding flecks of light like stars but current.

Four stomachs, cow? Ha! I've used seven today and I eat
more than just grass and hormones.

Toes eaten by cheap shoes popped
like corn in the shower.

Hairs cut make their case for existence each night
when I dream of losing chess to famous scientists.

Fingernails sacrificed for nervous reasons
naïvely keep coming back.

Tears lost are not a problem.
That well never dries.

A heart eaten out everyday has no concern
to beat out a rhythm the next.

Eyelashes become heavy with age and greet winded wishes
at the tip of a lover's finger. Cells of her skin go with it.

Seven years separate me from who I was.
Seven different years lie before me like a hallway rug.

One day, teeth fallen out will stay fallen out.
Baby teeth are a great commodity but only once.

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Regret

sometimes you gotta go through the window
when the key you buried is eaten by time

so much so that rust crumbles
in the hole, the sound of turning, click

replaced by a quick crunch and trill
and sometimes you gotta climb through

the window to find your woman
on the sofa waiting to tell you

all the things she ain't
supposed to say

then your best friend calls
to tell you that he's selling his boat

when you didn't even know he
had a boat and then you wonder why

he never took you out sailing
then your mother's letter arrives

the words all smudged by regret
and small talk

and it's about then you might think
to yourself, self

maybe if I had been nicer
to whoever I was mean to in the past

or maybe if I wasn't such a good
sulker, maybe I'd be on that that boat,

having talked him out of it,
a great mistake to sell