

## *Skin*

*slip up under this shadow's embrace  
lumbering along, ask not whose –  
pursued by secrets murmured up  
from hidden things, long thought sunk into the ooze*

*history has left just a crease,  
where the body was  
a hollow wound folded into a shape  
where the dark chapter worked its will*

above, all is reflected clearly  
in the angle of incidence  
well dried from childhood things  
after disappearing below the water's skin  
sunken, dropped into the body  
hidden there, all is not as it might suppose –

it's more stubborn, like the story of family stone itself –  
at home in layers... folded one upon the other, waiting.  
snuggled under the guardian's wrap  
an inexplicable knowledge of vulnerability –  
its own human and terrible unhumanness  
within these thoughtless wrappings,  
small smotherings, little drownings,  
tucked between the strata  
of ligaments and muscle (close to bone)  
waiting for their reason to be ungnarled.

before thoughts –  
deeper than the shadows that bore them...  
little crooked hands clutch up  
from the darkness  
and steal the light force  
back through the water's womb  
this simple thing of skin –  
of the hide to surface separating water from reflection  
is – a riddle of more than just here and there  
but, older dimensions that have their own theater  
more true and guided by an immense obscurity of will.