

Jane C. H. Park

TRIBUTE

Foucault says
beginnings are difficult
and unpleasant

I suspect
he, too, must have had trouble
getting out of bed some days

Outside the methodical sound of thumping
the Mexican gardeners are at work again.

I don't know where I should be.

I look at the blue plate in front of me
polished clean
I wonder why I never fail to finish my food
yet can't seem to finish anything else in my life.

An article in *Glamour* says women
need to locate and develop their "love muscles"

It suggests taking deep breaths
followed by short huffs twice or so every day

© I wonder why I couldn't be honest with any of the
boys I wanted to love
I wonder why each
in his own way,
became reprehensible to me

And I wonder what they are
all doing now

Most days I feel complete by myself, a single plate,
unbroken and clean

Of course sometimes I ache for the other thing
tongue, fingers and legs entwined in a slick new bodyscape

The knowledge that someone wants me,
if only for a spasmic second
The roar of two infinite cavities crashing together
Glint of hipbone quick against the shadow of another

I try to let such moments pass, since
I am terrified of what happens afterwards:

The silence that settles
as I split apart and come back to myself
Alone with my finished plate
and the memory of food.

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