

Body as Text

by Grace Wagner

after Marilyn Hacker

After the dishes are done, let us start
at the seam—my knee pressed between your knees,
halfway to the bliss of your hips. Oh please,
let me tangle your hair, I feel my heart
beat—your body is text, discourse, and art
construct. Foucault did not know how to kneel.
I kneel now, press my head to your knees, feel
your blood heat, slide my hand up your thigh, parting
the scrim of your skirt. It drops now loose
to the floor, a blown-out rose. I unhook
the straps that confine your abundant want
while your hands trace the edges of my font—
My body is text. Open me—this book
made for your hands to read, your mouth to use.