To the Body

They have stitched your artery
above your lung with pine needles.

I listen.

I think we should speak.

I think we should say something that constitutes years together.

Something like: I know your mouth
is a mouth of pine burning until the mind gives way.

No. How about: your mouth is a mute fist
of ligament, tongue, and bone.

No. Yes. I am silence
watching from behind the throat.

So where—
Where is it you are taking me?

No. The nurse (politely)
sucks blood from your nose through a yellowed plastic tube.

You look out the narrow window. I see
people walking, checking their watches. How beautiful

the daybreak that glows like a bursting heart,
that comes carrying a bird in its mouth.