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Josh English

BODY LANGUAGE

When my father's right leg began to tremor we couldn't pretend not to notice anymore.

I found a tree with a knothole large enough to hold my whole body

then climbed inside.

It isn't enough to be there when it happens and write it down

but first to cultivate the right shade of blindness.

I had to cross a little wooden bridge,

see the groundcovering all wrecked with rain.

I plunged my thumbs into the tree's soft interior

not for learning to love its marrow

but to watch the bits of wood strip and heave like a downed deer.