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Anatomy

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Anatomy

I find something deep, penetrating
about the blue lines of *U.S.S. Nimitz*
wrapped around his forearm like gauze
left on too long, the blood
soaking through.

He walks along aisles,
when the store is empty, the shelves full
unlike the ship's blue-grey corridors. His son
works for a roofing company and makes
five seventy-five an hour; it's more than he makes,
but he knows what his son is missing: the silence,
rows of magazines, cold medicine at strict attention,
the buzz of the security camera rolling like waves

She steps into the light of the diner, knocking
snow from her boots, hair pulled back
tight, streaked with enough grey and blue to fill
the pages of a road map; varicose veins trace
every place she's ever been, ever driven.

I see her
alone at the counter, the jukebox casting line after line
at her: ex-lovers, lost dogs, shots of whiskey; the notes,
falling like the strings of a net, sweep across
her hair and shoulders, the music draping
like a shawl around her; her body rocks
back and forth with the song as long
lines of eighteen wheelers pull
up to the truck stop, stacking themselves in the lot.

I sit here at my typewriter, blue veins
driving through the backs of my hands, the silence
of early morning ringing in my ears,

wondering what it is
that pulls us together.
What is it in water that separates
on hard ground then, running like veins,
lines in a map, comes back into itself? I can feel the weight
of my life. I can feel the roll
of waters under my feet. I can feel strings
like love around my shoulders full of tension driving
through me; something hard and fast,
pulling us together.

– Anonymous