

Body as an Alberto Giacometti Sculpture

Just think,
this is about
as close to the wire
frame and knife's edge
for a head
I'll ever get.
My spaces
are full, been
thin
and slipped
so many times.
If you're
a museum, call me
a standing wreck,
god, yes,
I'm yours.

Superficial

Today I learned there are babies
born with their intestines
outside their little baby bellies.
I don't know how I spent
three hours on Google scrolling through pictures
of guts, viscera, that lucent sac
like God's after-thought.
What if in some alternate universe,
I had my heart and lungs out
for everyone to see? The kidneys,
the liver poked, judged—*hell*,
maybe even loved. And you'd be with me
in that world—because you're not
with me in this world—and I'd let you
touch me. But in this world, the babies have
their guts shoved back in.
Here, I only see the surface of us.