

Kirsten Dierking

THE DANGEROUS BODY

My knee on its way
to wreckage now

and at night waking up
to the little drama

of the cold hour
when unmaintainable joints

will falter,
and falling behind,

and falling still,
under white sheets

like snow that quiets
the birds in winter,

I'll have to let
the world go,

I'll have to watch it
walking away.