

JOSHUA KRYAH

*Neverbody*

Unsaid,  
    but that the hand makes it  
known, a gesture not yet clear, but veering  
close, close.

And what else should speak for you then?

The sparrow  
    caught in the soot-limed chimney,  
its wings thrashing and thrashing and  
thrashing—

What revealed then, what rent?

Bone, ivory, dentin—  
    the body's bright Braille to sift through  
as harbinger, herald, or messenger—each a sign  
almost certain

to assemble an architecture worthy of worship,

but that your livid offering,  
    again enlivened, its parts  
quickening to pronounce a way back, should  
want only to linger or bide

or persist, uninterrupted, in this,  
its marrow-house.