

*Sonnet to Break the Crown of Invisibility*

Sound a bell to morning's rise. Bell of celebration to feel our vestiges tingle, O organs of haunt, still inside or removed from flesh. Delicious reminders of lineage, of the oceanic wet inside the wet of our 724 trillion cells. *The Atlantic* article speaks of how the sea cucumber's anus serves as makeshift mouth & digestive waste hole & pearlfish refuge & faux lung & weapon—invertebrate Echinodermata in leathery skin. The cucumber hurls a web of internal organs at predators to ensnare. Cucumber breaks down detritus, recycles nutrients for other bacteria to continue degradation. O being of function, being thought so simple, so misunderstood, I sound a bell to your endoskeleton, to connective tissues joining ossicles—to armors we must all carry inside—to hold the weight of our own frame, to ever evolution. My skeleton under flesh shakes hips; my skeleton under flesh jumps Double Dutch; my skeleton under flesh bows. Trailblazer teach us: vessel transfiguration; never just one being, always plural.