

Final Anatomy · *Diana Ó Hehir*

The light goes pale in the lenses of the eyes,
The blood pulls away, leaves the face a folded cloth.
We walk sideways, crabs. All the fingers and toes
Are drained like kosher meat.

Then the little torso, bent like a mushroom, becomes
A child that is not a child;
It creeps around the edge of the room
Careful as a spider,
Tests the floor like the skin on water.

But inside the skull a tiny spark
Still hisses, a pilot light.
That's the soul, the immortal soul:
Flutter of air, uneasiness, shifting lists of memories,
It wants to spread itself flat across spaces,
Thin, thinner, a woven layered screen.

Hold me tight.
It's getting impatient now, trying to find its way out;
It tests with its mouth the backs of my tired eyes.