

Ribosomal Yoga

Among Ovid's spandexed crew we slide
from *plank* to *cobra*, *child's pose* to *morning*
prayer: make of these unwieldy limbs

a fashioning. Early mornings, cellared in
the city gym, we lift up the hood, try
to fix the mechanical error down

at the ribosomal root. We are acolytes
to Mecca; we are "spiritual dancers";
we are flat-footed agnostics twining

like helix strands as Daphne would to
wood—bark face, green pain shot
through foliating hands. To ward

off extinction, we'd adopt fins; grow
skin across the eyes' membrane of
remembering; bend on a hinge

sistered taut as ribs at the breast-
bone, as bodies bedded once
the dark of this birthright.