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Really Barely There

Angela Sorby
*Marquette University*, angela.sorby@marquette.edu

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.