

xvii.

Lay my body out,
begin recording, incisions,
view what has changed
from birth.
I have been born
many times.
Each rearranges
my inside.
It's mush-paste,
sticks,
mold-holds-fast.
Wear a mask, gloves.
Recite what you see.
I'll have my eyes closed.

xviii.

Truth
in my fingernails.

They grow, dirty,
 clean,

cut in

 unstrung bows.
My creation clear at
 tips,

watch them read, write,

 honey.

Recall where they used to
 slide.

They'll grow
 when I'm dead.

xix.

 Tear hair
 from face,
tug of
rusted razor slides,
pulls, cuts, seasons
skin pink.

 Disguise
 my creation,
a young face cheeked,
 lips
 pronounce new mask.
The mirror
 warps
 when you look
over my shoulder.
The last two masks we see,
 at last
 together seeing
 displacement.