

*IF ONLY*

*I feel the need to note  
How many days and hours passed  
An unkind reminder that  
Figures combine.  
Instead I just remember  
A late night in the spring  
When I warmed smooth lotion in each palm  
And across the rough terrain  
Of vertebrate and sinew, veiled  
By skin of willow bark  
Powder pale and fleshless,  
Yet despite her will craved  
The moisture, food and touch.  
If only I had, now I think,  
Hugged and shared warmth, and  
Torn down each reflective pane  
Pulled away the cutting threads  
Of that disease and calmed  
Her shivering sparrow, clip-winged heart  
That rattled naked in her ribcage.  
Maybe nothing so epic. If only the hug.  
Now it is a matter  
Of suns moons, ticking clocks,  
Points, arches, vectors, meds.  
Some days with full sensation  
Many without.  
As a sister of mathematics  
I know, in theory,  
Figures combine.*

*Jady Brooks – June 2006*

