

**MOLLY CURTIS**

**After Touring the Body Room**

I couldn't eat for days.  
I couldn't keep my hands off you

and for a time wherever you touched me,  
no matter how softly, I bruised.

So *museum*, in the right light,  
sounds like *mausoleum*.

*Torso* and *torsional* sound like *torn*.

See, this one's muscles braid blindly  
in sinuous currents, just like that one's:

with no discernible face, no encasing, no skin.

I have tried to say that  
at times I miss your enclosures,

your protrusions, your aquiline face.  
And that to feel my own body, obsolesced,

in the colors of a crushed plum  
was to evidence a life under your touch.