

*meat*

this morning i drove  
to greenbae to meet  
the man who's going  
to shape me.

\*\*

it's night and i've missed  
the avocado, sliced  
right into the meat  
of my palm, drunk  
on company wine.

//

he had said he's never had  
an emergency; no transfusions.

\*\*

i am the smallest ball  
on the white recliner,  
cut hand cradled in the other.  
try my best not to drip or  
pass out while hannah  
handles the kitchen  
without letting me see  
how much blood  
there really is.

//

i asked him how he decides  
where the nipples go and  
he described a scene in which  
my unconscious body is sat  
up and the surgical team  
measures me through  
squinted eyes, like art hung  
not quite straight — just a little  
to the left, maybe up?

there it is.  
and then here i am,  
with this body  
forever.

\*\*

i go to sleep with a pink  
princess bandaid and the  
intimate feeling that i have  
insides, that there's  
stuff beneath this skin and  
that this stuff is  
and is not  
what makes me.

//