

POETRY

Hangers

The indifference of the interior
made of sinew twisted tough
around delicately formed
bones hollowed light like birds

with little muscle or fat
to fill out this empty body
clothes droop limply
only thickening up
in layers of old wool sweaters
against the cold

there are so many distorted hangers
humerus, radius, ulna
hands on hips
triangles with the trunk
planes of three dimensional space
rotating in the pelvic girdle
the intercostal bundles
vein artery nerve
clavicles curved reach to scapulae

overlapping butterfly wings
meant to free the head of its weighty
burden
leave prehensile fingers
bending to reach and hook the rod
supporting the heaviness
of the fabric of a life lived

these hangers made of flesh
aren't meant to be hanged.

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