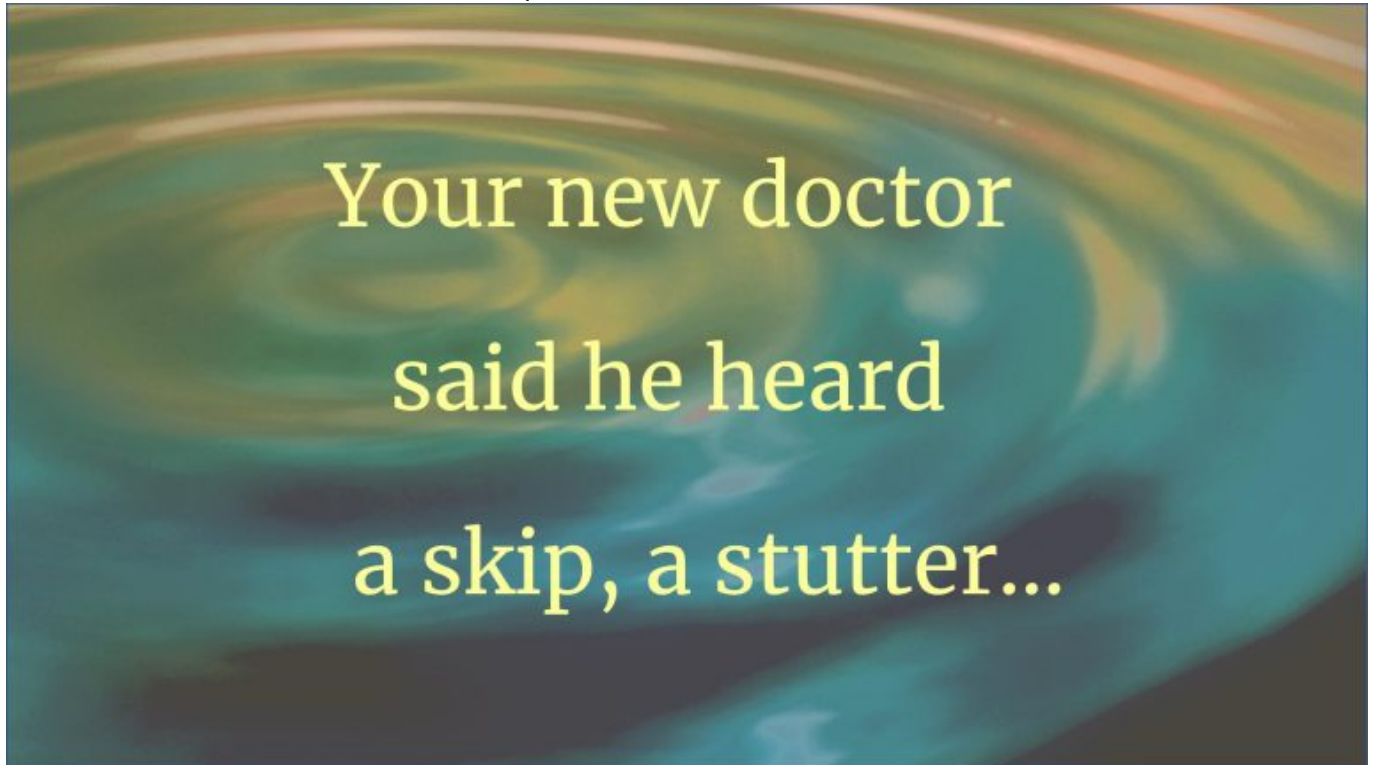


## EKG

Category: Poems

written by Cathie Desjardins | January 6, 2023



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.