

## The Abalone, The Shell

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Linchpin shell muscle  
out through pores  
reamed in the outer edge  
of the shell, highly fouled

Her steady foot  
withering as she,  
harboring  
an intestinal fluke  
must turn  
to her own muscled body

To stave off starvation  
Self-atrophied and losing  
hold

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The iridescence of the nacre  
is a result of light broken  
at depths, diffracted and collected

The shell forms a blister  
in response to a boring parasite,  
worm or sponge, an overlapping

Calcite cyst, a pearl sack

Trauma at the point of luster

## Sutures

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Deceleration can cause damage. A shattering  
of shipments in the subcuticle, a red litter of lost  
cargo. The contained tragedy, the steady  
souring of subsumed skin.

There is something suitable in unbroken bodies,  
station in staying unexposed. Still, the shoddy  
sprint of blood, the percussive sags  
of scarred tissue, are a certainty.

But this is not so controlled, our distress insists on  
sutures. We react, the needle and the knotted  
string. The upstart stitching, the consequent quick-stepping  
tether. An act of amending

by mutual pressures. The toss and turn our tangle  
necessitates. It's a willingness to break bodily  
laws. In your head a little hammer,  
harming, through the homebody.

The way trauma ties a knot.  
And after injury, the newly mended manage  
just fine. Somehow the heart hollow

the unattended sore sockets  
capable of carrying  
a callus,

little else.