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Really Barely There

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Sometimes love misses the mark, like a meat cleaver
hurled at an intruder
 that lands smack
 dab in the wall, and sticks there. Twenty years after I put my arm
 through a window at the Lion's Club picnic,
I can still see, though myopically,
 the red scar, and can still feel it at night,
 pumping and buzzing like an extra heart,
 a wren's organ, an unnatural part
of something sewn to my body. It doesn't hurt; it's really barely
 there, like the kind of love that hurls
 past the loved one's head without rustling a hair—did I say this hair
 was dark?—a dark hair.

 Still, I want to pull my sleeves
down to my wrists and walk through an oak door humming,
 because if you're not sick there's no cure.
 So it's not a virus that makes that particular darkness
 disturb me, even now, though we only brushed
accidentally, and rode in crowded cars a few times knee to knee,
 and once a hell

 of a long time ago hiked 5,000 feet to a ridge
where it was so cold the sun felt dead, and the only heat worth seeking
 was between our toes,
inside of our mouths, and under our skin,
 but we did not touch.

Can lack of contact leave a scar? To regret
 would be excessive, so I feel something smaller, a wren's claw
 clawing me lightly, the way dark hair might brush my cheek
 in the split second just before sleep.