and you see it, there for you

to pull, a chrome zipper,
a hollow from belly to thigh,
large enough for your
puncture. Pull apart until
muscle, sinew and organ are
awake in your room. Woman,
with plump thumbs,
woman I’d fail for—
careful seamstress, you
stitch my selvage as it frays,
but do you know how
to be thread, spooled through

in the center of my chest, or strings
interlocking throat to sternum,
or there is only a hole, barely
opening. Come soon,
my halves billow open, and
right there, pulsing

here
within reach, woman
with slender fingers—
hello, you

needle in my sternum—
you know how ragged I’ve been,
and why I’ve always wanted
the sewing machine of your hands.