
2001

Backbone

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Backbone

I
Wish
You
Would
Understand
That
I
Am
Not
All
Spine.
Not
Everything
I
Say
Is
Barbed,
Nor
Is
Every
Drop
Of
Saliva
Poisoned.
Not
Every
Tear
Is
Guilty.
I
Don't
Release
Quills
At

Every
Touch.
This
Forked
Tongue
Licks
Wounds
And
Sings
Hymns.
There
Is
A
Lot
In
Me
That
Is
Softer
Than
A
Peach
And
Twice
As
Bruiseable,
As
Impressionable
As
An
Inflated
Balloon
And
Equally

Fragile,
As observant as a
Mirror and nearly as honest.
My spine is more cord than bone,
Willing and able to
Wrap around
You.

Erin Gendron