

## "Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

Poets at the Culture, Arts, and Parks Committee of the Seattle City Council.

### **Recovery**

by Julie Larios

Outside the skin  
of course nothing is in.  
It's under the membranes  
mind begins.  
But don't be surprised by blood,  
don't be surprised by anything.

Outside the skin  
lies everything other: feather  
floating there, drop  
of water, air, chlorophyll, carbon,  
Bach's math, Blake's lamb,  
and our children singing.

Of course nothing is in  
the leaf's green cell, nothing  
I see. We ask ourselves, how blind  
is any body to its breathing?  
Something rises, falls- it might  
be a man's chest, or a tree's shadow.

It's under the membranes  
the mind's wind-up works hard at its tick-  
tocking, we hear the cuckoo every hour  
while the primed pump gushes,  
a scene stealer that gets away with murder until

the mind begins  
to whirrrr and tip, to govern.  
Not everything inside is chaos, of course-  
in the bones, marrow;  
around the tongue, ice  
warmed to melting.

But don't be surprised by blood  
if blood does come, soaking  
sponges, rubber gloves, stainless steel tools  
on a tray, the tile walls and floors,  
the closed-circuit screen.  
Blood has its bloody ways.

Don't be surprised by anything  
the body does, in fact. Later, in recovery,  
tilt your head back, look into the hard skull  
and listen-do you hear something new  
in the background, a white noise?  
Do you hear that other body, humming?

-- end --

This page was last updated: December 18, 2003