

## PATHOLOGY

I used to have a depression  
on the ring finger  
of my right hand  
from where I would crush  
a pencil against it  
while writing. You tell me  
the body makes room  
for our favorite ways, bones thicken  
like pearls from the heft  
of a child. The teeth will alter  
their common alignment, to pocket  
a pipestem, to mention  
malnutrition. The twisted foot  
betrays a man bent  
in the mines—the chipped skull  
is a keyhole to let angels in.  
The pelvic girdle a vessel, widens,  
billows at its sutures where  
the male's remains heart-shaped  
and rigid. Were I left-  
handed, my right tibia  
would be lighter and more slender.  
Were I beaten enough, even this  
would be written in my bones.

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