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Out of Body

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my knee to the bone. The nuns told me to offer up
the pain for the poor souls in purgatory.
I bled the whole way home where my mother called me
sweetheart and precious all day long.
Angels sat next to me on the couch where I lay
and thought about the sisters, their bony
white fingers, their yellow teeth and their
rock-scarred sign that said NO RUNNING
that we threw stones against for pennies,
even during summer, but the thing just stood there,
its concrete foot dug in deep.

OUT OF BODY

The ladder leaning against the house
Is missing a rung,
So you have to take a giant step
Half-way up. I'd fix it but I like
The feeling of leaving the earth
For that extra stretch. It's like
Stepping outside my body, and I think
I could take more steps like that
And scale the entire distance
Between body and spirit, extending one
To leave the other — non-matter
On its way up indefinitely.
All you need is a slight wind to start with,
One that brushes but doesn't bruise your cheek —
And just the right degree of forgetfulness,
The sky so full of stairs
I could step off, and walk anywhere.