

22 march 2021 //

in class Epistolary Poem to a specific body part.

dear lower back muscles.

you got twisted that one day on the 18 wheeler, outside the jewish museum, off loading some important contemporary artifact. though i cannot remember the exhibit we were preparing for, i am constantly reminded of that twist. like rubberbands stretching as taught as can be, slight wrench then a snap in oscillating reaction to over-compensate. i am reminded by your stubbornness — revealing yourself at a moments notice — a toss of used underwear in the hamper, a walk to the grocery store, bags unevenly distributed. accidental kitchen deadlifts, or a slip of the rubber sole running down the stairs. strained pride only resonates with those who give a damn and ill tell you what, “i don’t give a damn!” i’ll see you tomorrow.

sincerely,

my forty year old body.