

Sandra Kolankiewicz

Neck

Let's begin with the neck, how it has changed
front and back but still supports the head, bone
spurs momentarily stopping you at
times when you turn to look. Not about how
collum is not equal to *cervix*—that
on which your head is perched is not the same
as the neck of an organ. Or is it,
head the most confounding organ of all?
No wonder the flattened disks, collapsing
spine if this has been the sole path of thought
into and out of the brain, roadway for
peptides and insistent organisms
that aren't supposed to be there. Oh, blood brain
barrier, how we wish authorities
would defend your borders, create some back
up line of protection when nature fails,
the narrow opening from shoulder to
stem like a flexible tunnel letting
our enemies in and secrets out as
if nothing is meant to stay in place, all
boundaries absurd, column held up just
by collar bones and sinew, muscles the
only reason you can hold yourself high.

Up the Only

Since the comet, I no longer stand the
taste of things, canned nor frozen, the street signs
written in Chinese or Arabic, up
the only direction, there being just
one top where the roads converge. So we keep
climbing, occasionally a face to
wave at, someone else's journey to the
same destination. More than anything,
we think of how wanting a baby to
carry would then alter the nature of
the days, as would a dog trotting beside
us, though we know neither. Even when the
mind is made up, we think nothing happens,
the day slow to rise, the night too far off
to make a difference. That's when we know
someone put a stone in our shoe for us
alone, come to understand the stone is
all that matters. For this we're verbose on
events that don't count, believe if we go
barefoot we'll somehow avoid the journey.

Well, Of Course I Am

Well, of course I am beautiful now even to myself though that still takes practice: all that forgetting becoming remembering. When you hit it right, you express the reason they build driving ranges one on top of the other and charge by the hour. How odd to have passed a week without spending money though I just jettisoned in on an express, embarking unto the expedition of the most important question: what has become of my lettuce? After all, who else is expected to water but the one who planted the seeds, and I have been gone a week. Look. Let's switch metaphors. After all, we're in the 21st century, and if you think anything can be sustained, you live in a homogenous town where the streets are even paved with bricks. Your neighbors still care enough to walk across the street to help someone.

Tunneling Just Under

And what does the terrier do? Ask the
wife or the husband. All I can say is

there's holes all over the yard. If you walk
in the dark, say goodbye to an ankle,

the moles the real problem, tunneling just
under the surface, scent unmistakable,

the reason we have pets in the first place,
to survive on what we own but don't want.

Simultaneously, our features are
collapsing into upside down baby

heads just passed through the canal, the light too
bright, all our creases exaggerated,

lumps on the plane of our faces too used
to define themselves, the spring in our jump

lessened, preoccupied only with the
ground, nothing completed until it's done.

Love Poem

I looked and
so you will
disappear.