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Bodies of Work

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Colostrum

It was bad milk. The kind that gets in under the pink and
gorges.
Straight to the root, it's rough in the raw and there's anger in
the tooth that is rotting.
Irritated with hunger, the mouth swells.
The spoil, thickens. The comfort, curdles.
There's plenty for the lactose intolerant.



Presbycusis

They natter. Words existing to chatter. Complaints like pin
pricks, suggest you do better.

First come the three words: I Love You.
Then come the second: Why Can't You?

There is the house.
The kids.
The creaks and the whines.

There is the music.
The radio.
The bone conduction of time.

Tuning out to tune in: there's life made in distance.
The nagging is first to go.

Then the insults.
The suggestions.
The shrillness of tone.

And then the world, perfectly orchestrated,
quiets from the calm of a knowing presbycusis.

Popliteal

How appropriate.

That it should start with a pop and end with teal.
As if jumping into the sky was absolutely real.

But before the teal there is the pop.
The shatter shock of old knees knocked.

I reach high, but I cannot
move forward.

Rebecca Lee has published in a variety of magazines and journals. Her medical poetry can be found in Harvard's *Third Space* journal, the *British Medical Journal* and Dartmouth's *Life Lines* journal. Email: RebeccaColesLee@gmail.com