YOU FROM WHITE

Tom Thompson

The body is trying to evict you from your wounds. The night is attendant and pulls you from white sheathing. There is a gold band you wear on one finger. This is a sign the sea owns you. A line of silver rings your waist. Think of the way moon mines the sea for space. There is a heart a diamond's facets keep you from. This is your heart. There is a well doctors look for in your ears and in through your eyes. So when one says, "You're fine," she means she's held your squid-like arms and seen your supply of ink. And you've hidden from her nothing you know yourself.