

Disease Process

The lion of the body
is its undoing: whatever
power possessed him
in youth objects
now, as if within
his thinning skin
lies an animal.
The work is never done.

(My father's body
like a recovered memory.)

He falls. The table catches
him by the face,
reverberates.
He falls. Face it: nothing
catches him, not even
his own body.

Hands to brick—more
bloodied spots to clean.

The line of the body
does not break
as I thought it would,
as if I had considered
the breaking at all
before this.