

HADARA BAR-NADAV

*Severance*

Tore my waist from my hips  
and floated above myself.

Helium bust  
in a world full of pins.

Let go of friction,  
ruffles, rubber, and sweat.

Severance  
is such sweet sorrow.

The heavy half below  
unraveling, sick

as mud, mud legs,  
mud bowels, and bath

while the kite of me  
blotted out the sun.

Would my legs forgive me,  
beg for my return?

And had I been kind?  
Enough hot air to last the miles.

In the meantime, my waist scabbed  
a pale gray-green

and the navel would reject me,  
little key

that I had once belonged  
to the suckling world.

And I wished to cover myself,  
wished for the waistcoat

with cherry buttons  
I had loved as a child

when grief was a girl  
and pocket small,

not this Hindenburg heart,  
a hemorrhaging clot,

scaring away the spectators  
and sinking.