

[WHEN I SAY BACKDOOR I MEAN THE WAY A LOT]

When I say *backdoor*, I mean the way a lot  
of young hitters begin, afraid and ready to bolt,  
a wooden bat beaten up. The room,  
the sun, the sky, the moon put up last. The barn,  
the beach, the metalworks, the shed. When we say *lazy eye*,  
it means if only it had ever wanted to see.

Consider the eardrum, rolled like a fiddlehead fern,  
inserted into another's ear like a tractor with a metallic  
tip, extended into another discipline, a phantom brain,  
Laura dolls with their eyes popped out. Fifteen incalculable  
years calculated: a new diving facility.  
Forty-four facial muscles in humans; the dead  
serve the living; they know we're nothing special.

119

Your giant food's no good here, honey.  
Your liver is connected only to you. Your head stares directly.  
You know of reeds that have waited, collecting themselves for years.  
And there's the husband, anyone's guess.  
You say, *runners go* but do not mean it much.  
It is a better way to get what we need, to find space.

When I say *backdoor*, I mean the world, I mean  
come freely and of someone else's volition. I mean  
it meanly and with no teeth. I mean it until I no longer  
can mean it.

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