

HEATHER TRESELER

*Thoracic Ode*

*For S.*

Portal: a skin-flap window cut  
into collared bone. Wren's rib  
pecked haggard by the crow

of a surgeon's hand. Blueward,  
the tube threads arterial gulleys  
to ventricles' dystolic fist

smuggling drugs under fenced  
bones, a girlhood's unstoried  
breasts. Under the weasels' nest

of feedlot spirochetes: bacterium  
doubling in the dusk between  
Hellespont and Hebrides, lymph

and lung. Among the vitreous  
humors, islets of Langerhans,  
where stills the breath's élan.

On a gray screen the dirigible  
heart floats, sobersides, little  
balloon fish puffed for fight.