You From White

Tom Thompson∗
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.