Easy to Hide

I. These are Nonna's hands this their time in the sun mud drying under nails hunched and foot-shifting she shells the beans teaches me: pop the heart open scrape what's inside out for food puts the bowl in my lap little girl, you must do it, too.

See.
It's easy to hide.

II. Chase me, see the kelp field in the surf. Did you know that sharks can't swim in, because they can't swim through, and then they can't back out. Can't. See, it's easy to hide. Run to the end find the ditch, get in, get in, get in. See, it's easy to hide. See, it's a game, too: count then open your eyes, and I'm still standing here in front of you.

III. It's easy to hide but I want the mass of my body to be the mass of my body
just like I want my weightless self

to equal yours

there is a door

its mass is a little more

than that of a door

without a handle

but the weight of both is equal

when open

IV.

Deep in the blood

there is a blade’s edge

sharpened by the pump

sharpened by the pump

sharpened by the pump

of the ready heart

take apart the animal

the winter wind

heavy with blood again is not so easy to hide

mother I know who your mother was

father you buried your father but

I found him thirsting

in the on the plains calling you and

hanging up

I’ve learned a lot because

I am an oracle

with a superfast internet connection

I am an oracle

with a hacker’s high security clearance

I am an oracle

with an ear for stuff to obsess over

and a propensity for wonder

that leads me

to unravel

begin

ready heart begin