

“Anatomy is Destiny”

Little creature, cast by my body
Gropes its way into being.
Finds a likely crevice,
Warm, moist presence.
Tightly encompassing,
pulsating immanence.

Plug gives way to the deluge;
Thus transported
by a peristaltic persistence,
Bloody dome rises over the Sea of Japan.
... boundary disperses...
feels like death. But living,
She reaches, beyond all that is possible;
Beyond impassable limit,
Into her becoming;
Hovering
over an abyss.

No longer her abyss am I.
No longer the there of her being-there;
(I am a void that cannot be filled
by Oprah, or dirty nappies).
She knows me as a loss of place,
And finds her abode in the smiles of strangers.

When she cries: she is the crying.
Wretched unrest,
how could I blame her?
Finds equilibrium:
Now all laughter, a jiggle of limbs,
inarticulate babble speaks what she is.
When she makes ‘sense,’ she will be one of us.

At once pure extension of my body;
and its monstrous deviation.
Omen of the body’s undoing:
the soft wheeze of her breath marks the beginning
of my death.

“I” am no longer viable.
Cut adrift from the species,
along with her umbilicus.

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9-8-2002