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Pathology

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PATHOLOGY

I used to have a depression
on the ring finger
of my right hand
from where I would crush
a pencil against it
while writing. You tell me
the body makes room
for our favorite ways, bones thicken
like pearls from the heft
of a child. The teeth will alter
their common alignment, to pocket
a pipestem, to mention
malnutrition. The twisted foot
betrays a man bent
in the mines—the chipped skull
is a keyhole to let angels in.
The pelvic girdle a vessel, widens,
billows at its sutures where
the male's remains heart-shaped
and rigid. Were I left-
handed, my right tibia
would be lighter and more slender.
Were I beaten enough, even this
would be written in my bones.