

Dorsal Vertebra

Sarah Richman

You make your debut on a petri dish stage
for an audience of one.

I'm sorry I'm late, but I had to evolve,
please, excuse my delay.

Dark curves bared under the spotlight
and I'm blushing for both of us.

Can I get you a robe?
You misplaced your skin
seventy five million years ago.

Cretaceous, not loquacious,
you're the strong and silent type.
Doomed first to death
and then academia,
two lifetimes stretch out in quiet.

I'm told that vertebrae don't say much,
but I wait, and I listen
for what you've rehearsed in the dark.