SHOULDER PADS

my aorta hangs
in the closet of my body like a sport jacket
it doesn't get windy here but the sleeves are shaking
falling in love with you has made me feel
as if my heart is sewn with shoulder pads
perhaps to give my shaggy left & right ventricle a more robust appeal
uplifting frame of emotional
&
sexual squareness
shoulder pads are no longer popular
you wonder if my heart has receded to the 1980s
you gaze down at my sock drawer:
only the kidneys and lungs are paired
everything else, it seems, is missing a pair of socks
you wonder why sometimes one foot
is dipped in spleen & the other in gall bladder
you are just like me you know this
interlockingcloset thing
unbuttoning my heart one blood vessel at a time
as my heart slides into your jacket
shoulder pads over shoulder pads
i dangle in your closet space
while pulling (into twilight) one errant thread floating
on the surface of your aorta