

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.