

KENZIE ALLEN

FORENSICS

The burial matters.
Fetal and twisted
fear their gods and
there may be red
ocher among their
possessions. Arms
over arms of the pious,
and the multitudes
heaped like netted fish,
and the whole house,
the kings, and the fan-bearers,
and the hunting dogs,
and the boats, and the rowers,
and his first wife, and his astronomer,
and his favorite horse in the ground
splinters with the weight
of an eleventh snowfall.
You tell me there is meaning
hidden in their best clothes.

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*Everyone in those days fell to consumption,
and died indeterminate
of pathology.*

When you examine me, years
from now postmortem,
find the bone spur jutting
from my knee. Write “possible
limp” and do not be precise
with more than measurement.
Do not weep
for my childless ischium.

Put numbers in
my name, do not imagine
a face where there is none.