

MICHAEL BAZZETT

Our Bodies

We used to ditch them after school,

dropping them in the lush grass
that grew where the trestle bridge
crossed the creek and everything
smelled of fish and tarred timber.

Then we sank to the silty bottom
of the stream and stared up
through the rusty water for hours

without worrying about breathing,

and when trains rumbled overhead
raining gravel and cinders down
into the creek, we did not blink.

Afterward we crept back to where
our bodies lay tangled in the grass,
still as two steamed fish on a plate,

and we peered into our empty eyes

then climbed back into our skins
and felt heavy at first and too thick,

and sometimes you would even cry
a little on the way home and when
I'd try to comfort you, you'd say,

No it's okay, sometimes it just hits
me this way, living inside a body.