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Calcium

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Calcium
David Dodd Lee

Transfigured, my gait,
By the calcium--
Think of the traffic

Clotting up your knee.
No wonder at night
The "streets" fill up with

Radio static. The
Bats dangling in
The eaves shiver. She

Runs her fingers over
The kneecap, skin
Pocked with the realism

Of the face of the
Moon. I am breathing
On the many spines

Lined up at the library.
It hurts, these floating
Moon rocks. The hair on

My arms stands up, as
When a hem is raised
Or gently pushed aside--

Not spoons, but a knife
And fork, the blue vein
In a thigh. I like the old

Yellow envelope pockets
Taped inside book covers,
How the dates are stamped

In there, the feel of
the well-thumbed pages
bleeding down to the heart.