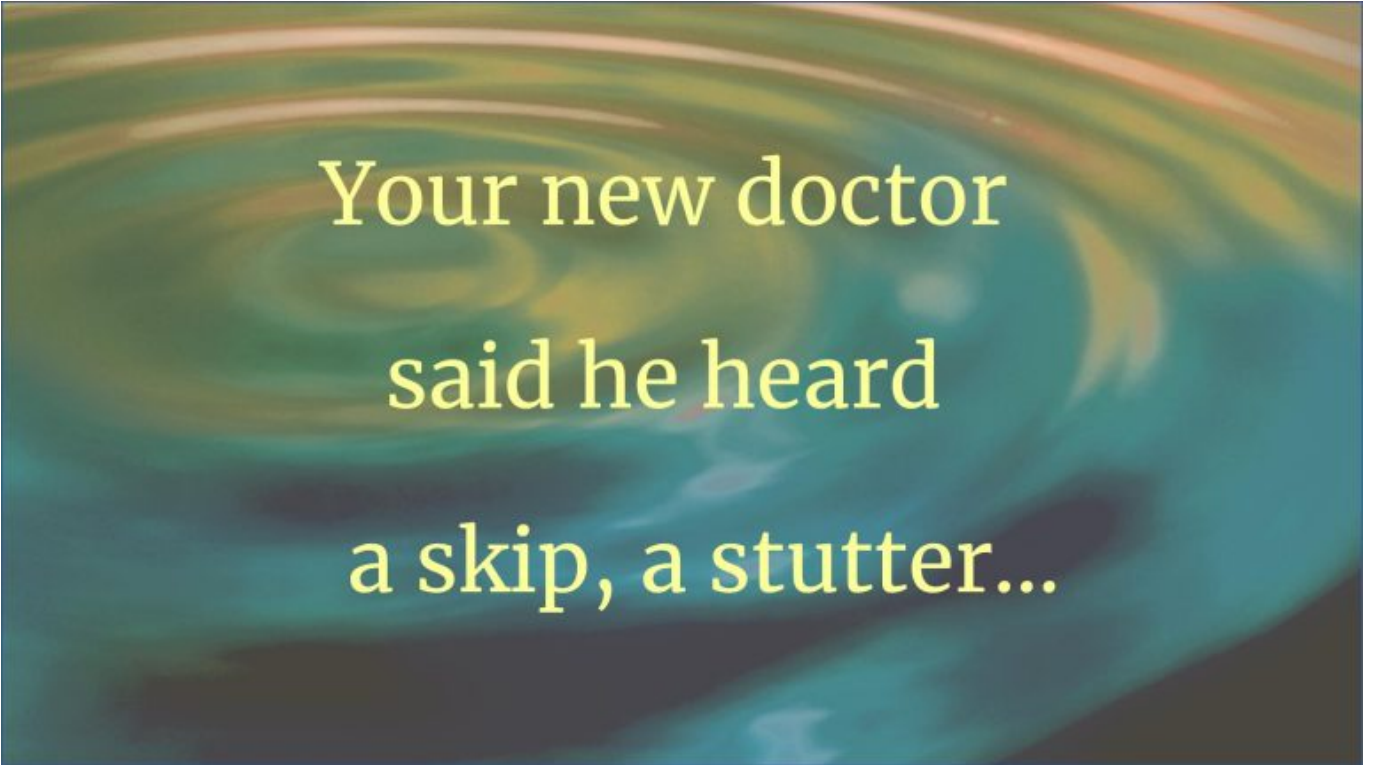


Category: Poems

written by Cathie Desjardins | January 6, 2023



Your new doctor said he heard a skip, a stutter...

We're together in the kitchen when you say
you talked to your new doctor,
the one who ordered up an EKG
because he said he'd heard a skip, a stutter.

Most likely it's within a normal range.
What's normal in our undercover pumps?
Part mystery fist, blossom, cage?
Once I saw a tattooed heart clumped

on a woman's bare back: not a valentine
but a thick muscle in full spurt,
aortic wad inked in red and blue lines.
She said she loved our corporeal hearts,

the beauty in anatomy. *Anyway,*
you tell me, *my doctor scanned the blips*
and says I'm fine. Let's look, I say.
So you hoist your shirt up from your hips,

I place a palm curved to fit
among your soft gray curling furze,
spider fingers scrying for a tidal beat.
Why had I never sensed a miss

when I so love to lie with you,

nest my palm to feel the thump there?
I touch it now, rueful with what I know:
ways I thought I could protect, repair—

mistaken. But a new grasp of *lubadub*:
all unnoticed, our deep rhythms change,
and in what we claim as Hub of Love
imperfect is our normal range.